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WILHELM MEISTER'S TRAVELS

THE RECREATIONS OF THE GERMAN EMIGRANTS

The Works of J. W. von Goethe

With his Life by

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

PUBLISHED BY
FRANCIS A. NIMMO & CO.
LONDON AND BOSTON

"The old man viewed it with attention"

Photogravure from the painting by F. Gruetzner

The Works of J. W. von Goethe

With His Life by
GEORGE HENRY LEWES

Edited by
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Translations by
SIR WALTER SCOTT, SIR THEODORE MARTIN
JOHN OXENFORD, THOMAS CARLYLE
AND OTHERS

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Wilhelm Meister's Travels;

or, The Renunciants

A Novel

To travel now the Apprentice does essay,
And every step is girt with doubt and danger:
In truth, he uses not to sing or pray;
But, in his path perplexed, this toilsome ranger
Does turn an earnest eye, when mist's above him,
To his own heart, and to the hearts that love him.

Scarce could tell you rightly
Whether I'm the same or not,
If you task me very tightly:
Yes, this is my sense you've got, —
Sense that vexes, then assuages,
Now too light and now too dark,
But in some few hundred pages
May again come to the mark.

Does Fortune try thee? She had cause to do't:
She wished thee temperate; obey, be mute!

What, shap'st thou here at the world! 'tis shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it, *he* thought it best even *so:*
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy way is begun, thou must walk, and not rest:
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

Enweri tells us, a most royal man,
The deepest heart and highest head to scan:
"In every place, at every time, thy surest chance
Lies in decision, justice, tolerance."

My inheritance, how wide and fair!
Time is my estate: to time I'm heir.

Now it is day: be doing, every one;
For the night cometh, wherein work can none.

And so I, in Tale adjoining,
Lift old treasures into day;
If not gold or perfect coining,
They are metals any way:
Thou canst sort them, thou canst sunder,
Thou canst melt and make them one;
Then take that with smiling wonder,
Stamp it like thyself, my son.

Wilhelm Meister's Travels;

or, The Renunciants

CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WILHELM was sitting under the shadow of a huge crag, on a shaggy, impressive spot, where the steep mountain path turned abruptly round a corner, down into the chasm. The sun was still high, and brightening the tops of the pine-trees in the clefts at his feet. He was looking at something in his note-book, when Felix, who had been clambering about, came to him with a stone in his hand. "What is the name of this stone, father?" said the boy.

"I know not," answered Wilhelm.

"Can this be gold that glitters in it so?" said Felix.

"No, no," replied Wilhelm; "and now I remember, people call it mica, or cat-gold."

"Cat-gold!" said the boy, smiling. "And why?"

"I suppose because it is false, and cats are reckoned false too."

"Well, I will note that," said the son, and put in the stone beside the rest with which he had already filled his pockets.

Scarcely was this over when, adown the steep path, a strange enough appearance came in sight. Two boys,

beautiful as day, in coloured jackets which you might have taken for outer shirts, came bounding down, one after the other; and Wilhelm had opportunity of viewing them more closely, as they faltered on observing him, and stopped for a moment. Round the elder boy's head waved rich, fair locks, which you looked at first, on observing him; and then his clear blue eyes attracted your attention, which spread itself with delight over his beautiful shape. The younger, more like a friend than a brother, was decked with brown, sleek hair, which hung down over his shoulders, and the reflection of which appeared to be imaged in his eyes.

These strange, and, in this wilderness, quite unexpected, beings, Wilhelm had not time to view more narrowly; for he heard a man's voice calling down round the corner of the crag, in a serious, but friendly, tone, "Why do you stand still? Don't stop the way."

Wilhelm looked upwards; and, if the children had surprised him, what he now saw filled him with astonishment. A stout, firm-set, not too tall, young man, tucked up for walking, of brown complexion and black hair, was stepping firmly and carefully down the rock-way, and leading an ass behind him, which first presented its glossy, well-trimmed head, and then the fair burden it bore. A soft, lovely woman was seated on a large and well-panelled saddle: in her arms, within a blue mantle which hung over her, lay an infant, which she was pressing to her breast, and looking at with indescribable tenderness. The man did as the children had done, — faltered for a moment at sight of Wilhelm. The beast slackened its step, but the descent was too precipitous: the travellers could not halt; and Wilhelm with astonishment saw them vanish behind the contiguous wall of rocks.

Nothing was more natural than that this singular procession should cut short his meditations. He rose in no small curiosity, and looked from his position

toward the chasm, to see whether they would not again make their appearance somewhere below. He was just about descending to salute these strange travellers, when Felix came climbing up, and said, "Father, may I not go home with these boys to their house? They want to take me with them. Thou must go too, the man said to me. Come! they are waiting down there."

"I will speak with them," answered Wilhelm.

He found them at a place where the path was more level, and he could not but gaze in wonder at the singular figures which had so strongly attracted his attention. Not till now had it been in his power to note the peculiarities of the group. The young, stout man, he found, had a joiner's axe on his shoulder, and a long, thin iron square. The children bore in their hands large sedge-tufts, like palms; and if, in this point, they resembled angels, they likewise carried little baskets with shop-wares in them, thereby resembling the little daily posts, as they pass to and fro over the mountains. The mother, also, he observed, on looking more leisurely, wore under her blue mantle a reddish, mild-coloured, lower garment: so that "The Flight into Egypt," which our friend had so often seen painted, he now, with amazement, saw bodied forth before his eyes.

The strangers exchanged salutations; and as Wilhelm, from surprise and attention, could not speak, the young man said, "Our children have formed a friendship in these few moments. Will you go with us to see whether some kind relation will not spring up between the elder parties also?"

Wilhelm bethought himself an instant, and then answered, "The aspect of your little family procession awakens trust and good-will, and, to confess it frankly, curiosity no less, and a lively desire to be better acquainted with you. For, at the first glance, one might

ask himself the question, Whether you are real travellers, or only spirits that take pleasure in enlivening these uninhabitable mountains by pleasant visions?"

"Then, come home with us to our dwelling," said the other. "Come with us!" cried the children, already drawing Felix along with them. "Come with us!" said the woman, turning her soft kindliness from the suckling to the stranger.

Without reflecting, Wilhelm answered, "I am sorry, that, for the present moment, I cannot follow you. This night, at least, I must spend up at the Border-house. My portmanteau, my papers, — all is lying up there, unpacked, entrusted to no one. But, that I may prove my wish and purpose to satisfy your friendly invitation, take my Felix with you as a pledge. To-morrow I shall see you. How far is it?"

"We shall be home before sunset," said the carpenter; "and from the Border-house you are but a league and a half. Your boy increases our household for this night, and tomorrow we expect you."

The man and the animal set forth. Wilhelm smiled thoughtfully to see his Felix so soon received among the angels. The boy had already seized a sedge tuft, and taken the basket from the younger of his companions. The procession was again on the point of vanishing behind a ledge of rock, when Wilhelm recollected himself, and cried, "But how shall I inquire you out?"

"Ask for St. Joseph!" sounded from the hollow; and the whole vision had sunk behind the blue, shady wall of cliffs. A pious hymn, uplifted on a chorus of several voices, rose echoing from the distance; and Wilhelm thought he could distinguish the voice of his Felix among the rest.

He ascended the path, and thus protracted the period of sunset. The heavenly star, which he had more than once lost sight of, illuminated him afresh

as he mounted higher; and it was still day when he reached his inn. Once more he delighted himself with the vast mountain prospect, then withdrew to his chamber, where immediately he seized his pen, and passed a part of the night in writing.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

Now at last I have reached the summit, — the summit of the mountains, which will place a stronger separation betwixt us than all the tract I had passed over before. To my feeling, one is still in the neighbourhood of those he loves, so long as the streams run down from him toward them. To-day I can still fancy to myself that the twig which I cast into the forest-brook may, perhaps, float down to her, may in a few days land at her garden; and thus our spirit sends its images more easily, our heart its sympathies, by the same downward course. But over on the other side I fear there rises a wall of division against the imagination and the feelings. Yet this, perhaps, is but a vain anxiety; for over on the other side, after all, it will not be otherwise than it is here. What could part me from thee! From thee, whose own I am for ever; though a strange destiny sunders me from thee, and unexpectedly shuts the heaven to which I stood so near. I had time to compose myself; and yet no time could have sufficed to give me that composure, had I not gained it from thy mouth, from thy lips, in that decisive moment. How could I have torn myself away, if the enduring thread had not been spun which is to unite us for time and eternity? Yet I must not speak of all this. Thy tender commands I will not break: on this mountain-top be it the last time that I name the word Separation before thee! My life is to become a restless wandering. Strange duties of the wanderer have I to fulfil, and peculiar

trials to undergo. How I often smile within myself when I read the terms which thou prescribedst to me, which I prescribed to myself. Many of them have been kept, many broken; but, even while breaking them, this sheet is of use to me, this testimonial of my last confession, — of my last absolution: it speaks to me as an authoritative conscience, and I again turn to the right path. I watch myself; and my faults no longer rush like mountain torrents, one over the other.

Yet I will confess to thee I many times wonder at those teachers and guides of men who impose on their scholars nothing but external, mechanical duties. They make the task light for themselves as well as for the world. For this very part of my obligations, which at first seemed the heaviest, the strangest, I now observe with greatest ease, with greatest satisfaction.

I am not to stay beyond three days under one roof. I am to quit no inn without removing at least one league from it. These regulations are, in truth, calculated to make my life a life of travel, and to prevent the smallest thought of settlement from taking hold of me. Hitherto I have fulfilled this condition to the letter, not even using all the liberty it grants me. This is the first time that I have paused: here, for the first time, I sleep three nights in the same bed. From this spot I send thee much that I have heard, observed, laid up for thee; and early in the morning I descend on the other side, — in the first place, to a strange family, I might almost say, a Holy Family, of which, in my journal, thou wilt find further notice. For the present, farewell; and lay down this sheet with the feeling that it has but one thing to say, but one thing which it would say and repeat for ever; yet will not say it, will not repeat it now, till I have once more the happiness of lying at thy feet, and weeping over thy hands for all that I renounce.

MORNING.

My packing is done. The porter is girding the portmanteau on his dorsel. As yet, the sun is not up: vapours are streaming out of all the hollows, but the upper sky is clear. We step down into the gloomy deeps, which also will soon brighten over our heads. Let me send my last sigh home to thee! Let my last look toward thee be yet blinded with involuntary tears! I am decided and determined. Thou shalt hear no more complaints from me: thou shalt hear only what happens to the wanderer. And yet now, when I am on the point of ending, a thousand thoughts, wishes, hopes, and purposes come crowding through my soul. Happily the people force me away. The porter calls me; and mine host has already in my presence begun sorting the apartment, as if I were gone: thus feelingless, imprudent heirs do not hide from the departing testator their preparations for assuming management.

CHAPTER II.

ST. JOSEPH THE SECOND.

ALREADY had the wanderer, following his porter on foot, left the steep rocks behind and above him: already were they traversing a softer mid-range of hills, and hastening through many a well-pruned wood, over many a friendly meadow, forward and forward; till at last they found themselves on a declivity, and looked down into a beautifully cultivated valley, begirt on all sides with hills. A large monastic edifice, half in ruins, half in repair, immediately attracted their attention. "This is St. Joseph," said the porter. "Pity for the fine church! Do but look how fresh and firm it still holds up its pillars through bush and tree, though it has lain many hundred years in decay."

"The cloister, on the contrary," said Wilhelm, "I observe, is kept in good state."

"Yes," said the other: "there is a *Schaffner* lives here; he manages the husbandry, collects the dues and tithes, which the people far and wide have to pay him."

So speaking they had entered through the open gate into a spacious court, surrounded with earnest-looking, well-kept buildings, and announcing itself as the residence of some peaceful community. Among the children playing in the area, Wilhelm noticed Felix: the other two were the angels of last night. The friendly trefoil came running toward him with salutations, and assurances that papa would soon be back. He, in the meanwhile, they said, must go into the hall, and rest himself.

How surprised was Wilhelm when the children led him into this apartment which they named the hall. Passing directly from the court, through a large door, our wanderer found himself in a very cleanly, undecayed chapel, which however, as he saw well enough, had been fitted up for the domestic uses of daily life. On the one side stood a table, a settle, some chairs and benches; on the other side a neatly carved dresser, with variegated pottery, jugs, and glasses. Some chests and trunks were standing in suitable niches: and, simple as the whole appeared, there was not wanting an air of comfort; and daily household life looked forth from it with an aspect of invitation. The light fell in from high windows on the side. But what most roused the attention of the wanderer was a series of coloured figures painted on the wall, stretching under the windows, at a considerable height, round three-quarters of the chapel, and hanging down to the wainscot, which covered the remainder of the wall to the ground. The pictures represented the history of St. Joseph. Here you might see him first employed with his carpentry work: here he meets Mary; and a lily is sprouting from the ground between them, while angels hover round observing them. Here his betrothing takes place: next comes the salutation of the angel. Here he is sitting disconsolate among his neglected work: he has laid by the axe, and is thinking to put away his wife. But now appears the angel to him in a dream, and his situation changes. With reverence he looks on the new-born child in the stable at Bethlehem, and prays to it. Soon after this comes a wonderfully beautiful picture. You observe a quantity of timber lying dressed: it is just to be put together, and by chance two of the pieces form a cross. The child has fallen asleep on the cross; his mother sits by, and looks at him with heartfelt love; and the foster-father pauses with his labour, that he may not

awaken him. Next follows the flight into Egypt: it called forth a smile from the gazing traveller, for he saw here on the walls a repetition of the living figures he had met last night.

He had not long pursued his contemplations, when the landlord entered, whom he directly recognised as the leader of the Holy Caravan. They saluted each other cordially: much conversation followed, yet Wilhelm's chief attention continued fixed on the pictures. The host observed the feeling of his guest, and began with a smile, "No doubt you are wondering at the strange accordance of this building with its inhabitants, whom you last night got acquainted with. Yet it is, perhaps, still more singular than you suppose: the building has, in truth, formed the inhabitants. For, when the inanimate has life, it can also produce what has life."

"Yes, indeed!" answered Wilhelm: "I should be surprised if the spirit, which worked so powerfully in this mountain solitude long centuries ago, and drew round it such a mighty body of edifices, possessions, and rights, diffusing in return the blessings of manifold culture over the region, could not still, out of these ruins, manifest the force of its life on some living being. But let us not linger on general reflections: make me acquainted with your history; let me know how it can possibly have happened, that, without affectation and presumption, the past again represents itself in you, and what was, again is."

Just as Wilhelm was expecting responsive information from the lips of his host, a friendly voice in the court cried, "Joseph!" The man obeyed it, and went out.

"So he, too, is Joseph!" said Wilhelm to himself. "This is strange enough, and yet not so strange as that in his life he should personate his saint." At the same time, looking through the door, he saw the Virgin Mother of last night speaking with her husband.

They parted at last: the woman walked toward the opposite building. "Mary," cried he after her, "a word more."

"So she, too, is Mary!" said Wilhelm inwardly. "Little would make me feel as if I were transported eighteen hundred years into the past!" He thought of the solemn and secluded valley in which he was, of the wrecks and silence all around; and a strange, antiquarian mood came over him. It was time for the landlord and children to come in. The latter called for Wilhelm to go and walk, as the landlord had still some business to do. And now came in view the ruins of the church, with its many shafts and columns, with its high peaks and walls; which looked as if gathering strength in the influence of wind and weather; for strong trees from of old had taken root in the broad backs of the walls, and now, in company with grass, flowers, and moss in great quantities, exhibited bold hanging gardens vegetating in the air. Soft sward-paths led you up the banks of a lively brook; and from a little elevation our wanderer could now overlook the edifice and its site with more interest, as its occupants had become still more singular in his eyes, and by their harmony with their abode had awakened his liveliest curiosity.

The promenaders returned, and found in the religious hall a table standing covered. At the upper end was an armchair, in which the mistress of the house took her seat. Beside her she had placed a high wicker-cradle, in which lay the little infant: the father sat next this on her left hand, Wilhelm on her right. The three children occupied the under space of the table. An old serving-maid brought in a well-readied meal. Eating and drinking implements alike pointed to the past. The children afforded matter for talk, while Wilhelm could not satisfy himself with looking at the form and the bearing of his saintly hostess.

Their repast over, the company separated. The landlord took his guest to a shady spot in the ruin, where, from an elevated station, the pleasant prospect down the valley lay entire before them; and, farther off, the heights of the lower country, with their fruitful declivities and woody backs, were seen protruding one behind the other. "It is fair," said the landlord, "that I satisfy your curiosity; and the rather, as I feel that you can view the strange with seriousness when you find it resting on a serious ground. This religious foundation, the remains of which are lying round us, was dedicated to the Holy Family, and in old times noted as a place of pilgrimage for many wonders done in it. The church was consecrated to the Mother and the Son. It has lain for several centuries in ruins. The chapel, dedicated to the holy foster-father, still remains, as does likewise the serviceable part of the cloister. The revenues have for many years belonged to a temporal prince, who keeps a steward or *Schaffner* here: this *Schaffner* am I, son of the last *Schaffner*, who also succeeded his father in the office.

"St. Joseph, though any regular worship of him has long ceased here, had been so helpful to our family, that it is not to be wondered at if they felt particularly well inclined toward him: hence came it that they had me baptised by the name of Joseph, and thereby, I may say, in some sense determined my whole future way of life. I grew up; and, if I used to help my father in managing the dues, I attached myself as gladly, nay, still more gladly, to my mother, who cheerfully distributed her bounty according to her fortune, and for her kindness and good deeds was known and loved over all the mountains. Erelong she would send me out, now this way, now that; now to fetch, now to carry, now direct; and I very speedily began to be at home in this sort of pious occupation.

"In general, our mountain life has something more humane in it than the life of Lowlanders. The inhabitants here are nearer, and, if you will, more remote also. Our wants are smaller, but more pressing. Each man is placed more on his own footing; he must learn to depend on his own hands, on his own limbs. The labourer, the post, the porter, all unite in one person: each of us is more connected with the other, meets him oftener, and lives with him in joint activity.

"As I was still young, and my shoulders could not bear heavy burdens, I fell upon a thought of furnishing a little ass with panniers, which I might drive before me up and down the steep foot-paths. In the mountains the ass is no such despicable animal as in the plain country, where the labourer that ploughs with horses reckons himself better than he that turns his furrow with oxen. And I walked behind my beast with the less hesitation, as I had before observed in the chapel, that an animal of this same sort had been promoted to such honour as to carry God and his Mother. This chapel was not then, however, in the state you now see it in. It had been treated as a cart-house, nay, almost as a stable. Firewood, stakes, implements, barrels, and ladders, everything that came to hand, lay huddled together in it. Lucky that the pictures were so high, and the wainscot could stand some hardships. But even in my childhood I used many a time to clamber over the wood, and delight myself with looking at the pictures, which no one could properly explain to me. However, I knew at least that the saint whose life stood depicted on these walls was my patron; and I rejoiced in him as much as if he had been my uncle. I waxed in stature; and it being an express condition, that whoever meant to aspire after this post of *Schaffner* must practise some handicraft, our family, desiring that I might inherit so good a benefice, determined on putting me to learn

some trade, and such a one, at the same time, as might be useful here in our upland way of life.

"My father was a cooper, and had been accustomed to supply of himself whatever was required in that sort; from which there arose no little profit, both to himself and the country. But I could not prevail on myself to follow him in this business. My inclination drew me irresistibly to the joiner trade, the tools and materials of which I had seen, from infancy upwards, so accurately and circumstantially painted beside my patron saint. I signified my wish: nothing could be objected to it, — the less, as in our frequent buildings the carpenter is often wanted here; nay, if he have any sleight in his trade, and fondness for it, especially in forest districts, the arts of the cabinet-maker, and even of the carver, lie close beside his province. And what still further confirmed me in my higher purposes was a picture, which now, alas! is almost effaced. If once you know what it is meant to represent, you may still be able to decipher the figures, when I take you to look at it. St. Joseph had got no lower a commission than to make a throne for King Herod. The royal seat was to be erected between two given pillars. Joseph carefully measures the breadth and height, and fashions a costly throne. But how astonished is he, how alarmed, on carrying his finished work to the place: the throne is too high, and not broad enough. King Herod, as we know, was a man that did not understand jesting: the pious wright is in the greatest perplexity. The divine child, accustomed to follow him everywhere, and in childlike, humble sport to carry his tools after him, observes his strait, and is immediately at hand with advice and assistance. He requires of his foster-father to take hold of the throne by the one side, he himself grasps it by the other, and both begin to pull. Easily and pliantly, as if it had been made of leather. the carved throne extends in

breadth, contracts proportionately in length, and fits itself to the place with the nicest accuracy, to the great comfort of the reassured master, and the perfect satisfaction of the king.

"This throne was, in my youth, quite distinctly visible; and by the remains of the one side you will still be able to discern that there was no want of carving on it, — which, indeed, must have been easier for the painter than it would have been for the carpenter, had such a thing been required of him.

"That circumstance, however, raised no scruples in me; but I looked on the handicraft to which I had devoted myself in so honourable a light, that I was all impatience to be apprenticed to it, — a longing which was the easier to fulfil, as a master of the trade lived in our neighbourhood, who worked for the whole district, and kept several apprentices and journeymen about him. Thus I continued in the neighbourhood of my parents, and to a certain extent pursued my former way of life also; seeing I employed my leisure hours and holidays in doing those charitable messages which my mother still entrusted to me."

CHAPTER III.

THE VISIT.

"So passed several years," continued the narrator. "I very soon comprehended the principles of my trade; and my frame, expanded by labour, was equal to the undertaking of everything connected with the business. At the same time I kept managing my ancient service, which my good mother, or rather the sick and destitute, required at my hands. I moved with my beast through the mountains, punctually distributed my lading, and brought back from shopkeepers and merchants what we needed here at home.

"My master was contented with me, my parents also. Already I enjoyed the satisfaction, in my wanderings, of seeing many a house which I had helped to raise, or had myself decorated. For, in particular, that last notching of the beam-ends, that carving of certain simple forms, that branding in of pretty figures, that red painting of certain recesses, by which a wooden house in the mountains acquires so pleasant an aspect, — these arts were specially entrusted to me; as I always made the best hand of such tasks, having Herod's throne and its ornaments constantly in my head.

"Among the help-needing persons whom my mother took peculiar charge of, were particularly young wives near the time of their confinement, as by degrees I could well enough remark; though, in such cases, the commissions given me were veiled in a certain mystery. My messages, on these occasions, never reached directly

to the party concerned; but everything passed through the hands of a good old woman, who lived down the dale, and was called Frau Elizabeth. My mother, herself skilful in the art which saves life to so many at their very entrance into life, constantly maintained a good understanding with Frau Elizabeth; and I often heard, in all quarters, that many a one of our stout mountaineers stood indebted for his existence to these two women. The secrecy with which Elizabeth received me at all times, her pointed replies to my enigmatical questions, which I myself did not understand, awoke in me a singular reverence for her; and her house, which was extremely clean, appeared to me to represent a sort of sanctuary.

"Meanwhile, by my acquirements and adroitness in my craft, I had gained considerable influence in the family. As my father, in the character of cooper, had taken charge of the cellar and its contents, I now took charge of roof and room, and repaired many a damaged part in the old building. In particular, I contrived to make some fallen barns and out-houses once more serviceable for domestic use; and scarcely was this done when I set about cleaning and clearing out my beloved chapel. In a few days it was put in order, almost as you see it at present; and such pieces of the wainscot as were damaged or altogether wanting, I had endeavoured, as I went along, to restore in the same fashion as the rest. These door-leaves of the entrance, too, you might think, were old enough; yet they are of my workmanship. I passed several years in carving them at leisure hours, having first mortised the body of them firmly together out of strong oaken planks. Whatever of the pictures had not been effaced or injured at that time, has since continued unimpaired; and I assisted our glazier in a new house he was erecting, under the condition of his putting in coloured windows here.

"If these figures and thoughts on the saint's life had hitherto occupied my imagination, the whole impressed itself on me with much more liveliness, now that I could again regard the place as a sanctuary, could linger in it, and muse at leisure on what I saw or conjectured. There lay in me an irresistible desire to follow in the footsteps of this saint: and, as a similar history was not to be looked for in these times, I determined on commencing my resemblance from the lowest point upward; as, indeed, by the use of my beast of burden, I had already commenced it long ago. The small creature which I had hitherto employed would no longer content me: I chose for myself a far more stately carrier, and got a large, stout saddle, which was equally adapted for riding and packing. A pair of new baskets were also procured; and a net of many-coloured knots, flakes, and tufts, intermixed with jingling tags of metal, decorated the neck of my long-eared beast, which might now show itself beside its model on the wall. No one thought of mocking me when I passed over the mountains in this equipment: people do not quarrel with Benevolence for putting on a strange outside.

"Meanwhile, war, or rather its consequences, had approached our district; for dangerous bands of vagabond deserters had more than once collected, and here and there practised much violence and wanton mischief. By the good order of our provincial militia, by patrolling and prompt watchfulness, the evil was very soon remedied: but we too quickly relapsed into our former carelessness; and, before we thought of it, new disorders broke forth.

"For a long time all had been quiet in our neighbourhood, and I had travelled peacefully with my ass along the accustomed paths; till one day, passing over a newly sown glade of the forest, I observed a female form sitting, or rather lying, at the edge of the fence-

ditch. She seemed to be asleep, or in a swoon. I endeavoured to recall her; and, as she opened her eyes and sat upright, she cried with eagerness, 'Where is he? Did you see him?' I asked, 'Whom?' She replied, 'My husband.' Considering her extremely youthful appearance, I had not been expecting this reply; yet I continued, so much the more kindly, to assist her, and assure her of my sympathy. I learned that the two travellers had left their carriage, the road being so heavy, and struck into a footpath to make a shorter cut. Hard by they had been overtaken by armed marauders; her husband had gone off fighting with them; she, not able to follow him far, had sunk on this spot, and lain there she knew not how long. She pressingly begged of me to leave her, and hasten after her husband. She rose to her feet; and the fairest, loveliest form stood before me: yet I could easily observe that she was in a situation in which she might soon require the help of my mother and Frau Elizabeth. We disputed awhile: for I wished, before all, to bring her to some place of safety; she wished, in the first place, to have tidings of her husband. She would not leave the trace of him; and all my arguments would perhaps have been unavailing, had not a party of our militia, which the tidings of fresh misdeeds had again called out into service, chanced to pass that way through the forest. These I informed of the matter: with them the necessary arrangements were made, the place of meeting appointed, and so the business settled for the time. With great expedition I hid my panniers in a neighbouring cave, which had often served me before as a repository: I adjusted my saddle for easy riding, and, not without a strange emotion, lifted the fair burden on my willing beast, which, knowing of itself what path to choose, left me at liberty to walk by her side.

"You can figure to yourself, without my describing

it at large, in what a strange mood I was. What I had long been seeking I had now found. I felt as if I were dreaming, and then again as if I were awakening from a dream. That heavenly form which I saw, as it were, hovering in the air, and bending aside from the green branches, now seemed to me like a dream which had risen in my soul through those figures in the chapel. Soon those figures themselves seemed to me to have been only dreams, which were here issuing in a fair reality. I asked her many things: she answered me softly and kindly, as beseemed a dignified distress. She often desired me, when we reached any open height, to stop, to look round, to listen. She desired me with such grace, with such a deep, wistful look from under her long black eyelashes, that I could not but do whatever lay in my power; nay, at last I climbed to the top of a high, solitary, branchless pine. Never had this feat of my handicraft been more welcome to me: never had I, with greater joy, brought down ribbons and silks from such elevations at festivals and fairs. But for this time, alas! I came back without booty: above, as below, I could hear or see nothing. In the end, she herself called me down, and beckoned to me earnestly with her hand: nay, at last, as in gliding down I quitted my hold a considerable way up, and dropped on the ground, she gave a scream; and a sweet kindliness spread over her face as she saw me before her unhurt.

"Why should I tell you in detail of the hundred attentions with which I strove the whole way to be pleasing, to divert her thoughts from her grief? Indeed, how could I? For it is the very quality of true attention, that, at the moment, it makes a nothing all. To my feeling, the flowers which I broke for her, the distant scenes which I showed her, the hills, the woods, which I named to her, were so many precious treasures which I was giving her to obtain for myself a

place among her interests, as one tries to do by presents.

"Already she had gained me for my whole life, when we reached our destination, at that good old woman's door; and I saw a painful separation close at hand. Once more I ran over all her form; and, as my eyes came on her feet, I stooped as if to adjust something in my girdle, and kissed the daintiest shoe that I had ever seen, yet without her noticing me. I helped her down, sprang up the steps, and called in at the door, 'Frau Elizabeth, here is a visitor!' The good old woman came down: and I looked over her shoulders toward the house, as the fair being mounted the steps with graceful sorrow, and inward, painful self-consciousness; till she gratefully embraced my worthy old woman, and accompanied her into the better chamber. They shut the door; and I was left standing outside by my ass, like a man that has delivered a loading of precious wares, and is again as poor a carrier as before."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LILY-STALK.

"I WAS still lingering in my departure, for I knew not what to do if I were gone, when Frau Elizabeth came to the door, and desired me to send my mother down to her, and then to go about, and, if possible, get tidings of the husband. 'Mary begs you very much to do this,' said she. 'Can I not speak with her again myself?' replied I. 'That will not do,' said Elizabeth; and we parted. In a short time I reached our dwelling: my mother was ready that same night to go over, and be helpful to the young stranger. I hastened down the country, thinking I should get the surest intelligence at the *Amtmann's*. But the *Amtmann* himself was still in uncertainty; and, as I was known to him, he invited me to pass the night there. It seemed interminably long; and still I had the fair form before my eyes, as she sat gently swaying in the saddle, and looking down to me so sorrowful and friendly. Every moment I hoped for news. To the worthy husband I honestly wished life and safety, and yet I liked so well to fancy her a widow! The ranging troops by little and little collected; and, after many variable rumours, the certainty at last came to light, that the carriage was saved, but the hapless traveller dead of his wounds in a neighbouring village. I learned also, that, according to our first arrangement, some of the party had gone to communicate the melancholy tidings to Frau Elizabeth: consequently I had nothing more to do there. Yet a boundless impatience, an immeasurable

longing, drove me over wood and mountain once more to her threshold. It was dark; the door was shut; I saw light in the room, I saw shadows moving on the curtains; and thus I sat watching on a bench opposite the house; still on the point of knocking, and still withheld by many considerations.

"But why should I go on describing to you what is in itself of no interest? In short, next morning, too, the house was shut against me. They knew the heavy tidings, they needed me no further; they sent me to my father, to my work; they would not answer my inquiries; they wanted to be rid of me.

"For eight days this sort of treatment had continued, when at last Frau Elizabeth called me in. 'Step softly, my friend,' said she, 'but enter without scruple.' She led me into a trim apartment, where, in the corner, through the half-opened curtains, I saw my fair one dressed, and sitting upright in the bed. Frau Elizabeth went toward her as if to announce me, lifted something from the bed, and brought it me, — wrapped in the whitest swathings, the prettiest boy! Frau Elizabeth held it straight betwixt the mother and me; and just then the lily-stalk occurred to me, which, in the picture, springs from the ground between Joseph and Mary, as witness of the purity of their affection. From that moment I was certain of my cause, certain of my happiness. I could approach her with freedom, speak with her, bear her heavenly eye, take the boy on my arm, and imprint a warm kiss on his brow.

"'How I thank you for the love you bear to that orphan child!' said the mother. Unthinkingly and briskly I cried, 'It is no orphan any longer, if you like!'

"Frau Elizabeth, more prudent than I, took the child from my hands, and got me put away.

"To this hour, when I chance to be wandering over our mountains and forests, the remembrance of that

time forms my happiest entertainment. I can still recall the slightest particulars; which, however, as is fit, I spare you at present. Weeks passed on: Mary was recovered; I could see her oftener; my intercourse with her was a train of services and attentions. Her family circumstances allowed her to choose a residence according to her pleasure. She first stayed with Frau Elizabeth: then she paid us a visit, to thank my mother and me for so many and such friendly helps. She liked to live with us, and I flattered myself that it was partly on my account. What I wished to tell her, however, and durst not utter, came to words in a singular and pretty wise, when I took her into the chapel, which I had then fitted up as a habitual apartment. I showed her the pictures, and explained them to her one after the other, and, so doing, unfolded the duties of a foster-father in so vivid and cordial a manner that the tears came into her eyes, and I could not get to the end of my picture exhibition. I thought myself certain of her affection, though I was not proud enough to wish so soon to efface the memory of her husband. The law imposes on widows a year of mourning; and, in truth, such an epoch, which includes in it the change of all earthly things, is necessary for a feeling heart, to alleviate the painful impressions of a great loss. We see the flowers fade and the leaves fall; but we likewise see fruits ripen, and new buds shoot forth. Life belongs to the living, and he who lives must be prepared for vicissitudes.

"I now spoke with my mother on the concern which lay so near my heart. She thereupon disclosed to me how grievous to Mary the death of her husband had been, and how she had borne up and gathered courage again, solely from the thought that she must live for her child. My inclination was not unknown to the women, and already Mary had accustomed herself to the idea of living with us. She stayed awhile longer in

the neighbourhood: then she came up to us, and we lived for a time in the gentlest and happiest state of betrothment. At last we wedded. That feeling which had first drawn us together did not fade away. The duties and joys of the father and the foster-father were united: and so our little family, as it increased, did certainly surpass its prototype in number of persons; but the virtues of that pattern, in respect to faithfulness, and purity of sentiments, were sacredly maintained and practised by us. And so also in friendly habitude we keep up the external appearance which we, by accident, arrived at, and which fits our internal state so well; for though all of us are good walkers, and stout bearers of weight, the beast of burden still remains in our company, when any business or visit takes us through these mountains and valleys. As you met us last night, so does the whole country know us; and we feel proud that our walk and conversation are of such a sort as not to throw disgrace on the saintly name and figure whose imitators we profess to be."

Wilhelm to Natalia.

I now conclude a pleasant, half-marvellous history, which I have just written down for thee, from the mouth of a very worthy man. If I have not always given his very words; if here and there, in describing his sentiments, I have expressed my own, — this, considering the relationship of mind I feel with him, was natural enough. His reverence for his wife, does it not resemble that which I entertain for thee? And is there not, even in the first meeting of these lovers, something similar to ours? But that he is fortunate enough to walk beside his animal, as it bears the doubly beautiful burden; that he can enter at evenings, with his family possession, through the old cloister-gate; that he is inseparable from his own loved ones,

— in all this, I may well secretly envy him. Yet I must not complain of my destiny; seeing I have promised thee that I will suffer and be silent, as thou also hast undertaken.

Many a fair feature in the domestic union of these devout and cheerful persons I have been obliged to omit, for how could it be depicted in writing? Two days have passed over me agreeably, but the third warns me to be mindful of my farther wayfaring.

With Felix I had a little quarrel to-day. He was almost for compelling me to break through one wholesome regulation, for which I stand engaged to thee. It has been an error, a misfortune, in short, an arrangement of Fate with me hitherto, that, before I am aware, my company increases; that I take a new burden on my shoulders, which thenceforth I have to bear, and drag along with me. So, in my present wanderings, no third party is to be become a permanent associate with us. We are, we will and must continue, Two; and just now a new, and not very pleasing, connection, seemed about to be established.

To the children of the house, with whom Felix has gaily passed these days in sporting, there had joined himself a little merry beggar-boy, who, submitting to be used or misused as the play required, had very soon got into favour with Felix. By various hints and expressions, I now gathered that the latter had found himself a playmate for the next stage of our journey. The boy is known in this quarter, and everywhere tolerated for his lively humour, and now and then obtains an alms. Me, however, he did not please; and I desired our host to get him sent away. This likewise took place; but Felix was angry at it, and we had a little flaw of discord.

In the course of this affair, I discovered something which was pleasant to me. In the corner of the chapel, or hall, stood a box of stones, which Felix,

who, since our wanderings through the mountains, has acquired an excessive fondness for minerals, eagerly drew forth and examined. Many pretty eye-catching things were among them. Our landlord said the child might choose out what he liked: these were the remains of a large collection which a friend had despatched thence a short while ago. He called this person Montan; and thou wilt easily suppose how glad I was to hear this name, under which one of our best friends is travelling, one to whom we owe so much. Having inquired into date and circumstances, I can now hope to meet him erelong on my pilgrimage.

CHAPTER V.

THE news that Montan was in the neighbourhood had made Wilhelm reflect. He considered that it ought not to be left to chance alone whether he should meet with so estimable a friend, therefore he inquired of his landlord if they did not know toward what quarter this traveller had turned his course. No one had any information on this point; and Wilhelm had determined to pursue his pilgrimage on the former plan, when Felix cried, "If father were not so strange, we might soon find Montan."

"What way?" said Wilhelm.

Felix answered, "Little Fitz told us last night that he could trace out the stranger gentleman, who had many fine stones with him, and understood them well."

After some talking, Wilhelm at last resolved on making the experiment; purposing, in the course of it, to keep so much the sharper watch on the suspicious boy. Fitz was soon found; and, hearing what was to be done, he soon produced mallet and chisel, and a stout hammer, with a little bag, and set forth, running merrily before the party, in his mining accoutrements.

The way went to a side, and up the mountains. The children skipped on together, from crag to crag, over stock and stone, over brook and bourn; and, without having any path before him, Fitz pressed rapidly upwards, now looking to the right hand, now to the left. As Wilhelm, and especially the laden porter, could not follow so fast, the boys often ran back and forward, singing and whistling. The aspect of some new trees arrested the attention of Felix, who now,

for the first time, formed acquaintance with larches and fir-cones, and curiously surveyed the strange gentian shrubs. And thus, in their toilsome wandering, there lacked not from time to time a little entertainment. But all at once they were fronted by a barricado of trees, which a storm had hurled together in a confused mass. "This was not in my reckoning," said Fitz. "Wait here till I find my way again, only have a care of the cave up there: no one goes into it or near it, without getting harm, or having tricks played on him."

The boy went off in an ascending direction: the porter, on the other hand, grumbling at the excessive difficulty of the way, set down his luggage, and searched sidewards and downwards for some beaten path.

No sooner did Felix see himself alone with his father, than his curiosity awoke, and he glided softly toward the cave. Wilhelm, who gave him leave, observed after some time that the child was no longer in sight. He himself mounted to the cave, at the mouth of which he had last seen the boy; and, on entering, he found the place empty. It was spacious, but could be taken in at a glance. He searched for some other outlet, and found none. The matter began to be serious. He took the whistle which he wore at his buttonhole: an answer to his call came sounding out of the depth, so that he was uncertain whether he should take it for an echo, when, shortly afterward, Felix peeped out of the ground; for the chink through which he looked was scarcely wide enough to let through his head.

"What art thou about there?" cried his father.

"Hush!" said Felix: "art thou alone?"

"Quite alone," answered Wilhelm.

"Then, go quick," cried the boy, "and fetch me a couple of strong clubs."

Wilhelm went to the fallen timber, and, with his hanger, cut off a pair of thick staves: Felix took them, and vanished, having first called to his father, "Let no one into the cave!"

After some time Felix cried, "Another pair of staves, and larger ones!" With these also his father provided him, and waited anxiously for the solution of his riddle. At length the boy issued rapidly from the cleft, and brought a little box with him, not larger than an octavo volume, of rich, antique appearance: it seemed to be of gold, decorated with enamel. "Put it up, father," said the boy, "and let none see it." Wilhelm had not time to ask many questions, for they already heard the call of the returning porter; and scarcely had they joined him, when the little squire also began to shout and wave from above.

On their approach he cried out, "Montan is not far off: I bet we shall soon meet him."

"How canst thou know this," said Wilhelm, "in so wild a forest, where no human being leaves any trace behind him?"

"That is my knack," said Fitz; and, like a Will-o'-wisp, he hopped off hither and thither, in a side direction, to lead his masters the strangest road.

Felix, in the meanwhile, highly satisfied in the treasure he had found, highly delighted at possessing a secret, kept close by his father, without, as formerly, skipping up and down beside his comrade. He nodded to Wilhelm with sparkling eyes; glancing toward his companion, and making significant faces, to indicate how much he was above Fitz now, in possessing a secret entirely wanting to the other. He carried it so far at length, that Fitz, who often stopped and looked about, must very soon have noticed it. Wilhelm therefore said to Felix, "My son, whoever wishes to keep a secret must hide from us that he possesses one. Self-complaisance over the concealed destroys its conceal-

ment." Felix restrained himself; but his former gay, free manner to his comrade he could not now attain.

All at once little Fitz stood still. He beckoned the rest to him. "Do you hear a beating?" said he. "It is the sound of a hammer striking on the rock."

"We hear it," answered they.

"That is Montan," said he, "or some one who will tell us of him."

Following the sound, which was repeated from time to time, they reached an opening in the wood, and perceived a steep, high, naked rock, towering over all the rest, leaving even the lofty forest deep beneath it. On the top of it they descried a man: he was too far off to be recognised. Immediately the boys set about ascending the precipitous path. Wilhelm followed with some difficulty, nay, danger: for the person that climbs a rock foremost always proceeds with more safety, because he can look out for his conveniences; he who comes after sees only whither the other has arrived, but not how. The boys soon reached the top, and Wilhelm heard a shout of joy. "It is Jarno," cried Felix to his father; and Jarno immediately came forward to a rugged spot, stretched out his hand to his friend, and drew him up. They embraced, and welcomed each other into the free, skyey air, with the rapture of old friends.

But scarcely had they stepped asunder, when a giddiness came over Wilhelm, not so much on his own account, as at seeing the boys hanging over the frightful abyss. Jarno observed it, and immediately bade all sit down. "Nothing is more natural," said he, "than that we should grow giddy at a great sight, which comes unexpectedly before us, to make us feel at once our littleness and our greatness. But there is not in the world any truer enjoyment than at the moment when we are so made giddy for the first time."

"Are these, then, down there, the great mountains

we climbed over?" inquired Felix. "How little they look! And here," continued he, loosening a crumb of stone from the rock, "is the old cat-gold again: this is found everywhere, I suppose?"

"It is found far and wide," answered Jarno; "and, as thou art asking after such things, I may bid thee notice that thou art now sitting on the oldest mountain, on the earliest rock, of this world."

"Was the world not made at once, then?" said Felix.

"Hardly," answered Jarno: "good bread needs baking."

"Down there," said Felix, "is another sort of rock; and there again another, and still again another," cried he, pointing from the nearest mountains to the more remote, and so downward to the plain.

It was a beautiful day, and Jarno let them survey the lordly prospect in detail. Here and there stood several other peaks, similar to the one our travellers were on. A secondary moderate range of mountains seemed as if struggling up, but did not by far attain that height. Farther off, the surface flattened still more; yet again some strangely protruding forms rose to view. At last, in the remote distance, lakes were visible, and rivers; and a fruitful country spread itself out like a sea. And, when the eye came back, it pierced into frightful depths, sounding with cataracts, and connected with each other in labyrinthic combination.

Felix could not satisfy himself with questions, and Jarno was kind enough to answer all of them; in which, however, Wilhelm thought he noticed that the teacher did not always speak quite truly and sincerely. So, after the unstaid boys had again clambered off, Wilhelm said to his friend, "Thou hast not spoken with the child about these matters as thou speakest to thyself."

"That, indeed, were a heavy requisition," answered Jarno. "We do not always speak, even to ourselves, as we think; and it is not fit to tell others anything but what they can take up. A man understands nothing but what is commensurate with him. To fix a child's attention on what is present; to give him a description, a name, — is the best thing we can do for him. He will soon enough begin to inquire after causes."

"One cannot blame this latter tendency," observed Wilhelm. "The multiplicity of objects perplexes every one; and it is easier, instead of investigating them, to ask directly, whence and whither?"

"And yet," said Jarno, "as children look at what is present only superficially, we cannot speak with them of origin and object otherwise than superficially also."

"Most men," answered Wilhelm, "continue all their days in this predicament, and never reach that glorious epoch in which the comprehensible appears to us common and insipid."

"It may well be called glorious," answered Jarno; "for it is a middle stage between despair and deification."

"Let us abide by the boy," said Wilhelm, "who is, at present, my first care. He has, somehow, got a fondness for minerals since we began this journey. Canst thou not impart so much to me as would put it in my power to satisfy him, at least for a time?"

"That will not do," said Jarno. "In every new department one must, in the first place, begin again as a child; throw a passionate interest over the subject; take pleasure in the shell till one has the happiness to arrive at the kernel."

"Tell me, then," said Wilhelm, "how hast thou attained this knowledge? For it is not so very long, after all, since we parted."

"My friend," said Jarno, "we were forced to resign

ourselves, if not for ever, at least for a long season. The first thing that occurs to a stout-hearted man, under such circumstances, is to begin a new life. New objects will not suffice him; these serve only for diversion of thought: he requires a new whole, and plants himself in the middle of it."

"But why, then," interrupted Wilhelm, "choose this strangest and loneliest of all pursuits?"

"Even because of its loneliness," cried Jarno. "Men I wished to avoid. To them we can give no help, and they hinder us from helping ourselves. Are they happy, we must let them persevere in their stolidities; are they unhappy, we must save them without disturbing these stolidities; and no one ever asks whether Thou art happy or unhappy."

"It is not quite so bad with them, surely," answered Wilhelm, smiling.

"I will not talk thee out of thy happiness," said Jarno. "Go on thy way, thou second Diogenes! Let not thy lamp in daylight go out! Down on that side lies a new world before thee; but, I dare wager, things stand there as in the old one. If thou canst not pimp, and pay debts, thou availest nothing."

"Yet they seem to me more entertaining than thy dead rocks," said Wilhelm.

"Not they!" answered Jarno, "for my rocks are at least incomprehensible."

CHAPTER VI.

THE two friends had descended, not without care and labour, to reach the children, who were now lying in a shady spot down below. With almost greater eagerness than their picnic repast, the collected rock specimens were unpacked by Montan and Felix. The latter had much to ask, the former much to nominate. Felix was delighted that his new teacher could give him names for all, and he speedily committed them to memory. At length he produced another specimen, and asked, "What do you call this, then?"

Montan viewed it with surprise, and said, "Where did you get it?"

Fitz answered promptly, "I found it myself: it is of this country."

"Not of this quarter," said Montan. Felix rejoiced to see his master somewhat puzzled. "Thou shalt have a ducat," said Montan, "if thou bring me to the spot where it lies."

"That is easy to earn," answered Fitz, "but not immediately."

"Then, describe the place to me accurately, that I may not fail to find it: but the thing is impossible; for this is a cross-stone, which comes from Santiago in Compostella, and which some stranger has lost, — if, indeed, thou hast not stolen it from him, for its curious look."

"Give your ducat into my master's hands," said Fitz, "and I will honestly confess where I got the stone. In the ruined church at St. Joseph there is likewise a ruined altar. Under the top-stones, which

are all broken and heaped together, I discovered a layer of this rock, which has been the foundation of the other, and broke off from it as much as I could come at. If the upper stones were cleared away, one might find much more of it there."

"Take thy ducat," said Montan: "thou deservest it for this discovery. It is pretty enough. Men naturally rejoice when inanimate nature produces any likeness of what they love and reverence. Nature then appears to us in the form of a sibyl, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from eternity, and was not to be realised till late in time. On this rock, as on a sacred, mysterious, primeval basis, the priests had built their altar."

Wilhelm, who had listened for awhile, and observed that many names, many designations, were repeatedly mentioned, again signified his former wish, that Montan would impart to him so much as was required for the primary instruction of the boy. "Give that up," replied Montan. "There is nothing more frightful than a teacher who knows only what his scholars are intended to know. He who means to teach others may, indeed, often suppress the best of what he knows; but he must not be half instructed."

"But where are such perfect teachers to be had?"

"These thou wilt find very easily," replied Montan.

"Where, then?" said Wilhelm, with some unbelief.

"Where the thing thou art wishing to learn is in practice," said Montan. "Our best instruction we obtain from complete conversance. Dost thou not learn foreign languages best in the countries where they are at home? — where only these and no other strike thy ear?"

"And so it was among the mountains," inquired Wilhelm, "that thy knowledge of mountains was acquired?"

"Of course."

"Without help from men?"

"At least only from men who were miners. There, where the pygmies, allured by the metallic veins, bore through the rock, making the interior of the earth accessible, and in a thousand ways endeavouring to solve the hardest problems, — there is the place where an inquiring thinker ought to take his stand. He looks on action and effort, watches the progress of enterprises, and rejoices in the successful and the unsuccessful. What is useful forms but a part of the important. Fully to possess, to command, and rule an object, we must first study it for its own sake."

"Is there such a place in the neighbourhood?" said Wilhelm. "I should like to take Felix thither."

"The question I can answer in the affirmative," replied Montan, "the project not exactly assent to. At least, I must first tell thee, that thou hast the power of choosing among many other branches of activity, of knowledge, of art, for thy Felix, some of which might, perhaps, suit him better than this sudden fancy which he has taken up at the moment, most probably from mere imitation."

"Explain thyself more clearly," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou must know, then," said Montan, "that we are here on the borders of a province, which I might justly call a Pedagogic Utopia. In the conviction that only one thing can be carried on, taught, and communicated with full advantages, several such points of active instruction have been, as it were, sown over a large tract of country. At each of these places thou wilt find a little world, but so complete within its limitation, that it may represent and model any other of these worlds, nay, the great busy world itself."

"I do not altogether comprehend what thou canst mean by this," interrupted Wilhelm.

"Thou shalt soon comprehend it," said the other.

"As down, not far from this, among the mountains, thou wilt, in the first place, find collected round a mass of metalliferous rocks, whatever is of use for enabling man to appropriate these treasures of Nature, and, at the same time, to acquire general conceptions of moulding the ruggedness of inanimate things more dexterously to his own purposes; so down in the lowest level, far out on the plain, where the soil spreads into large meadows and pastures, thou wilt find establishments for managing another important treasure which Nature has given to men."

"And this?" inquired Wilhelm.

"Is the horse," replied the other. "In that last quarter thou art in the midst of everything which can instruct one on the training, diet, growth, and likewise employment, of this noble animal. As in these hills all are busy digging, boring, climbing; so there nothing is more anxiously attended to than the young brood, springing, as it were, out of the ground; and every one is occupied foddering, grazing, driving, leading, curbing them, mounting their backs, and in all sorts of movements, natural and artificial, coursing with them over the plain."

Felix, who had approached in the deepest attention, exclaimed, interrupting him, "Oh, thither will we! That is the prettiest, the best, of all."

"It is far thither," answered Jarno; "and thou wilt find something more agreeable and suitable, perhaps, by the way. Any species of activity," continued he, "attracts the fondness of a child; for everything looks easy that is practised to perfection. All beginnings are hard, says the proverb. This, in a certain sense, may be true: but we might say, with a more universal application, All beginnings are easy; and it is the last steps that are climbed most rarely and with greatest difficulty."

Wilhelm, who had been reflecting in the mean-

while, now said to Montan, "Is it actually so, as thou sayest, that these people have separated the various sorts of activity, both in the practice and teaching of them?"

"They have done it," said Montan, "and with reason. Whatever any man has to effect, must emanate from him like a second self; and how could this be possible, were not his first self entirely pervaded by it?"

"Yet has not a general culture been reckoned very advantageous?"

"It may really be so," replied the other: "everything in its time. Now is the time of specialties. Happy he who understands this, and works for himself and others in that spirit."

"In my spirit it cannot be," replied Wilhelm; "but tell me, if I thought of sending Felix, for awhile, into one of these circles, which wouldst thou recommend to me?"

"It is all one," said Jarno. "You cannot readily tell which way a child's capacity particularly points. For me, I should still advise the merriest trade. Take him to those horse-subduers. Beginning as a groom is, in truth, little easier than beginning as an ore-beater: but the prospect is always gayer; you can hope at least to get through the world riding."

It is easy to conceive that Wilhelm had many other doubts to state, and many further explanations to require: these Jarno settled in his usual laconic way, but at last he broke out as follows: "In all things, to serve from the lowest station upwards is necessary. To restrict yourself to a trade is best. For the narrow mind, whatever he attempts is still a trade; for the higher, an art; and the highest, in doing one thing, does all; or, to speak less paradoxically, in the one thing which he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all that is done rightly. Take thy Felix," continued he,

"through the province: let the directors see him; they will soon judge him, and dispose of him to the best advantage. The boy should be placed among his equals, otherwise he seeks them for himself, and then, in his associates, finds only flatterers or tyrants."

CHAPTER VII.

THE third day being over, the friends, in conformity to the engagement of our renunciants, had to part; and Jarno declared he would now fly so far into the waste mountains, that no one should be able to discover him. "There is nothing more frightful," said he, "in a state like ours, than to meet an old, true friend, to whom we can communicate our thoughts without reserve. So long as one is by himself, one fancies there is no end to the novelties and wonders he is studying: but let the two talk awhile together, right from the heart; one sees how soon all this is exhausted. Nothing is endless but inanity. Clever people soon explain themselves to one another, and then they have done. But now I will dive into the chasms of the rocks, and with them begin a mute, unfathomable conversation."

"Have a care," said Wilhelm, smiling, "lest Fitz come upon thy track. This time, at least, he succeeded in finding thee."

"How didst thou manage that?" said Montan. "After all, it was only chance."

"Not in the least," answered Fitz: "I will tell you my secret for a fair consideration. You mineralogists, wherever you go, keep striking to the right and left; from every stone, from every rock, breaking off a piece, as if gold and silver were hid in them. One has but to follow this trace; and, where any corner shows a fresh breakage, there some of you have been. One notes and notes forward and forward, and at last comes upon the man."

Fitz was praised and rewarded. The friends parted,

— Montan alone, the little caravan in company. Wilhelm had settled the place they should make for. The porter proposed a road to it; but the children had taken a fancy for looking, by the way, at the Giant's Castle, of which Fitz had talked so much. Felix was curious about the large, black pillars, the great door, the cellar, the caves, and vaults, and hoped he might perhaps find something there, — something of even greater value than the box.

How he came by this he had, in the interim, informed his father. Creeping through the cleft, it appeared he had got down into an open space pretty well lighted, and noticed in the corner of it a large iron chest, the lid of which, though it was not locked, he could not lift, but only raise a very little. To get into this, he had called to his father for the staves, which he had employed partly as props under the lid, partly as levers to heave it up, and so at length forcing his way into the chest, had found it wholly empty, except for the little box which was lying in one of the nooks. This toy they had shown Montan, who agreed with them in opinion, that it should be kept unopened, and no violence done to it; for it could not be unlocked except by a very complicated key.

The porter declined going with the rest to the Giant's Castle, and proceeded down the smooth footpath by himself. The others toiled after Fitz through moss and tangle, and at length reached the natural colonnade, which, towering over a huge mass of fragments, rose black and wondrous into the air. Yet, without much regarding what he saw before his eyes, Felix instantly began inquiring for the other promised marvels; and, as none of them was to be seen, Fitz could excuse himself no otherwise than by declaring that these things were never visible except on Sundays and particular festivals, and then only for a few hours. The boys remained convinced that the pillared

palace was a work of men's hands: Wilhelm saw well that it was a work of Nature, but he could have wished for Montan to speak with on the subject.

They now proceeded rapidly down hill, through a wood of high, taper larches, which, becoming more and more transparent, erelong exposed to view the fairest spot you can imagine, lying in the clearest sunshine.

A large garden, seemingly appropriated to use, not ornament, lay richly furnished with fruit-trees, yet open before their eyes; for the ground, sloping, on the whole, had been regularly cut into a number of divisions, now raised, now hollowed in manifold variety, and thus exhibited a complex waving surface. Several dwelling-houses stood scattered up and down, so that it seemed as if the space belonged to several proprietors; yet Fitz assured them that one individual owned and directed the whole. Beyond the garden stretched a boundless landscape, beautifully cultivated and planted, in which lakes and rivers might be distinguished in the distance.

Still descending, they had approached nearer and nearer, and were now expecting in a few moments to be in the garden, when Wilhelm all at once stopped short, and Fitz could not hide his roguish satisfaction; for a yawning chasm at the foot of the mountain opened before them, and showed on the other side a wall which had hitherto been concealed, steep enough without, though within it was quite filled up with soil. A deep trench, therefore, separated them from the garden, into which they were directly looking. "We have still a good circuit to make," said Fitz, "before we get the road that leads in. However, I know an entrance on this side, which is much shorter. The vaults where the hill-water in time of rain is let through, in regular quantities, into the garden, open here: they are high, and broad enough for one to walk

along without difficulty." The instant Felix heard of vaults, he insisted on taking this passage and no other. Wilhelm followed the children; and the party descended the large steps of this covered aqueduct, which was now lying quite dry. Down below they found themselves sometimes in light, sometimes in darkness, according as the side-openings admitted day, or the walls and pillars excluded it. At last they reached a pretty even space, and were slowly proceeding, when all at once a shot went off beside them; and at the same time two secret iron-grated doors started out, and enclosed them on both sides. Not, indeed, the whole of them: Wilhelm and Felix only were caught. For Fitz, the instant he heard the shot, sprang back; and the closing grate caught nothing but his wide sleeve: he himself, nimbly throwing off his jacket, had darted away without loss of a moment.

The two prisoners had scarcely time to recover from their astonishment, till they heard voices, which appeared to be slowly approaching. In a little while some armed men with torches came forward to the grate, looking with eager eyes what sort of capture they had made. At the same time they asked if the prisoners would surrender peaceably. "Surrender is not the word here," said Wilhelm: "we are already in your power. It is rather our part to ask, whether you will spare us? The only weapon we have, I give up to you." And with these words he handed his hanger through the grate: this opened directly, and the two strangers were led forward by the party with great composure. After a short while they found themselves in a singular place: it was a spacious, cleanly apartment, with many little windows at the very top of the walls; and these, notwithstanding the thick iron gratings, admitted light enough. Seats, sleeping-places, and whatever else is expected in a middling inn, had been provided; and it seemed

as if any one placed here could want nothing but freedom.

Wilhelm, directly after entering, had sat down to consider his situation: Felix, on the other hand, on recovering from his astonishment, broke out into an incredible fury. These large walls, these high windows, these strong doors, this seclusion, this restriction, were entirely new to him. He looked round and round, he ran hither and thither, stamped with his feet, wept, rattled the doors, struck against them with his fists, nay, was even on the point of running at them with his head, had not Wilhelm seized him, and held him fast between his knees. "Do but look at the thing calmly, my son," began he; "for impatience and violence cannot help us. The mystery will clear up; and I must be widely mistaken, or we are fallen into no wicked hands. Read these inscriptions: 'To the innocent, deliverance and reparation; to the misled, compassion; and, to the guilty, avenging justice.' All this bespeaks to us that these establishments are works, not of cruelty, but of necessity. Men have but too much cause to secure themselves from men. Of ill-wishers there are many, of ill-doers not few; and, to live fitly, well-doing will not always suffice." Felix still sobbed; but he had pacified himself in some degree, more by the caresses than the words of his father. "Let this experience," continued Wilhelm, "which thou gainest so early and so innocently, remain a lively testimony to thy mind, in how complete and accomplished a century thou livest. What a journey had human nature to travel before it reached the point of being mild, even to the guilty, merciful to the injurious, humane to the inhuman! Doubtless they were men of godlike souls who first taught this, who spent their lives in rendering the practice of it possible, and recommending it to others. Of the beautiful, men are seldom capable, oftener of

the good; and how highly should we value those who endeavour, with great sacrifices, to forward that good among their fellows!"

Felix, in the course of this consolatory speech, had fallen quietly asleep on his father's bosom; and scarcely had the latter laid him down on one of the ready-made beds, when the door opened, and a man of prepossessing appearance stepped in. After looking kindly at Wilhelm for some time, he began to inquire about the circumstances which had led him by the private passage, and into this predicament. Wilhelm related the affair as it stood, produced some papers which served to explain who he was, and referred to the porter, who, he said, must soon arrive on the other side, by the usual road. This being so far explained, the official person invited his guest to follow him. Felix could not be awakened, and his father carried him asleep from the place which had incited him to such violent passion.

Wilhelm followed his conductor into a fair garden-apartment, where refreshments were set down, which he was invited to partake of; while the other went to report the state of matters to his superior. When Felix, on awakening, perceived a little covered table, fruit, wine, biscuit, and, at the same time, the cheerful aspect of a wide-open door, he knew not what to make of it. He ran out, he ran back; he thought he had been dreaming; and in a little while, with such dainty fare and such pleasant sights, the preceding terror and all his obstruction had vanished like an oppressive vision in the brightness of morning.

The porter had arrived; the officer, with another man of a still friendlier aspect, brought him in; and the business now came to light, as follows: The owner of this property, charitable in this higher sense, that he studied to awaken all round him to activity and effort, had, for several years, been accustomed, from his

boundless young plantations, to give out the small wood to diligent and careful cultivators, gratis; to the negligent, for a certain price; and to such as wished to trade in it, likewise at a moderate valuation. But these two latter classes, also, had required their supplies gratis, as the meritorious were treated; and, this being refused them, they had attempted stealing trees. Their attempt succeeded in many ways. This vexed the owner the more, as not only were the plantations plundered, but, by too early thinning, often ruined. It had been discovered that the thieves entered by this aqueduct: so the trap-gate had been erected in the place, with a spring-gun, which, however, was only meant for a signal. This little boy had, under various pretexts, often made his appearance in the garden; and nothing was more natural than that, out of mischief and audacity, he should lead the stranger by a road which he had formerly discovered for other purposes. The people could have wished to get hold of him: meanwhile, his little jacket was brought in, and put by among other judicial seizures.

Wilhelm was now made acquainted with the owner and his people, and by them received with the friendliest welcome. Of this family we shall say nothing more here, as some further light on them and their concerns is offered us by the subsequent history.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wilhelm to Natalia.

MAN is of a companionable, conversing nature: his delight is great when he exercises faculties that have been given him, even though nothing further came of it. How often in society do we hear the complaint that one will not let the other speak; and in the same manner, also, we might say, that one would not let the other write, were not writing an employment commonly transacted in private and alone.

How much people write, one could scarcely ever conjecture. I speak not of what is printed, though that, in itself, is abundant enough, but of all that, in the shape of letters and memorials and narratives, anecdotes, descriptions of present circumstances in the life of individuals, sketches, and larger essays, circulates in secret: of this you can form no idea, till you have lived for some time in a community of cultivated families, as I am now doing. In the sphere where I am moving at present, there is almost as much time employed in informing friends and relatives of what is transacted as was employed in transacting it. This observation, which for several weeks has been constantly forced on me, I now make with the more pleasure, as the writing tendency of my new friends enables me, at once and perfectly, to get acquainted with their characters and circumstances. I am trusted: a sheaf of letters is given to me, some quires of a travelling-journal, the confessions of some mind not yet in unity with itself; and thus everywhere, in a little

" Here, accordingly, are some letters "

Photogravure from the painting by E. Meissonier

while, I am at home. I know the neighbouring circle, I know the persons whose acquaintance I am to obtain: I understand them better, almost, than they do themselves; seeing they are still implicated in their situation, while I hover lightly past them, ever with thy hand in mine, ever speaking with thee about all I see. Indeed, it is the first condition I make before accepting any confidence offered me, that I may impart it to thee. Here, accordingly, are some letters which will introduce thee into the circle in which, without breaking or evading my vow, I, for the present, revolve.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

Lenardo to his Aunt.

At last, dear aunt, after three years you receive my first letter, conformably to our engagement, which, in truth, was singular enough. I wished to see the world and mingle in it, and wished, during that period, to forget the home whence I had departed, whither I hoped to return. The whole impression of this home I purposed to retain, and the partial and individual was not to confuse me at a distance. Meanwhile the necessary tokens of life and welfare have, from time to time, passed to and fro between us. I have regularly received money, and little presents for my kindred have been delivered you for distribution. By the wares I sent, you would see how and where I was. By the wines, I doubt not my uncle has tasted out my several places of abode; then the laces, knick-knacks, steel wares, would indicate to my fair cousins my progress through Brabant, by Paris, to London; and so, on their writing-desks, work-boxes, tea-tables, I shall find many a symbol wherewith to connect the history of my journeyings. You have accompanied me without hearing of me, and, perhaps, may care little about

knowing more. For me, on the other hand, it is highly desirable to learn, through your kindness, how it stands with the circle into which I am once more entering. I would, in truth, return from strange countries as a stranger, who, that he may not be unpleasant, first informs himself about the way and manner of his household; not fancying, that, for his fine eyes or hair, he shall be received there quite in his own fashion. Write to me, therefore, of my worthy uncle, of your fair nieces, of yourself, of our relations near and distant, of servants also, old and new. In short, let your practised pen, which for so long a time you have not dipped into ink for your nephew, now again tint paper in the favour. Your letter of news shall forthwith be my credential, with which I introduce myself so soon as I obtain it. On you, therefore, it depends, whether you will see me or not. We alter far less than we imagine; and circumstances, too, continue much as they were. Not only what has altered, but what has continued, what has by degrees waxed and waned, do I now wish instantly to recognise at my return, and so once more to see myself in a well-known mirror. Present my heartiest salutations to all our people, and believe, that, in the singular manner of my absence and my return, there may lie more true affection than is often found in constant participation and lively intercourse. A thousand compliments to one and all!

Postscript. — Neglect not, also, my dear aunt, to say a word or two about our dependants, — how it stands with our stewards and farmers. What has become of Valerina, the daughter of that farmer whom my uncle, with justice certainly, but also, as I thought, with some severity, ejected from his lands when I went away? You see, I still remember many a particular: I still know all. On the past you shall examine me when you have told me of the present.

The Aunt to Julietta.

At last, dear children, a letter from our three-years' speechless traveller. What strange beings these strange men are! He will have it that his wares and tokens were as good as so many kind words, which friend may speak or write to friend. He actually fancies himself our creditor, requires from *us*, in the first place, the performance of that service which *he* so unkindly refused. What is to be done? For me, I should have met his wishes forthwith in a long letter, did not this headache signify too clearly that the present sheet can scarcely be filled. We all long to see him. Do you, my dears, undertake the business. Should I be recovered before you have done, I will contribute my share. Choose the persons and circumstances, as you like best to describe them. Divide the task. You will do it all far better than I. The messenger will bring me back a note from you.

Julietta to her Aunt.

We have read and considered, and now send you by the messenger our view of the matter, each in particular; having first jointly signified that we are not so charitable as our dear aunt to her ever perverse nephew. Now, when he has kept his cards hid from us for three years, and still keeps them hid, we, forsooth, are to spread ours on the table, and play an open against a secret game. This is not fair, and yet let it pass; for the craftiest is often caught, simply by his own overanxious precautions. But, as to the way and manner of transacting this commission, we are not agreed. To write of our familiars as we think of them is for us, at least, a very strange problem. Commonly we do not think of them at all, except in this or that particular case, when they give us some satis-

faction or vexation. At other times each lets his neighbour go his way. You alone could manage it, dear aunt; for you have both the penetration and the tolerance. Hersilia, who, you know, is not difficult to kindle, has just, on the spur of the moment, given me a bird's-eye view of the whole family in all the graces of caricature. I wish it stood on paper, to entice a smile from yourself in your illness, but not that I would have it sent. My own project is, to lay before him our correspondence for these three years: then let him read, if he have the heart; or let him come and see with his eyes, if he have not. Your letters to me, dear aunt, are in the best order, and all at your service. Hersilia dissents from this opinion, excuses herself with the disorder of her papers, and so forth, as she will tell you herself.

Hersilia to her Aunt.

I will and must be very brief, dear aunt; for the messenger is clownishly impatient. I reckon it an excess of generosity, and not at all in season, to submit our correspondence to Lenardo. What has he to do with knowing all the good we have said of him, with knowing all the ill we have said of him, and finding out from the latter, still more than from the former, that we like him? Hold him tight, I entreat you! There is something so precise and presumptuous in this demand, in this conduct, of his, — just the fashion of your young gentlemen when they return from foreign parts. They can never look on those who have stayed at home as full-grown persons, like themselves. Make your headache an excuse. He will come, doubtless; and, if he do not come, we can wait a little. Perhaps his next idea may be, to introduce himself in some strange, secret way, to become acquainted with us in disguise; and who knows what

more may be included in the plan of so deep a gentleman? How pretty and curious this would be! It could not fail to bring about all manner of embroilments and developments, far grander than any that could be produced by such a diplomatic entrance into his family as he now purposes.

The messenger! The messenger! Bring up your old people better, or send young ones. This man is neither to be pacified with flattery nor wine. A thousand farewells!

Postscript for Postscript. — What does our cousin want, will you tell me, with his postscript of Valerina? This question of his has struck me doubly. She is the only person whom he mentions by name. The rest of us are nieces, aunts, stewards, — not persons, but titles. Valerina, our lawyer's daughter! In truth, a pretty, fair-haired girl, that may have glanced in our gallant cousin's eyes before he went away. She is married well and happily: this to you is no news; but to him it is, of course, as unknown as everything that has occurred here. Forget not to inform him, in a postscript, that Valerina grew daily more and more beautiful, and so at last made a very good match. That she is the wife of a rich proprietor. That the lovely, fair-haired maid is married. Make it perfectly distinct to him. But neither is this all, dear aunt. How the man can so accurately remember his flaxen-headed beauty, and yet confound her with the daughter of that worthless farmer, with a wild humble-bee of a brunette, whose name was Nachodina, and who went away, Heaven knows whither, — this, I declare to you, remains entirely incomprehensible, and puzzles me quite excessively. For it seems as if our pretty cousin, who prides himself on his good memory, could change names and persons to a very strange degree. Perhaps he feels this obscurely himself, and would have the

faded image refreshed by your delineation. Hold him tight, I beg of you! but try to learn, for our own behoof, how it does stand with these Valerinas and Nachodinas, and how many more Inas and Trinas have retained their place in his imagination, while the poor Ettas and Ilias have vanished. The messenger! The cursed messenger!

The Aunt to her Nieces.

(Dictated.)

Why should we dissemble toward those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo, with all his peculiarities, deserves confidence. I send him both your letters; from these he will get a view of you: and the rest of us, I hope, will erelong unconsciously find occasion to depict ourselves before him likewise. Farewell! My head is very painful.

Hersilia to her Aunt.

Why should we dissemble toward those we have to spend our life with? Lenardo is a spoiled nephew. It is horrible in you to send him our letters. From these he will get no real view of us; and I wish, with all my heart, for opportunity to let him view me in some other light. You give pain to others, while you are in pain yourself, and blind to boot. Quick recovery to your head! Your heart is irrecoverable.

The Aunt to Hersilia.

Thy last note I should likewise have packed in for Lenardo, had I happened to continue by the purpose which my irrecoverable heart, my sick head, and my love of ease, suggested to me. Your letters are not gone. I am just parting with the young man who

has been for some time living in our circle, who, by the strangest chance, has come to know us pretty well, and is, withal, of an intelligent and kindly nature. Him I am despatching. He undertakes the task with great readiness. He will prepare our nephew, and send or bring him. Thus can your aunt recollect herself in the course of a rash enterprise, and bend into another path. Hersilia also will take thought, and a friendly revocation will not long be wanting from her hand.

Wilhelm having accurately and circumstantially fulfilled this task, Lenardo answered with a smile, "Much as I am obliged to you for what you tell me, I must still put another question. Did not my aunt, in conclusion, request you also to inform me of another, and, seemingly, an unimportant, matter?"

Wilhelm thought a moment. "Yes," said he then: "I remember. She mentioned a lady, named Valerina. Of her I was to tell you that she is happily wedded, and every way well."

"You roll a stone from my heart," replied Lenardo. "I now gladly return home, since I need not fear that my recollection of this girl can reproach me there."

"It beseems not me to inquire what relation you have had to her," said Wilhelm: "only you may be at ease if in any way you feel concerned for her fortunes."

"It is the strangest relation in the world," returned Lenardo, — "nowise a love-matter, as you might, perhaps, conjecture. I may confide in you, and tell it; as, indeed, there is next to nothing to be told. But what must you think, when I assure you that this faltering in my return, this fear of revisiting our family, these strange preparatives, and inquiries how things looked at home, had no other object but to learn, by the way, how it stood with this young woman?

"For you will believe," continued he, "I am very well aware that we may leave people whom we know without finding them, even after a considerable time, much altered; and so I likewise expect very soon to be quite at home with my relatives. This single being only gave me pause: her fortune, I knew, must have changed; and, thank Heaven, it has changed for the better."

"You excite my curiosity," said Wilhelm. "There must be something singular in this."

"I, at least, think it so," replied Lenardo, and began his narrative as follows: —

"To accomplish, in my youth, the grand adventure of a tour through cultivated Europe was a fixed purpose, which I had entertained from boyhood; but the execution of which was, as usually happens in these things, from time to time postponed. What was at hand attracted me, retained me; and the distant lost more and more of its charms the more I read of it or heard it talked of. However, at last, incited by my uncle, allured by friends who had gone forth into the world before me, I did form the resolution, and that more rapidly than any one had been expecting.

"My uncle, who had to afford the main requisite for my enterprise, directly made this his chief concern. You know him, and the way he has, — how he still rushes with his whole force on one single object, and everything else in the meanwhile must rest and be silent: by which means, indeed, he has effected much that seemed to lie beyond the influence of any private man. This journey came upon him, in some degree, unawares; yet he very soon took his measures. Some buildings which he had planned, nay, even begun, were abandoned; and, as he never on any account meddles with his accumulated stock, he looked about him, as a prudent financier, for other ways and means. The most obvious plan was, to call in outstanding debts,

especially remainders of rent; for this, also, was one of his habits, that he was indulgent to debtors, so long as he himself had, to a certain degree, no need of money. He gave his steward the list, with orders to manage the business. Of individual cases we learned nothing: only I heard transiently, that the farmer of one of our estates, with whom my uncle had long exercised patience, was at last actually to be ejected; his cautionary pledge, a scanty supplement to the produce of this prosecution, to be retained, and the land to be let to some other person. This man was of a religious turn, but not, like others of his sect among us, shrewd and active withal; for his piety and his goodness he was loved by his neighbours, but, at the same time, censured for his weakness, as the master of a house. After the death of his wife, a daughter, whom we usually named the Nut-brown Maid, though already giving promise of activity and resolution, was still too young for taking a decisive management: in short, the man went back in his affairs; and my uncle's indulgence had not stayed the sinking of his fortune.

"I had my journey in my head, and could not quarrel with the means for accomplishing it. All was ready: packing and sorting went forward; every moment was becoming full of business. One evening I was strolling through the park for the last time, to take leave of my familiar trees and bushes, when all at once Valerina stepped into my way, — for such was the girl's name: the other was but a by-name, occasioned by her brown complexion. She stepped into my way."

Lenardo paused for a moment, as if considering. "How is this, then?" said he. "Was her name really Valerina? Yes, surely," he continued; "but the by-name was more common. In short, the brown maid came into my path, and pressingly entreated me to speak a good word for her father, for herself, to my

uncle. Knowing how the matter stood, and seeing clearly that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to do her any service at this moment, I candidly told her so, and set before her the blameworthiness of her father in an unfavourable light.

"She answered this with so much clearness, and, at the same time, with so much filial mitigation and love, that quite gained me; and, had it been my own money, I should instantly have made her happy by granting her request. But it was my uncle's income; these were his arrangements, his orders: with such a temper as his, to attempt altering aught that had been done was hopeless. From of old I had looked on a promise as in the highest degree sacred. Whoever asked anything of me embarrassed me. I had so accustomed myself to refuse, that I did not even promise what I purposed to perform. This habit came in good stead in the present instance. Her arguments turned on individuality and affection, mine on duty and reason; and I will not deny that at last they seemed too harsh, even to myself. Already we had more than once repeated our topics without convincing one another, when necessity made her more eloquent: the inevitable ruin which she saw before her pressed tears from her eyes. Her collected manner she entirely lost: she spoke with vivacity, with emotion; and, as I still kept up a show of coldness and composure, her whole soul turned itself outward. I wished to end the scene; but all at once she was loing at my feet, had seized my hand, kissed it, and was looking up to me, so good, so gentle, with such supplicating loveliness, that, in the haste of the moment, I forgot myself. Hurriedly I said, while raising her from her kneeling posture, 'I will do what is possible: compose thyself, my child!' and so turned into a side-path. 'Do what is impossible!' cried she after me. I now knew not what I was saying, but answered, 'I will,' and hesitated. 'Do

it!' cried she, at once enlivened, and with a heavenly expression of hope. I waved a salutation to her, and hastened away.

"To my uncle I did not mean to apply directly; for I knew too well that with him it was vain to speak about the partial, when his purpose was the whole. I inquired for the steward; he had ridden off to a distance: visitors came in the evening, friends wishing to take leave of me. They supped and played till far in the night. They continued next day, and their presence effaced the image of my importunate petitioner. The steward returned: he was busier and more overloaded than ever. All were asking for him: he had no time to hear me. However, I did make an effort to detain him; but scarcely had I named that pious farmer, when he eagerly repelled the proposal. 'For Heaven's sake, not a word of this to your uncle, if you would not have a quarrel with him!' The day of my departure was fixed: I had letters to write, guests to receive, visits in the neighbourhood to pay. My servants had been hitherto sufficient for my wants, but were nowise adequate to forward the arrangements of a distant journey. All lay on my own hands; and yet, when the steward appointed me an hour in the night before my departure to settle our money concerns, I neglected not again to solicit him for Valerina's father.

"'Dear baron,' said the unstable man, 'how can such a thing ever come into your head? To-day already I have had a hard piece of work with your uncle, for the sum you need is turning out to be far higher than we reckoned on. This is natural enough, but not the less perplexing. To the old gentleman it is especially unwelcome, when a business seems concluded, and yet many odds and ends are found straggling after it. This is often the case, and I and the rest have to take the brunt of it. As to the rigour with which the out-

standing debts were to be gathered in, he himself laid down the law to me: he is at one with himself on this point, and it would be no easy task to move him to indulgence. Do not try it, I beg of you! It is quite in vain.'

"I let him deter me from my attempt, but not entirely. I pressed him, since the execution of the business depended on himself, to act with mildness and mercy. He promised everything, according to the fashion of such persons, for the sake of momentary peace. He got quit of me: the bustle, the hurry of business, increased. I was in my carriage, and had turned my back on all home concerns.

"A keen impression is like any other wound: we do not feel it in receiving it. Not till afterward does it begin to smart and gangrene. So was it with me in regard to this occurrence in the park. Whenever I was solitary, whenever I was unemployed, that image of the entreating maiden, with the whole accompaniment, with every tree and bush, the place where she knelt, the side-path I took to get rid of her, the whole scene, rose like a fresh picture before my soul. It was an indestructible impression, which, by other images and interests, might indeed be shaded or overhung, but never obliterated. Still, in every quiet hour, she came before me; and, the longer it lasted, the more painful did I feel the blame which I had incurred against my principles, against my custom, though not expressly, only while hesitating, and for the first time caught in such a perplexity.

"I failed not, in my earliest letters, to inquire of our steward how the business had turned. He answered evasively. Then he engaged to explain this point; then he wrote ambiguously; at last he became silent altogether. Distance increased; more objects came between me and my home; I was called to many new observations, many new sympathies; the image faded

away, the maiden herself, almost to the name. The remembrance of her came more rarely before me; and my whim of keeping up my intercourse with home, not by letters, but by tokens, tended gradually to make my previous situation, with all its circumstances, nearly vanish from my mind. Now, however, when I am again returning home, when I am purposing to repay my family with interest what I have so long owed it, now at last this strange repentance, strange I myself must call it, falls on me with its whole weight. The form of the maiden brightens up with the forms of my relatives: and I dread nothing more deeply than to learn, that, in the misery into which I drove her, she has sunk to ruin; for my negligence appears in my own mind an abetting of her destruction, a furtherance of her mournful destiny. A thousand times I have told myself that this feeling was at bottom but a weakness; that my early adoption of the principle, never to promise, had originated in my fear of repentance, not in any noble sentiment. And now it seems as if Repentance, which I had fled from, meant to avenge herself by seizing this incident, instead of hundreds, to pain me. Yet is the picture, the imagination which torments me, so agreeable withal, so lovely, that I like to linger over it. And, when I think of the scene, that kiss which she imprinted on my hand still seems to burn there."

Lenardo was silent; and Wilhelm answered quickly and gaily, "It appears, then, I could have done you no greater service than by that appendix to my narrative; as we often find in the postscript the most interesting part of the letter. In truth, I know little of Valerina, for I heard of her only in passing: but, for certain, she is the wife of a prosperous land-owner, and lives happily; as your aunt assured me on taking leave."

"Good and well," said Lenardo: "now there is nothing to detain me. You have given me absolution:

let us now to my friends, who have already waited for me too long." To this Wilhelm answered, "Unhappily I cannot attend you; for a strange obligation lies on me to continue nowhere longer than three days, and not to revisit any place in less than a year. Pardon me, if I am not at liberty to mention the cause of this singularity."

"I am very sorry," said Lenardo, "that we are to lose you so soon; that I cannot, in my turn, do anything for you. But, since you are already in the way of showing me kindness, you might make me very happy if you pleased to visit Valerina, to inform yourself accurately of her situation, and then to let me have in writing or in speech (a place of meeting might easily be found) express intelligence for my complete composure."

This proposal was further discussed: Valerina's place of residence had been named to Wilhelm. He engaged to visit her: a place of meeting was appointed, to which the baron should come, bringing Felix with him, who in the meanwhile had remained with the ladies.

Lenardo and Wilhelm had proceeded on their way for some time, riding together through pleasant fields, with abundance of conversation, when at last they approached the highway, and found the baron's coach in waiting, now ready to revisit, with its owner, the spot it had left three years before. Here the friends were to part; and Wilhelm, with a few kindly words, took his leave, again promising the baron speedy news of Valerina.

"Now, when I bethink me," said Lenardo, "that it were but a small circuit if I accompanied you, why should I not visit Valerina myself? Why not witness with my own eyes her happy situation? You were so friendly as to engage to be my messenger, why should you not be my companion? For some companion I

must have, some moral counsel; as we take legal counsel to assist us, when we think ourselves inadequate to the perplexities of a process."

Wilhelm's objections, that the friends at home would be anxiously expecting the long-absent traveller, that it would produce a strange impression if the carriage came alone, and other reasons of the like sort, had no weight with Lenardo; and Wilhelm was obliged at last to resolve on acting the companion to the baron, a task on which, considering the consequences that might be apprehended, he entered with no great alacrity.

Accordingly the servants were instructed what to say on their arrival, and the two friends now took the road for Valerina's house. The neighbourhood appeared rich and fertile, the true seat of agriculture. Especially the grounds of Valerina's husband seemed to be managed with great skill and care. Wilhelm had leisure to survey the landscape accurately, while Lenardo rode in silence beside him. At last the latter said, "Another in my place would perhaps try to meet Valerina undiscovered, for it is always a painful feeling to appear before those whom we have injured; but I had rather front this, and bear the reproach which I have to dread from her first look, than secure myself from it by disguise and untruth. Untruth may bring us into embarrassment quite as well as truth; and, when we reckon up how often the former or the latter profits us, it really seems most prudent, once for all, to devote ourselves to what is true. Let us go forward, therefore, with cheerful minds: I will give my name, and introduce you as my friend and fellow traveller."

They had now reached the house, and dismounted in the court. A portly man, plainly dressed, whom you might have taken for a farmer, came out to them, and announced himself as master of the family. Lenardo named himself; and the landlord seemed highly delighted to see him, and obtain his acquaint-

ance. "What will my wife say," cried he, "when she again meets the nephew of her benefactor? She never tires of recounting and reckoning up what her father owes your uncle."

What strange thoughts rushed in rapid disorder through Lenardo's mind! "Does this man, who looks so honest-minded, hide his bitterness under a friendly countenance and smooth words? Can he give his reproaches so courteous an outside? For did not my uncle reduce that family to misery? And can the man be ignorant of this? Or," so thought he to himself, with quick hope, "has the business not been so bad as thou supposest? For no decisive intelligence has ever yet reached thee." Such conjectures alternated this way and that, while the landlord was ordering out his carriage to bring home his wife, who, it appeared, was paying a visit in the neighbourhood.

"If, in the meanwhile, till my wife return," said the latter, "I might entertain you in my own way, and at the same time carry on my duties, say you walk a few steps with me into the fields, and look about you how I manage my husbandry; for, no doubt, to you, as a great proprietor of land, there is nothing of more near concernment than the noble science, the noble art, of agriculture."

Lenardo made no objection: Wilhelm liked to gather information. The landlord had his ground, which he possessed and ruled without restriction, under the most perfect treatment; what he undertook was adapted to his purpose; what he sowed and planted was always in the right place; and he could so clearly explain his mode of procedure, and the reasons of it, that every one comprehended him, and thought it possible for himself to do the same, — a mistake one is apt to fall into on looking at a master, in whose hand all moves as it should do.

The strangers expressed their satisfaction, and had

nothing but praise and approval to pronounce on everything they saw. He received it gratefully and kindly, and at last added, "Now, however, I must show you my weak side, a quality discernible in every one that yields himself exclusively to one pursuit." He led them to his courtyard, showed them his implements, his store of these, and, besides this, a store of all imaginable sorts of farm-gear, with its appurtenances, kept by way of specimen. "I am often blamed," said he, "for going too far in this matter; but I cannot quite blame myself. Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who, at length, can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty."

The two friends were not behindhand with their questions and examinations. Wilhelm, in particular, delighted in the general observations which this man appeared to have a turn for making, and failed not to answer them; while the baron, more immersed in his own thoughts, took silent pleasure in the happiness of Valerina, which, in this situation, he reckoned sure, yet felt underhand a certain faint shadow of dissatisfaction, of which he could give himself no account.

The party had returned within doors, when the lady's carriage drove up. They hastened out to meet her; but what was Lenardo's amazement, his fright, when she stepped forth! This was not the person: this was no nut-brown maid, but directly the reverse, — a fair, slim form, in truth, but light-haired, and possessing all the charms which belonged to that complexion.

This beauty, this grace, affrighted Lenardo. His eyes had sought the brown maiden: now quite a different figure glanced before them. These features, too, he recollected; her words, her manners, soon banished all uncertainty; it was the daughter of the lawyer, a man who stood in high favour with the

uncle; for which reason also the dowry had been so handsome, and the new pair so generously dealt with. All this, and much more, was gaily recounted by the young wife as an introductory salutation, and with such a joy as the surprise of an unexpected meeting naturally gives rise to. The question, whether they could recognise each other, was mutually put and answered: the changes in look were talked of, which in persons of that age are found notable enough. Valerina was at all times agreeable, but lovely in a high degree when any joyful feeling raised her above her usual level of indifference. The company grew talkative: the conversation became so lively that Lenardo was enabled to compose himself and hide his confusion. Wilhelm, to whom he had very soon given a sign of this strange incident, did his best to help him; and Valerina's little touch of vanity in thinking that the baron, even before visiting his own friends, had remembered her, and come to see her, excluded any shadow of suspicion that another purpose, or a misconception, could be concerned in the affair.

The party kept together till a late hour, though the two friends were longing for a confidential dialogue; which, accordingly, commenced the moment they were left alone in their allotted chambers.

"It appears," said Lenardo, "I am not to get rid of this secret pain. A luckless confusion of names, I now observe, redoubles it. This fair-haired beauty I have often seen playing with the brunette, who could not be called a beauty; nay, I myself have often run about with them over the fields and gardens, though so much older than they. Neither of them made the slightest impression on me: I have but retained the name of the one and applied it to the other. And now her who does not concern me I find happy above measure in her own way; while the other is cast forth, who knows whither? into the wide world."

Next morning the friends were up almost sooner than their active entertainers. The happiness of seeing her guests had also awakened Valerina early. She little fancied with what feelings they came to breakfast. Wilhelm, seeing clearly, that, without some tidings of the nut-brown maid, Lenardo must continue in a painful state, led the conversation to old times, to playmates, to scenes which he himself knew, and other such recollections; so that Valerina soon quite naturally came to speak of the nut-brown maid, and to mention her name.

No sooner did Lenardo hear the name Nachodina, than he perfectly remembered it; but, with the name, the figure also, of that supplicant, returned to him with such violence that Valerina's further narrative became quite agonising to him, as with warm sympathy she proceeded to describe the distrainment of the pious farmer, his submissive resignation and departure, and how he went away, leaning on his daughter, who carried a little bundle in her hand. Lenardo was like to sink under the earth. Unhappily and happily, she went into a certain circumstantiality in her details; which, while it tortured Lenardo's heart, enabled him, with help of his associate, to put on some appearance of composure.

The travellers departed amid warm, sincere invitations, on the part of the married pair, to return soon, and a faint, hollow assent on their own part. And as a person who stands in any favour with himself takes everything in a favourable light; so Valerina explained Lenardo's silence, his visible confusion in taking leave, his hasty departure, entirely to her own advantage, and could not, although the faithful and loving wife of a worthy gentleman, help feeling some small satisfaction at this re-awakening or incipient inclination, as she reckoned it, of her former landlord.

After this strange incident, while the friends were

proceeding on their way, Lenardo thus addressed Wilhelm: "For our shipwreck with such fair hopes, at the very entrance of the haven, I can still console myself in some degree for the moment, and go calmly to meet my people, when I think that Heaven has brought me you, you to whom, under your peculiar mission, it is indifferent whither or how you direct your path. Engage to find out Nachodina, and to give me tidings of her. If she be happy, then am I content; if unhappy, then help her at my charges. Act without reserve; spare, calculate nothing. I shall return home, shall endeavour to get intelligence, and send your Felix to you by some trusty person. Place the boy, as your intention was, where many of his equals are placed: it is almost indifferent under what superintendence; but I am much mistaken if, in the neighbourhood, in the place where I wish you to wait for your son and his attendant, you do not find a man that can give you the best counsel on this point. It is he to whom I owe the training of my youth, whom I should have liked so much to take along with me in my travels, whom, at least, I should many a time have wished to meet in the course of them, had he not already devoted himself to a quiet, domestic life."

The friends had now reached the spot where they were actually to part. While the horses were feeding, the baron wrote a letter, which Wilhelm took charge of, yet, for the rest, could not help communicating his scruples to Lenardo.

"In my present situation," said he, "I reckon it a desirable commission to deliver a generous man from distress of mind, and, at the same time, to free a human creature from misery, if she happen to be miserable. Such an object one may look upon as a star, toward which one sails, not knowing what awaits him, what he is to meet, by the way. Yet, with all this, I must not be blind to the danger which, in every case,

still hovers over you. Were you not a man who regularly avoids engagements, I should require a promise from you not again to see this female, who has come to be so precious in your eyes, but to content yourself when I announce to you that all is well with her, be it that I actually find her happy, or am enabled to make her so. But, having neither power nor wish to extort a promise from you, I conjure you by all you reckon dear and sacred, for your own sake, for that of your kindred, and of me, your new-acquired friend, to allow yourself no approximation to that lost maiden under what pretext soever; not to require of me that I mention or describe the place where I find her, or the neighbourhood where I leave her; but to believe my word that she is well, and be enfranchised and at peace."

Lenardo gave a smile, and answered, "Perform this service for me, and I shall be grateful. What you are willing and able to do, I commit to your own hands; and, for myself, leave me to time, to common sense, and, if possible, to reason."

"Pardon me," answered Wilhelm; "but whoever knows under what strange forms love glides into our hearts, cannot but be apprehensive on foreseeing that a friend may come to entertain wishes, which, in his circumstances, his station, would, of necessity, produce unhappiness and perplexity."

"I hope," said Lenardo, "when I know the maiden happy, I have done with her."

The friends parted, each in his own direction.

CHAPTER IX.

By a short and pleasant road, Wilhelm had reached the town to which his letter was directed. He found it gay and well built; but its new aspect showed too clearly, that, not long before, it must have suffered by a conflagration. The address of his letter let him into the last small, uninjured portion of the place, to a house of ancient, earnest architecture, yet well kept, and of a tidy look. Dim windows, strangely fashioned, indicated an exhilarating pomp of colours from within. Nor, in fact, did the interior fail to correspond with the exterior. In clean apartments, everywhere stood furniture, which must have served several generations, intermixed with very little that was new. The master of the house received our traveller kindly in a little chamber similarly fitted up. These clocks had already struck the hour of many a birth and many a death: everything which met the eye reminded one that the past might, as it were, be protracted into the present.

The stranger delivered his letter; but the landlord, without opening it, laid it aside, and endeavoured, in a cheerful conversation, immediately to get acquainted with his guest. They soon grew confidential; and as Wilhelm, contrary to his usual habit, let his eye wander inquisitively over the room, the good old man said to him, "My domestic equipment excites your attention. You here see how long a thing may last; and one should make such observations now and then, by way of counterbalance to so much in the world that rapidly changes, and passes away. This same teakettle served my parents, and was a witness of our evening

family assemblages; this copper fire-screen still guards me from the fire which these stout old tongs still help me to mend; and so it is with all throughout. I had it in my power to bestow my care and industry on many other things, as I did not occupy myself with changing these external necessaries, a task which consumes so many people's time and resources. An affectionate attention to what we possess makes us rich, for thereby we accumulate a treasure of remembrances connected with indifferent things. I knew a young man who got a common pin from his love while taking leave of her, daily fastened his breast-frill with it, and brought back this guarded and not unemployed treasure from a long journeying of several years. In us little men, such little things are to be reckoned virtue."

"Many a one, too," answered Wilhelm, "brings back, from such long and far travellings, a sharp pricker in his heart, which he would fain be quit of."

The old man seemed to know nothing of Lenardo's situation, though in the meanwhile he had opened the letter and read it; for he returned to his former topics.

"Tenacity of our possessions," continued he, "in many cases, gives us the greatest energy. To this obstinacy in myself I owe the saving of my house. When the town was on fire, some people wished to begin snatching and saving here too. I forbade this, bolted my doors and windows, and turned out, with several neighbours, to oppose the flames. Our efforts succeeded in preserving this summit of the town. Next morning all was standing here as you now see it, and as it has stood for almost a hundred years."

"Yet you will confess," said Wilhelm, "that no man withstands the change which time produces."

"That in truth!" said the other; "but he who holds out longest has still done something.

"Yes: even beyond the limits of our being, we are able to maintain and secure; we transmit discoveries,

we hand down sentiments as well as property; and, as the latter was my chief province, I have for a long time exercised the strictest foresight, invented the most peculiar precautions; yet not till lately have I succeeded in seeing my wish fulfilled.

"Commonly the son disperses what the father has collected, collects something different, or in a different way. Yet if we can wait for the grandson, for the new generation, we find the same tendencies, the same tastes, again making their appearance. And so at last, by the care of our pedagogic friends, I have found an active youth, who, if possible, pays more regard to old possession than even I, and has, withal, a vehement attachment to every sort of curiosities. My decided confidence he gained by the violent exertions with which he struggled to keep off the fire from our dwelling. Doubly and trebly has he merited the treasure which I mean to leave him, — nay, it is already given into his hands; and ever since that time our store is increasing in a wonderful way.

"Not all, however, that you see here is ours. On the contrary, as in the hands of pawnbrokers you find many a foreign jewel, so with us, I can show you precious articles, which people, under the most various circumstances, have deposited with us for the sake of better keeping."

Wilhelm recollected the beautiful box, which, at any rate, he did not like to carry with him in his wanderings, and showed it to his landlord. The old man viewed it with attention, gave the date when it was probably made, and showed some similar things. Wilhelm asked him if he thought it should be opened. The old man thought not. "I believe, indeed," said he, "it could be done without special harm to the casket; but, as you found it in so singular a way, you must try your luck on it. For if you are born lucky, and this little box is of any consequence, the key will

doubtless by and by be found, and in the very place where you are least expecting it."

"There have been such occurrences," said Wilhelm.

"I have myself experienced such," replied the old man; "and here you behold the strangest of them. Of this ivory crucifix I have had, for thirty years, the body with the head and feet in one place. For its own nature, as well as for the glorious art displayed in it, I kept the figure laid up in my most private drawer: nearly ten years ago I got the cross belonging to it, with the inscription, and was then induced to have the arms supplied by the best carver of our day. Far, indeed, was this expert artist from equalling his predecessor; yet I let his work pass, more for devout purposes than for any admiration of its excellence.

"Now, conceive my delight! A little while ago the original, genuine arms were sent me, as you see them here united in the loveliest harmony; and I, charmed at so happy a coincidence, cannot help recognising in this crucifix the fortunes of the Christian religion, which, often enough dismembered and scattered abroad, will ever in the end again gather itself together at the foot of the cross."

Wilhelm admired the figure and its strange combination. "I will follow your counsel," added he: "let the casket continue locked till the key of it be found, though it should lie till the end of my life."

"One who lives long," said the old man, "sees much collected and much cast asunder."

The young partner in the house now chanced to enter, and Wilhelm signified his purpose of entrusting the box to their keeping. A large book was thereupon produced, the deposit inscribed in it, with many ceremonies and stipulations; a receipt granted, which applied in words to any bearer, but was only to be honoured on the giving of a certain token agreed upon with the owner.

So passed their hours in instructive and entertaining conversation, till at last Felix, mounted on a gay pony, arrived in safety. A groom had accompanied him, and was now, for some time, to attend and serve Wilhelm. A letter from Lenardo, delivered at the same time, complained that he could find no vestige of the nut-brown maid; and Wilhelm was anew conjured to do his utmost in searching her out. Wilhelm imparted the matter to his landlord. The latter smiled, and said, "We must certainly make every exertion for our friend's sake: perhaps I may succeed in learning something of her. As I keep these old, primitive household goods; so, likewise, have I kept some old, primitive friends. You tell me that this maiden's father was distinguished by his piety. The pious have a more intimate connection with each other than the wicked, though externally it may not always prosper so well. By this means I hope to obtain some traces of what you are sent to seek. But, as a preparative, do you now pursue the resolution of placing your Felix among his equals, and turning him to some fixed department of activity. Hasten with him to the great Institution. I will point out the way you must follow, in order to find the chief, who resides now in one, now in another, division of his province. You shall have a letter, with my best advice and direction."

CHAPTER X.

The pilgrims, pursuing the way pointed out to them, had, without difficulty, reached the limits of the province, where they were to see so many singularities. At the very entrance they found themselves in a district of extreme fertility, — in its soft knolls, favourable to crops; in its higher hills, to sheep-husbandry; in its wide bottoms, to grazing. Harvest was near at hand, and all was in the richest luxuriance; yet what most surprised our travellers was, that they observed neither men nor women, but, in all quarters, boys and youths engaged in preparing for a happy harvest, — nay, already making arrangements for a merry harvest-home. Our travellers saluted several of them, and inquired for the chief, of whose abode, however, they could gain no intelligence. The address of their letter was, "To the Chief, or the Three." Of this, also, the boys could make nothing: however, they referred the strangers to an overseer, who was just about mounting his horse to ride off. Our friends disclosed their object to this man: the frank liveliness of Felix seemed to please him, and so they all rode along together.

Wilhelm had already noticed, that, in the cut and colour of the young people's clothes, a variety prevailed, which gave the whole tiny population a peculiar aspect: he was just about to question his attendant on this point, when a still stranger observation forced itself upon him; all the children, how employed soever, laid down their work, and turned, with singular, yet diverse, gestures, toward the party riding past them, or rather, as it was easy to infer, toward the overseer,

who was in it. The youngest laid their arms crosswise over their breast, and looked cheerfully up to the sky; those of middle size held their hands on their backs, and looked smiling on the ground; the eldest stood with a frank and spirited air; their arms stretched down, they turned their heads to the right, and formed themselves into a line; whereas the others kept separate, each where he chanced to be.

The riders having stopped and dismounted here, as several children, in their various modes, were standing forth to be inspected by the overseer, Wilhelm asked the meaning of these gestures; but Felix struck in, and cried, gaily, "What posture am I to take, then?"

"Without doubt," said the overseer, "the first posture, — the arms over the breast, the face earnest and cheerful toward the sky."

Felix obeyed, but soon cried, "This is not much to my taste; I see nothing up there: does it last long? But yes!" exclaimed he joyfully: "yonder are a pair of falcons flying from the west to the east; that is a good sign too."

"As thou takest it, as thou behavest," said the other, "now mingle among them as they mingle." He gave a signal; and the children left their postures, and again betook them to work or sport as before.

"Are you at liberty," said Wilhelm then, "to explain this sight, which surprises me? I easily perceive that these positions, these gestures, are salutations directed to you."

"Just so," replied the overseer: "salutations which, at once, indicate in what degree of culture each of these boys is standing."

"But can you explain to me the meaning of this gradation?" inquired Wilhelm; "for that there is one is clear enough."

"This belongs to a higher quarter," said the other: "so much, however, I may tell you, that these cere-

monies are not mere grimaces; that, on the contrary, the import of them, not the highest, but still a directing, intelligible import, is communicated to the children; while, at the same time, each is enjoined to retain and consider for himself whatever explanation it has been thought meet to give him: they are not allowed to talk of these things, either to strangers or among themselves; and thus their instruction is modified in many ways. Besides, secrecy itself has many advantages; for when you tell a man at once, and straightforward, the purpose of any object, he fancies there is nothing in it. Certain secrets, even if known to every one, men find that they must still reverence by concealment and silence; for this works on modesty and good morals."

"I understand you," answered Wilhelm: "why should not the principle which is so necessary in material things be applied to spiritual also? But perhaps in another point you can satisfy my curiosity. The great variety of shape and colour in these children's clothes attracts my notice; and yet I do not see all sorts of colours, but a few in all their shades, from the lightest to the deepest. At the same time I observe that by this no designation of degrees in age or merit can be intended; for the oldest and the youngest boys may be alike, both in cut and colour, while those of similar gestures are not similar in dress."

"On this matter, also," said the other, "silence is prescribed to me; but I am much mistaken, or you will not leave us without receiving all the information you desire."

Our party continued following the trace of the chief, which they believed themselves to be upon. But now the strangers could not fail to notice, with new surprise, that, the farther they advanced into the district, a vocal melody more and more frequently sounded toward them from the fields. Whatever the boys

might be engaged with, whatever labour they were carrying on, they accompanied it with singing; and it seemed as if the songs were specially adapted to their various sorts of occupation, and in similar cases everywhere the same. If there chanced to be several children in company, they sang together in alternating parts. Toward evening appeared dancers likewise, whose steps were enlivened and directed by choruses. Felix struck in with them, not altogether unsuccessfully, from horseback, as he passed; and Wilhelm felt gratified in this amusement, which gave new life to the scene.

"Apparently," he said to his companion, "you devote considerable care to this branch of instruction: the accomplishment, otherwise, could not be so widely diffused and so completely practised."

"We do," replied the other: "on our plan, song is the first step in education; all the rest are connected with it, and attained by means of it. The simplest enjoyment, as well as the simplest instruction, we enliven and impress by song; nay, even what religious and moral principles we lay before our children are communicated in the way of song. Other advantages for the excitement of activity spontaneously arise from this practice: for, in accustoming the children to write the tones they are to utter in musical characters, and, as occasion serves, again to seek these characters in the utterance of their own voice; and, besides this, to subjoin the text below the notes, — they are forced to practise hand, ear, and eye at once, whereby they acquire the art of penmanship sooner than you would expect; and as all this, in the long run, is to be effected by copying precise measurements and accurately settled numbers, they come to conceive the high value of mensuration and arithmetic much sooner than in any other way. Among all imaginable things, accordingly, we have selected music as the element of

our teaching; for level roads run out from music toward every side."

Wilhelm endeavoured to obtain still further information, and expressed his surprise at hearing no instrumental music. "This is, by no means, neglected here," said the other, "but practised in a peculiar district, one of the most pleasant valleys among the mountains; and there again we have arranged it so that the different instruments shall be taught in separate places. The discords of beginners, in particular, are banished into certain solitudes, where they can drive no one to despair; for you will confess, that in well-regulated civil society there is scarcely a more melancholy suffering to be undergone than what is forced on us by the neighbourhood of an incipient player on the flute or violin.

"Our learners, out of a laudable desire to be troublesome to no one, go forth of their own accord, for a longer or a shorter time, into the wastes, and strive in their seclusion to attain the merit which shall again admit them into the inhabited world. Each of them, from time to time, is allowed to venture an attempt for admission: and the trial seldom fails of success; for bashfulness and modesty in this, as in all other parts of our system, we strongly endeavour to maintain and cherish. That your son has a good voice I am glad to observe: all the rest is managed with so much the greater ease."

They had now reached a place where Felix was to stop and make trial of its arrangements, till a formal reception should be granted him. From a distance they had been saluted by a jocund sound of music: it was a game in which the boys were, for the present, amusing themselves in their hour of play. A general chorus mounted up; each individual of a wide circle striking in at his time with a joyful, clear, firm tone, as the sign was given him by the overseer. The latter

more than once took the singers by surprise, when, at a signal, he suspended the choral song, and called on any single boy, touching him with his rod, to catch by himself the expiring tone, and adapt to it a suitable song, fitted also to the spirit of what had preceded. Most part showed great dexterity: a few who failed in this feat willingly gave in their pledges without altogether being laughed at for their ill success. Felix was child enough to mix among them instantly, and in his new task he acquitted himself tolerably well. The first salutation was then enjoined on him: he directly laid his hands on his breast, looked upwards, and truly with so roguish a countenance that it was easy to observe no secret meaning had yet, in his mind, attached itself to this posture.

The delightful spot, his kind reception, the merry playmates, all pleased the boy so well that he felt no very deep sorrow as his father moved away: the departure of the pony was, perhaps, a heavier matter; but he yielded here also, on learning that in this circle it could not possibly be kept: and the overseer promised him, in compensation, that he should find another horse as smart and well broken at a time when he was not expecting it.

As the chief, it appeared, was not to be come at, the overseer turned to Wilhelm, and said, "I must now leave you, to pursue my occupations; but first I will bring you to the Three, who preside over our sacred things. Your letter is addressed to them likewise, and they together represent the chief." Wilhelm could have wished to gain some previous knowledge of these sacred things; but his companion answered, "The Three will, doubtless, in return for the confidence you show in leaving us your son, disclose to you, in their wisdom and fairness, what is most needful for you to learn. The visible objects of reverence, which I named sacred things, are collected in this separate

circle; are mixed with nothing, interfered with by nothing; at certain seasons of the year only are our pupils admitted here, to be taught in their various degrees of culture by historical and sensible means; and in these short intervals they carry off a deep enough impression to suffice them for a time, during the performance of their other duties."

Wilhelm had now reached the gate of a wooded vale, surrounded with high walls: on a certain sign the little door opened, and a man of earnest and imposing look received our traveller. The latter found himself in a large, beautifully umbrageous space, decked with the richest foliage, shaded with trees and bushes of all sorts; while stately walls and magnificent buildings were discerned only in glimpses through this thick, natural boscage. A friendly reception from the Three, who by and by appeared, at last turned into a general conversation, the substance of which we now present in an abbreviated shape.

"Since you entrust your son to us," said they, "it is fair that we admit you to a closer view of our procedure. Of what is external you have seen much that does not bear its meaning on its front. What part of this do you chiefly wish to have explained?"

"Dignified yet singular gestures of salutation I have noticed, the import of which I would gladly learn: with you, doubtless, the exterior has a reference to the interior, and inversely; let me know what this reference is."

"Well-formed, healthy children," replied the Three, "bring much into the world along with them: Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can

discover it yourself, speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head.

The Three, after a suitable pause, exclaimed, "*Reverence!*" Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. "Reverence!" cried they a second time. "All want it, perhaps you yourself.

"Three kinds of gestures you have seen: and we inculcate a threefold reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole, attains its highest force and effect. The first is, reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully toward heaven, that is what we have enjoined on young children; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second, reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and, as it were, tied together; that down-turned, smiling look, — announce that we are to regard the earth with attention and cheerfulness: from the bounty of the earth we are nourished; the earth affords unutterable joys, but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt, blamably or blamelessly; should others hurt him accidentally or purposely; should dead, involuntary matter do him hurt, — then let him well consider it; for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil the instant we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and, turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now, at last, he stands forth, frank and bold, not selfishly isolated: only in combination with his equals does he front the world. Further we have nothing to add."

"I quite understand it," said Wilhelm. "Are not

the mass of men so marred and stinted because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this, soon comes to be indifferent toward God, contemptuous toward the world, spiteful toward his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption. Allow me, however," continued he, "to state one difficulty. You say that reverence is not natural to man: now, has not the reverence or fear of barbarous nations for violent convulsions of Nature, or other inexplicable, mysteriously foreboding occurrences, been heretofore regarded as the germ out of which a higher feeling, a purer sentiment, was by degrees to be developed?"

"Fear does accord with Nature," replied they, "but reverence does not. Men fear a known or unknown powerful being: the strong seeks to conquer it, the weak to avoid it; both endeavour to get quit of it, and feel happy when, for a short season, they have put it aside, and their nature has, in some degree, regained freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom; from freedom he is driven back to fear, and so makes no advancement. To fear is easy, but grievous; to reverence is difficult, but satisfactory. Man does not willingly submit himself to reverence; or, rather, he never so submits himself: it is a higher sense, which must be communicated to his nature; which only, in some peculiarly favoured individuals, unfolds itself spontaneously, who on this account, too, have of old been looked upon as saints and gods. Here lies the worth, here lies the business, of all true religions; whereof there are, likewise, only three, according to the objects toward which they direct our devotion."

The men paused; Wilhelm reflected for a time in silence; but, feeling in himself no pretension to

unfold the meaning of these strange words, he requested the sages to proceed with their exposition. They immediately complied. "No religion that grounds itself on fear," said they, "is regarded among us. With the reverence to which a man should give dominion in his mind, he can, in paying honour, keep his own honour: he is not disunited with himself, as in the former case. The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us we denominate the ethnic; it is the religion of the nations, and the first happy deliverance from a degrading fear: all heathen religions, as we call them, are of this sort, whatsoever names they may bear. The second religion, which founds itself on reverence for what is around us, we denominate the philosophical; for the philosopher stations himself in the middle, and must draw down to him all that is higher, and up to him all that is lower: and only in this medium condition does he merit the title of Wise. Here, as he surveys with clear sight his relation to his equals, and therefore to the whole human race, his relations likewise to all other earthly circumstances and arrangements, necessary or accidental, he alone, in a cosmic sense, lives in truth. But now we have to speak of the third religion, grounded on reverence for what is beneath us; this we name the Christian, as in the Christian religion such a temper is with most distinctness manifested: it is a last step to which mankind were fitted and destined to attain. But what a task was it, not only to be patient with the earth, and let it lie beneath us, we appealing to a higher birthplace, but also to recognise humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death, — to recognise these things as divine, — nay, even on sin and crime to look, not as hinderances, but to honour and love them as furtherances of what is holy. Of this, indeed, we find some traces in all ages: but the

trace is not the goal; and, this being now attained, the human species cannot retrograde: and we may say, that the Christian religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution."

"To which of these religions do you specially adhere?" inquired Wilhelm.

"To all the three," replied they; "for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion. Out of those three reverences springs the highest reverence, — reverence for one's self; and those again unfold themselves from this: so that man attains the highest elevation of which he is capable, that of being justified in reckoning himself the best that God and Nature have produced, — nay, of being able to continue on this lofty eminence, without being again, by self-conceit and presumption, drawn down from it into the vulgar level."

"Such a confession of faith, developed in this manner, does not repulse me," answered Wilhelm: "it agrees with much that one hears now and then in the course of life; only you unite what others separate."

To this they replied, "Our confession has already been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world."

"How, then, and where?" said Wilhelm.

"In the creed!" exclaimed they; "for the first article is ethnic, and belongs to all nations; the second, Christian, for those struggling with affliction and glorified in affliction; the third, in fine, teaches an inspired communion of saints, that is, of men in the highest degree good and wise. And should not, therefore, the Three Divine Persons, under the similitudes and names of which these threefold doctrines and commands are promulgated, justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, "for having pleased to lay all this before me in such clearness and combination, as before a grown-up person, to whom your three modes of feeling are not altogether foreign. And now, when I reflect that you communicate this high doctrine to your children, in the first place as a sensible sign, then with some symbolical accompaniment attached to it, and at last unfold to them its deepest meaning, I cannot but warmly approve of your method."

"Right," answered they; "but now we must show you more, and so convince you the better that your son is in no bad hands. This, however, may remain for the morrow: rest and refresh yourself, that you may attend us in the morning, as a man satisfied and unimpeded, into the interior of our sanctuary."

CHAPTER XI.

At the hand of the eldest, our friend now proceeded through a stately portal into a round, or rather octagonal, hall, so richly decked with pictures, that it struck him with astonishment as he entered. All this, he easily conceived, must have a significant import; though at the moment he saw not so clearly what it was. While about to question his guide on this subject, the latter invited him to step forward into a gallery, open on the one side, and stretching round a spacious, gay, flowery garden. The wall, however, not the flowers, attracted the eyes of the stranger: it was covered with paintings, and Wilhelm could not walk far without observing that the Sacred Books of the Israelites had furnished the materials for these figures.

"It is here," said the eldest, "that we teach our first religion, — the religion which, for the sake of brevity, I named the ethnic. The spirit of it is to be sought for in the history of the world; its outward form, in the events of that history. Only in the return of similar destinies on whole nations can it properly be apprehended."

"I observe," said Wilhelm, "you have done the Israelites the honour to select their history as the groundwork of this delineation; or, rather, you have made it the leading object there."

"As you see," replied the eldest: "for you will remark, that on the socles and friezes we have introduced another series of transactions and occurrences, not so much of a synchronistic as of a symphronistic kind; since, among all nations, we discover records

of a similar import, and grounded on the same facts. Thus you perceive here, while in the main field of the picture, Abraham receives a visit from his gods in the form of fair youths, Apollo, among the herdsmen of Admetus, is painted above on the frieze. From which we may learn, that the gods, when they appear to men, are commonly unrecognised of them."

The friends walked on. Wilhelm, for the most part, met with well-known objects; but they were here exhibited in a livelier and more expressive manner than he had been used to see them. On some few matters he requested explanation, and at last could not help returning to his former question, Why the Israelitish history had been chosen in preference to all others?

The eldest answered, "Among all heathen religions, — for such also is the Israelitish, — this has the most distinguished advantages, of which I shall mention only a few. At the ethnic judgment-seat, at the judgment-seat of the God of nations, it is not asked, Whether this is the best, the most excellent nation, but whether it lasts, whether it has continued. The Israelitish people never was good for much, as its own leaders, judges, rulers, prophets have a thousand times reproachfully declared: it possesses few virtues, and most of the faults of other nations; but in cohesion, steadfastness, valour, and, when all this would not serve, in obstinate toughness, it has no match. It is the most perseverant nation in the world: it is, it was, and will be, to glorify the name of Jehovah through all ages. We have set it up, therefore, as the pattern-figure, — as the main figure, to which the others only serve as a frame."

"It becomes not me to dispute with you," said Wilhelm, "since you have instruction to impart. Open to me, therefore, the other advantages of this people, or, rather, of its history, of its religion."

"One chief advantage," said the other, "is its excellent collection of Sacred Books. These stand so happily combined together, that, even out of the most diverse elements, the feeling of a whole still rises before us. They are complete enough to satisfy, fragmentary enough to excite, barbarous enough to rouse, tender enough to appease; and for how many other contradicting merits might not these books, might not this one book, be praised!"

The series of main figures, as well as their relations to the smaller which above and below accompanied them, gave the guest so much to think of, that he scarcely heard the pertinent remarks of his guide, who, by what he said, seemed desirous rather to divert our friend's attention than to fix it on the paintings. Once, however, the old man said, on some occasion, "Another advantage of the Israelitish religion I must here mention: it has not embodied its God in any form, and so has left us at liberty to represent him in a worthy human shape, and likewise, by way of contrast, to designate idolatry by forms of beasts and monsters."

Our friend had now, in his short wandering through this hall, again brought the spirit of universal history before his mind: in regard to the events, he had not failed to meet with something new. So likewise, by the simultaneous presentment of the pictures, by the reflections of his guide, many new views had risen on him; and he could not but rejoice in thinking that his Felix was, by so dignified a visible representation, to seize and appropriate for his whole life those great, significant, and exemplary events, as if they had actually been present, and transacted beside him. He came at length to regard the exhibition altogether with the eyes of the child, and in this point of view it perfectly contented him. Thus wandering on, they had now reached the gloomy and perplexed periods of the history, the destruction of the city and the temple,

the murder, exile, slavery of whole masses of this stiff-necked people. Its subsequent fortunes were delineated in a cunning allegorical way: a real historical delineation of them would have lain without the limits of true art.

At this point the gallery abruptly terminated in a closed door, and Wilhelm was surprised to see himself already at the end. "In your historical series," said he, "I find a chasm. You have destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem, and dispersed the people; yet you have not introduced the divine Man who taught there shortly before, to whom, shortly before, they would give no ear."

"To have done this, as you require it, would have been an error. The life of that divine Man, whom you allude to, stands in no connection with the general history of the world in his time. It was a private life, his teaching was a teaching for individuals. What has publicly befallen vast masses of people, and the minor parts which compose them, belongs to the general history of the world, to the general religion of the world, — the religion we have named the first. What inwardly befalls individuals belongs to the second religion, the philosophical: such a religion was it that Christ taught and practised, so long as he went about on earth. For this reason the external here closes, and I now open to you the internal."

A door went back; and they entered a similar gallery, where Wilhelm soon recognised a corresponding series of pictures from the New Testament. They seemed as if by another hand than the first: all was softer, — forms, movements, accompaniments, light, and colouring.

"Here," said the guide, after they had looked over a few pictures, "you behold neither actions nor events, but miracles and similitudes. There is here a new world, a new exterior, different from the former; and

an interior, which was altogether wanting there. By miracles and similitudes, a new world is opened up. Those make the common extraordinary, these the extraordinary common."

"You will have the goodness," said Wilhelm, "to explain these few words more minutely; for, by my own light, I cannot."

"They have a natural meaning," said the other, "though a deep one. Examples will bring it out most easily and soonest. There is nothing more common and customary than eating and drinking; but it is extraordinary to transform a drink into another of more noble sort, to multiply a portion of food that it suffice a multitude. Nothing is more common than sickness and corporeal diseases; but to remove, to mitigate these by spiritual or spiritual-like means, is extraordinary; and even in this lies the wonder of the miracle, that the common and the extraordinary, the possible and the impossible, become one. With the similitude again, with the parable, the converse is the case; here it is the sense, the view, the idea, that forms the high, the unattainable, the extraordinary. When this embodies itself into common, customary, comprehensible figure, so that it meets us as if alive, present, actual, so that we can seize it, appropriate, retain it, live with it as with our equal, this is a second sort of miracle, and is justly placed beside the first sort,— nay, perhaps preferred to it. Here a living doctrine is pronounced, a doctrine which can cause no argument: it is not an opinion about what is right and wrong; it is right and wrong themselves, and indisputably."

This part of the gallery was shorter; indeed, it formed but the fourth part of the circuit enclosing the interior court. Yet, if in the former part you merely walked along, you here liked to linger, you here walked to and fro. The objects were not so striking, not so varied; yet they invited you the more to penetrate

their deep still meaning. Our two friends, accordingly, turned round at the end of the space; Wilhelm at the same time expressing some surprise that these delineations went no farther than the Supper, than the scene where the Master and his disciples part. He inquired for the remaining portion of the history.

"In all sorts of instruction," said the eldest, "in all sorts of communication, we are fond of separating whatever it is possible to separate; for by this means alone can the notion of importance and peculiar significance arise in the young mind. Actual experience of itself mingles and mixes all things together: here, accordingly, we have entirely disjoined that sublime Man's life from its termination. In life, he appears as a true philosopher, — let not the expression stagger you, — as a wise man in the highest sense. He stands firm to his point; he goes on his way inflexibly; and while he exalts the lower to himself, while he makes the ignorant, the poor, the sick, partakers of his wisdom, of his riches, of his strength, he, on the other hand, in no wise conceals his divine origin; he dares to equal himself with God, — nay, to declare that he himself is God. In this manner is he wont, from youth upwards, to astound his familiar friends; of these he gains a part to his own cause, irritates the rest against him, and shows to all men, who are aiming at a certain elevation in doctrine and life, what they have to look for from the world. And thus, for the noble portion of mankind, his walk and conversation are even more instructive and profitable than his death; for to those trials every one is called, to this trial but a few. Now, omitting all that results from this consideration, do but look at the touching scene of the Last Supper. Here the wise Man, as it ever is, leaves those that are his own utterly orphaned behind him; and, while he is careful for the good, he feeds along with them a traitor by whom he and the better are to be destroyed."

With these words the eldest opened a door, and Wilhelm faltered in surprise as he found himself again in the first hall at the entrance. They had in the meanwhile, as he now saw, passed round the whole circuit of the court. "I hoped," said Wilhelm, "you were leading me to the conclusion; and you take me back to the beginning."

"For the present," said the eldest, "I can show you nothing further: more we do not lay before our pupils, more we do not explain to them, than what you have now gone through. All that is external, worldly, universal, we communicate to each from youth upwards; what is more particularly spiritual, and conversant with the heart, to those only who grow up with some thoughtfulness of temper; and the rest, which is opened only once a year, cannot be imparted save to those whom we are sending forth as finished. That last religion which arises from the reverence of what is beneath us; that veneration of the contradictory, the hated, the avoided, — we give each of our pupils in small portions, by way of outfit, along with him into the world, merely that he may know where more is to be had should such a want spring up within him. I invite you to return hither at the end of a year, to visit our general festival, and see how far your son is advanced: then shall you be admitted into the sanctuary of sorrow."

"Permit me one question," said Wilhelm: "as you have set up the life of this divine Man for a pattern and example, have you likewise selected his sufferings, his death, as a model of exalted patience?"

"Undoubtedly we have," replied the eldest. "Of this we make no secret; but we draw a veil over those sufferings, even because we reverence them so highly. We hold it a damnable audacity to bring forth that torturing cross and the Holy One who suffers on it, or to expose them to the light of the sun,

which hid its face when a reckless world forced such a sight on it, to take these mysterious secrets, in which the divine depth of sorrow lies hid, and play with them, fondle them, trick them out, and rest not till the most reverend of all solemnities appears vulgar and paltry. Let so much, for the present, suffice to put your mind at peace respecting your son, and to convince you, that, on meeting him again, you will find him trained, more or less, in one department or another, but at least in a proper way, and, at all events, not wavering, perplexed, and unstable."

Wilhelm still lingered, looking at the pictures in this entrance-hall, and wishing to get explanation of their meaning. "This, too," said the eldest, "we must still owe you for a twelvemonth. The instruction which, in the interim, we give the children, no stranger is allowed to witness: then, however, come to us; and you will hear what our best speakers think it serviceable to make public on these matters."

Shortly after this conversation a knocking was heard at the little gate. The overseer of last night announced himself; he had brought out Wilhelm's horse: and so our friend took leave of the Three, who, as he set out, consigned him to the overseer with these words: "This man is now numbered among the trusted, and thou understandest what thou hast to tell him in answer to his questions; for, doubtless, he still wishes to be informed on much that he has seen and heard while here: purpose and circumstance are known to thee."

Wilhelm had, in fact, some more questions on his mind; and these he erelong put into words. As they rode along they were saluted by the children as on the preceding evening; but to-day, though rarely, he now and then observed a boy who did not pause in his work to salute the overseer, but let him pass unheeded. Wilhelm asked the cause of this, and what such an

exception meant. His companion answered, "It is full of meaning, for it is the highest punishment we inflict on our pupils: they are declared unworthy to show reverence, and obliged to exhibit themselves as rude and uncultivated natures; but they do their utmost to get free of this situation, and in general adapt themselves with great rapidity to any duty. Should a young creature, on the other hand, obdurately make no attempt at return and amendment, he is then sent back to his parents with a brief but pointed statement of his case. Whoever cannot suit himself to the regulations must leave the district where they are in force."

Another circumstance excited Wilhelm's curiosity to-day as it had done yesterday, — the variety of colour and shape apparent in the dress of the pupils. Hereby no gradation could be indicated; for children who saluted differently were sometimes clothed alike, and others agreeing in salutation differed in apparel. Wilhelm inquired the reason of this seeming contradiction. "It will be explained," said the other, "when I tell you, that, by this means, we endeavour to find out the children's several characters. With all our general strictness and regularity, we allow in this point a certain latitude of choice. Within the limits of our own stores of cloths and garnitures the pupils are permitted to select what colour they please; and so, likewise, within moderate limits, in regard to shape and cut. Their procedure in these matters we accurately note; for, by the colour, we discover their turn of thinking; by the cut, their turn of acting. However, a decisive judgment in this is rendered difficult by one peculiar property of human nature, — by the tendency to imitate, the inclination to unite with something. It is very seldom that a pupil fancies any dress that has not been already there: for most part, they select something known, something which they see before

their eyes. Yet this also we find worth observing: by such external circumstances they declare themselves of one party or another; they unite with this or that; and thus some general features of their characters are indicated; we perceive whither each tends, what example he follows.

"We have had cases where the dispositions of our children verged to generality, where one fashion threatened to extend over all, and any deviation from it to dwindle into the state of exception. Such a turn of matters we endeavour softly to stop: we let our stores run out; this and that sort of stuff, this and that sort of decoration, is no longer to be had: we introduce something new and attractive; by bright colours, and short, smart shape, we allure the lively; by grave shadings, by commodious, many-folded make, the thoughtful, — and thus, by degrees, restore the equilibrium.

"For to uniform we are altogether disinclined: it conceals the character, and, more than any other species of distortion, withdraws the peculiarities of children from the eye of their superiors."

Amid this and other conversation, Wilhelm reached the border of the province, and this at the point where, by the direction of his antiquarian friend, he was to leave it, to pursue his next special object.

At parting, it was now settled with the overseer, that, after the space of a twelvemonth, Wilhelm should return, when the grand triennial festival was to be celebrated, on which occasion all the parents were invited, and finished pupils were sent forth into the tasks of chanceful life. Then, too, so he was informed, he might visit at his pleasure all the other districts, where, on peculiar principles, each branch of education was communicated, and reduced to practice, in complete isolation and with every furtherance.

CHAPTER XII.

Hersilia to Wilhelm.

My valued, and, to speak it plainly, dear friend, you are wrong, and yet, as acting on your own conviction, not wrong either. So the nut-brown maid is found, then, — found, seen, spoken to, known, and acknowledged! And you tell us further, that it is impossible to wish this strange person, in her own way, any happier condition, or, in her present one, to be of any real advantage to her.

And now you make it a point of conscience not to tell us where that wondrous being lives. This you may settle with your own conscience, but to us it is unconscionable. You think to calm Lenardo by assuring him that she is well. He had said, almost promised, that he would content himself with this; but what will not the passionate promise for others and themselves! Know, then, that the matter is not in the least concluded as it yet stands. She is happy, you tell us, — happy by her own activity and merit: but the youth would like to learn the How, the When, and the Where; and, what is worse than this, his sisters, too, would like to learn. Half a year is gone since your departure: till the end of another half-year we cannot hope to see you. Could not you, like a shrewd and knowing man, contrive to play your eternal *Rouge-et-Noir* in our neighbourhood? I have seen people that could make the knight skip over all the chess-board without ever lighting twice on one spot.

You should learn this feat: your friends would not have to want you so long.

But, to set my good will to you in the clearest light, I now tell you in confidence, that there are two most enchanting creatures on the road: whence I say not, nor whither; described they cannot be, and no eulogy will do them justice. A younger and an elder lady, between whom it always grieves one to make choice, — the former so lovely, that all must wish to be loved by her; the latter so attractive, that you must wish to live beside her, though she did not love you. I could like, with all my heart, to see you hemmed in for three days between these two splendours: on the morning of the fourth, your rigorous vow would stand you in excellent stead.

By way of foretaste I send you a story, which, in some degree, refers to them: what of it is true or fictitious you can try to learn from themselves.

THE MAN OF FIFTY.

The major came riding into the court of the mansion; and Hilaria, his niece, was already standing without, to receive him at the bottom of the stairs which led up to the apartments. Scarcely could he recognise her; for she had grown, both in stature and beauty. She flew to meet him: he pressed her to his breast with the feeling of a father.

To the baroness, his sister, he was likewise welcome; and, as Hilaria hastily retired to prepare breakfast, the major said with a joyful air, "For this time I can come to the point at once, and say that our business is finished. Our brother, the chief marshal, has at last convinced himself that he can neither manage farmers nor stewards. In his lifetime he makes over the estates to us and our children: the annuity he bargains for is high, indeed, but we can still pay it; we gain

something for the present, and for the future all. This new arrangement is to be completed forthwith. And, as I very soon expect my discharge, I can again look forward to an active life, which may secure decided advantages to us and ours. We shall calmly see our children growing up beside us; and it will depend on us, on them, to hasten their union."

"All this were well," said the baroness, "had not I a secret to inform thee of, which I myself discovered first. Hilaria's heart is no longer free: on her side thy son has little or nothing to hope for."

"What sayest thou?" cried the major. "Is it possible? While we have been taking all pains to settle economical concerns, does inclination play us such a trick? Tell me, love, quick, tell me, who is it that has fettered Hilaria's heart? Or is it then, so bad as this? Is it not, perhaps, some transient impression we may hope to efface again?"

"Thou must think and guess a little first," replied the baroness, and thereby heightened his impatience. It had mounted to the utmost pitch, when the entrance of Hilaria, with the servants bringing in breakfast, put a negative on any quick solution of the riddle.

The major himself thought he saw the fair girl with other eyes than a little while before. He almost felt as if jealous of the happy man whose image had been able to imprint itself on a soul so lovely. The breakfast he could not relish; and he noticed not that all was ordered as he liked to have it, and as he had used to wish and require it.

In this silence and stagnation Hilaria herself almost lost her liveliness. The mother felt embarrassed and led her daughter to the harpsichord; but Hilaria's sprightly and expressive playing scarcely extorted any approbation from the major. He wished the breakfast and the lovely girl fairly out of the way; and the baroness was at last obliged to resolve on

breaking up, and proposed to her brother a walk in the garden.

No sooner were they by themselves, than the major pressingly repeated his question, to which, after a pause, his sister answered, smiling, "If thou wouldst find the happy man whom she loves, thou hast not far to go: he is quite at hand; she loves *thee!*"

The major stopped in astonishment, then cried, "It were a most unseasonable jest to trick me into such a thought, which, if true, would make me so embarrassed and unhappy. For, though I need time to recover from my amazement, I see at one glance how grievously our circumstances would be disturbed by so unlooked-for an accident. The only thing that comforts me, is my persuasion that attachments of this sort are apparent merely, that a self-deception lurks behind them, and that a good, true soul will undoubtedly return from such mistakes, either by its own strength, or at least by a little help from judicious friends."

"I am not of that opinion," said the baroness: "by all the symptoms, Hilaria's present feeling is a very serious one."

"A thing so unnatural I should not have expected from so natural a character," replied the major.

"So unnatural it is not, after all," said his sister. "I myself recollect having, in my own youth, an attachment to a man still older than thou. Thou art fifty, — not so very great an age for a German, if, perhaps, other livelier nations do fail sooner."

"But how dost thou support thy conjecture?" said the major.

"It is no conjecture, it is certainty. The details thou shalt learn by and by."

Hilaria joined them; and the major felt himself, against his will, a second time altered. Her presence seemed to him still dearer and more precious than before, her manner more affectionate and tender: already

he began to put some faith in his sister's statement. The feeling was highly delightful, though he neither would permit nor confess this to his mind. Hilaria was, in truth, peculiarly interesting: her manner blended in closest union a soft shyness as toward a lover, and a trustful frankness as toward an uncle; for she really, and with her whole soul, loved him. The garden lay in all the pomp of spring; and the major, who saw so many old trees again putting on their vesture, might also believe in the returning of his own spring. And who would not have been tempted to it at the side of this most lovely maiden?

So passed the day with them; the various household epochs were gone through in high cheerfulness: in the evening, after supper, Hilaria returned to her harpsichord; the major listened with other ears than in the morning: one melody winded into another, one song produced a second; and scarcely could midnight separate the little party.

On retiring to his room, the major found everything arranged to suit his old habitual conveniences: some copper-plates, even, which he liked to look at, had been shifted from other apartments; and, his eyes being at last opened, he saw himself attended to and flattered in the most minute particulars.

A few hours' sleep sufficed on this occasion: his buoyant spirits aroused him early. But now he soon found occasion to observe that a new order of things carries many inconveniences along with it. His old groom, who also discharged the functions of lackey and valet, he had not once reproved during many years, for all went its usual course in the most rigid order; the horses were dressed and the clothes brushed at the proper moment: but to-day the master had risen earlier, and nothing suited as it used to do.

Erelong a new circumstance combined with this to ruffle him still further. At other times all had been

right, as his servant had prepared it for him: now, however, on advancing to the glass, he found himself not at all as he wished to be. Some gray hairs he could not deny, and of wrinkles also there appears to have been a trace or two. He wiped and powdered more than usual, and was fain at last to let matters stand as they could. Then it seemed there were still creases in his coat, and still dust on his boots. The old groom knew not what to make of this, and was amazed to see so altered a master before him.

In spite of all these hinderances, the major got down to the garden in good time. Hilaria, whom he hoped to find there, he actually found. She brought him a nosegay; and he had not the heart to kiss her as usual, and press her to his breast. He felt himself in the most delightful embarrassment, and yielded to his feelings without reflecting whither they might carry him.

The baroness soon joined them, and, directing her brother to a note which had just been brought her by a special messenger, she cried, "Thou wilt not guess whom this announces to us!"

"Tell us at once, then," said the major; and it now appeared that an old theatrical friend was travelling by a road not far off, and purposing to call for a moment. "I am anxious to see him again," said the major: "he is no chicken now, and I hear he still plays young parts."

"He must be ten years older than thou," replied the baroness.

"He must," said the major, "from all that I remember."

They had not waited long, when a lively, handsome, courteous man stepped forward to them. Yet the friends soon recognised each other, and recollections of all sorts enlivened the conversation. They proceeded to questions, to answers, to narratives: they mutually

made known their present situations, and in a short time felt as if they had never been separated.

Secret history informs us that this person had, in former days, being then a very elegant and graceful youth, the good or bad fortune to attract the favour of a lady of rank; that, by this means, he had come into perplexity and danger, out of which the major, at the very moment when the saddest fate seemed impending, had happily delivered him. From that hour he continued grateful to the brother as well as to the sister; for it was she that, by timeful warning, had originated their precautions.

For awhile before dinner the men were left alone. Not without surprise, nay, in some measure with amazement, had the major viewed, as a whole and in detail, the exterior condition of his old friend. He seemed not in the smallest altered, and it was not to be wondered at that he could still appear on the stage as an actor of youthful parts. "Thou inspectest me more strictly than is fair," said he at last to the major: "I fear thou findest the difference between this and bygone times but too great."

"Not at all," replied the major: "on the contrary, it fills me with astonishment to find thy look fresher and younger than mine; though I know thou wert a firm-set man at the time when I, with the boldness of a callow desperado, stood by thee in certain straits."

"It is thy own fault," replied the other: "it is the fault of all like thee; and, though you are not to be loudly censured for it, you are still to be blamed. You think only of the needful: you wish to be, not to seem. This is very well so long as one is anything. But when, at last, being comes to recommend itself by seeming, and this seeming is found to be even more transient than the being, then every one of you discovers that he should not have done amiss, if, in

his care for what was inward, he had not entirely neglected what was outward."

"Thou art right," replied the major, and could scarcely suppress a sigh.

"Perhaps not altogether right," said the aged youth; "for though in my trade it were unpardonable if one did not try to parget up the outward man as long as possible, you people need to think of other things, which are more important and profitable."

"Yet there are occasions," said the major, "when a man feels fresh internally, and could wish, with all his heart, that he were fresh externally too."

As the stranger could not have the slightest suspicion of the major's real state of mind, he took these words in a soldierly sense, and copiously explained how much depended on externals in the art military, and how the officer who had so much attention to bestow on dress might apply a little also to skin and hair.

"For example," continued he, "it is inexcusable that your temples are already gray, that wrinkles are here and there gathering together, and that your crown threatens to grow bald. Now look at me, old fellow as I am! See how I have held out! And all this without witchcraft, and with far less pains and care than others take, day after day, in spoiling, or at least wearying, themselves."

The major found this accidental conversation too precious an affair to think of ending it soon, but he went to work softly and with precaution toward even an old acquaintance. "This opportunity, alas! I have lost," cried he; "and it is past recalling now: I must even content myself as I am, and you will not think worse of me on that account."

"Lost it is not," said the other, "were not you grave gentlemen so stiff and stubborn, did you not directly call one vain if he thinks about his person, and cast

away from you the happiness of being in pleasant company, and pleasing there yourselves."

"If it is not magic," smiled the major, "that you people use for keeping yourselves young, it is, at all events, a secret: or at least, you have *arcana*, such as one often sees bepraised in newspapers; and from these you pick out the best."

"Joke or earnest," said the other, "thou hast spoken truth. Among the many things that have been tried for giving some repair to the exterior, which often fails far sooner than the interior, there are, in fact, certain invaluable recipes, simple as well as compound; which, as imparted to me by brethren of the craft, purchased for ready money, or hit upon by chance, I have proved, and found effectual. By these I now hold fast and persevere, yet without abandoning my further researches. So much I may tell thee, and without exaggeration: a dressing-box I carry with me beyond all price! A box whose influences I could like to try on thee, if we chanced any time to be a fortnight together."

The thought that such a thing was possible, and that this possibility was held out to him so accidentally at the very moment of need, enlivened the spirit of the major to such a degree that he actually appeared much fresher and brisker already: at table, excited by the hope of bringing head and face into harmony with his heart, and by eagerness to get acquainted with the methods of doing so, he was quite another man; he met Hilaria's graceful attentions with alacrity of soul, and even looked at her with a certain confidence, which, in the morning, he was far from feeling.

If the dramatic stranger had contrived, by many recollections, stories, and happy hits, to keep up the cheerful humour once excited, he so much the more alarmed the major, on signifying, when the cloth was removed, that he must now think of setting forth, and

continuing his journey. By every scheme in his power the major strove to facilitate his friend's stay, at least for the night; he pressingly engaged to have horses and relays in readiness next morning: in a word, the healing toilet was absolutely not to get out of the premises, till once he had obtained more light on its contents and use.

The major saw very well that here no time must be lost: he accordingly endeavoured, soon after dinner, to take his old favourite aside and speak with him in private. Not having the heart to proceed directly to the point, he steered toward it from afar off, and, taking up the former conversation, signified that he, for his part, would willingly bestow more care on his exterior, were it not that people, the moment they observed a man making such an attempt, marked him down for vain, and so deducted from him, in regard to moral esteem, what they felt obliged to yield him in regard to sensible.

"Do not vex me with such phrases!" said his friend: "these are words to which society has got accustomed without attaching any meaning to them, or, if we take it up more strictly, by which it indicates its unfriendly and spiteful nature. If thou consider it rightly, what, after all, is this same vanity they make so much ado about? Every man should feel some pleasure in himself, and happy he who feels it. But if he does feel it, how can he help letting others notice it? How shall he hide, in the midst of life, that it gives him joy to be alive? If good society, and I mean this exclusively here, only blamed such indications when they became too violent; when the joy of one man over his existence hindered others to have joy and to show it over theirs, — it were good and well; and from this excess the censure has, in fact, originally sprung. But what are we to make of that strange, prim, abnegating rigour against a thing which cannot be avoided? Why

should not a display of feeling on the part of others be considered innocent and tolerable, which, more or less, we from time to time allow ourselves? For it is the pleasure one has in himself, the desire to communicate this consciousness of his to others, that makes a man agreeable, — the feeling of his own grace that makes him graceful. Would to Heaven all men were vain! that is, were vain with clear perception, with moderation, and in a proper sense: we should then, in the cultivated world, have happy times of it. Women, it is told us, are vain from the very cradle; yet does it not become them, do they not please us the more? How can a youth form himself if he is not vain? An empty, hollow nature will, by this means, at least contrive to give itself an outward show; and a proper man will soon train himself from the outside inwards. As to my own share, I have reason to consider myself, in this point, a most happy man: for my trade justifies me in being vain; and, the vainer I am, the more satisfaction I give. I am praised when others are blamed, and have still, in this very way, the happiness and the right to gratify and charm the public at an age when others are constrained to retire from the scene, or linger on it only with disgrace."

The major heard with no great joy the issue of these reflections. The little word vanity, as he pronounced it, had been meant to serve as a transition for enabling him to introduce, with some propriety, the statement of his own wish. But now he was afraid, if their dialogue proceeded thus, he should be led still farther from his aim: so he hastened to the point directly.

"For my own part," said he, "I should by no means disincline to enlist under thy flag, since thou still holdest it to be in time, and thinkest I might yet in some degree make up for what is lost. Impart to me somewhat of thy tinctures, pomades, and balsams; and I will make a trial of them."

"Imparting," said the other, "is a harder task than you suppose. Here, for example, it were still to small purpose that I poured thee out some liquors from my vials, and left the half of the best ingredients in my toilet: the appliance is the hardest. You cannot, on the instant, appropriate what is given you. How this and that suit together; under what circumstances, in what sequence, things are to be used, — all this requires practice and study, — nay, study and practice themselves will scarcely profit, if one bring not to the business a natural genius for it."

"Thou art now, it seems, for drawing back," said the major. "Thou raisest difficulties when I would have thy truly somewhat fabulous assertions rendered certain. Thou hast no mind to let me try thy words by the test of action."

"By such banterings, my friend," replied the other, "thou wouldst not prevail on me to gratify thy wish, if it were not that I entertain such affection for thee, and, indeed, first made the proposal myself. Besides, if we consider it, man has quite a peculiar pleasure in making proselytes; in bringing what he values in himself into view also, without himself, on others; causing others to enjoy what he enjoys; finding in others his own likeness, represented and reflected back to him. In sooth, if this is selfishness, it is of the most laudable and lovable sort, — that selfishness which has made us men and keeps us so. From this universal feeling, then, apart from my friendship to thee, I shall be happy in having such a scholar in the great youth-renewing art. But, as from a master it may be expected that he shall produce no botcher by his training, I confess myself a little at a loss how to set about it. I told thee already that neither recipes nor instructions would avail: the practice cannot be taught by universal rules. For my sake, and from the wish to propagate my doctrine, I am ready to make any

sacrifice. The greatest in my power for the present moment I will now propose to thee. I shall leave my servant here, — a sort of waiting-man and conjurer, — who, if he does not understand preparing everything, if he has not yet been initiated into all the mysteries, can apply my preparations perfectly, and, in the first stage of the attempt, will be of great use to thee, till once thou have worked thy way so far into the art, that I may reveal to thee the higher secrets also."

"How!" cried the major, "thou hast stages and degrees in thy art of making young? Thou hast secrets, even for the initiated?"

"No doubt of it," replied the other. "That were but a sorry art which could be comprehended all at once, the last point of which could be seen by one just entering its precincts."

Without loss of time the waiting-man was formally consigned to the major, who engaged to treat him handsomely. The baroness was called on for drawers, boxes, glasses, to what purpose she knew not; the partition of the toilet-store went forward; the friends kept together in a gay and sprightly mood till after nightfall. At moonrise, some time later, the guest took his leave, promising erelong to return.

The major reached his chamber pretty much fatigued. He had risen early, had not spared himself throughout the day, and now hoped very soon to get to bed. But here, instead of one servant, he found two. The old groom, in his old way, rapidly undressed him; but now the waiting-man stepped forth, and signified, that, for appliances of a renovating and cosmetic nature, the peculiar season was night, that so their effects, assisted by a peaceful sleep, might be stronger and safer. The major was obliged to content himself, and let his head be anointed, his face painted, his eyebrows pencilled, and his lips tipped with salve. Besides all

this, there were various ceremonies still required; nay, the very night-cap was not to be put on immediately, not till a net, or even a fine leather cap, had been drawn on next the head.

The major laid himself in bed with a sort of unpleasant feeling, which, however, he had no time to investigate the nature of; as he very soon fell asleep. But, if we might speak with his spirit, we should say he felt a little mummy-like, somewhat between a sick man and a man embalmed. Yet the sweet image of Hilaria, encircled with the gayest hopes, soon led him into a refreshing sleep.

In the morning, at the proper hour, the groom was ready in his place. All that pertained to his master's equipment lay in wonted order on the chairs; and the major was just on the point of rising, when the new attendant entered, and strongly protested against any such precipitation. He must rest, he must wait, if their enterprise were to prosper, if they were to be rewarded for their pains and labour. The major now learned that he had to rise by and by, to take a slight breakfast, and then go into a bath, which was already prepared for him. The regulations were inflexible, they required a strict observance; and some hours passed away under these occupations.

The major abridged the resting-time after his bath, and thought to get his clothes about him: for he was by nature expeditious, and at present he longed to see Hilaria; but in this point also his new servant thwarted him, and signified, that in all cases he must drop the thought of being in a hurry. Whatever he did, it appeared, must be done leisurely and pleasurably; but the time of dressing was especially to be considered as a cheerful hour for conversation with one's self.

The valet's manner of proceeding completely agreed with his words. But, in return, the major, when, on stepping forward to the glass, he saw himself trimmed

out in the neatest fashion, really thought that he was better dressed than formerly. Without many words the conjurer had changed the very uniform into a newer cut, having spent the night in working at it. An apparently so quick rejuvenescence put the major in his liveliest mood; so that he felt himself as if renovated, both without and within, and hastened with impatient longing to his friends.

He found his sister engaged in looking at the pedigree which she had caused to be hung up; the conversation last night having turned on some collateral relations, unmarried persons, or resident in foreign countries, or entirely gone out of sight, from all of whom the baroness and her brother had more or less hope of heritages for themselves or their families. They conversed awhile on these matters, without mentioning the circumstance that all their economical cares and exertions had hitherto been solely directed to their children. By Hilaria's attachment the whole of this prospect had altered, yet neither the major nor his sister could summon courage to mention it further at this moment.

The baroness left the room: the major was standing alone before this laconic history of his family; Hilaria stepped in to him; she leaned herself on him in a kind, childlike way, looked at the parchment, and asked him whom of all these he had known, and who of them were still left and living.

The major began his delineation with the oldest of whom any dim recollection remained with him from childhood. Then he proceeded farther; painted the characters of several fathers, the likeness or unlikeness of their children to them; remarked that the grandfather often reappeared in the grandson; spoke, by the way, of the influence of certain women, wedded out of stranger families, and sometimes changing the character of whole branches. He eulogised the virtue of

many an ancestor and relative, nor did he hide their failings. Such as had brought shame on their lineage he passed in silence. At length he reached the lowest lines. Here stood his brother, the chief marshal himself, and his sister, and beneath him his son with Hilaria at his side.

"These two look each other straight enough in the face," said the major; not adding what he thought of the matter in his heart.

After a pause Hilaria answered, in a meek, small tone, and almost with a sigh, "Yet those, surely, are not to blame who look upward." At the same time she looked up to him with a pair of eyes out of which her whole love was speaking.

"Do I understand thee rightly?" said the major, turning round to her.

"I can say nothing," answered she, with a smile, "which you do not know already."

"Thou makest me the happiest man under the sun," cried he, and fell at her feet. "Wilt thou be mine?"

"For Heaven's sake, rise! I am thine for ever."

The baroness entered. Though not surprised, she rather hesitated. "If it be wrong, sister," said the major, "the blame is thine: if it be right, we will thank thee for ever."

The baroness from youth upwards had so loved her brother that she preferred him to all men; and perhaps Hilaria's attachment itself had, if not arisen from this sisterly partiality, at least been cherished by it. All three now united in one love, in one delight; and thus the happiest hours flew over them. Yet, at last, their eyes reopened to the world around them likewise; and this rarely stands in unison with such emotions.

They now again bethought them of the son. For him Hilaria had been destined: this he himself well

knew. Directly after finishing the business with the chief marshal, the major had appointed his son to expect him in the garrison, that they might settle every thing together, and conduct these purposes to a happy issue. But now, by an unexpected occurrence, the whole state of matters had been thrown out of joint; the circumstances which before plied into one another so kindly, now seemed to be assuming a hostile aspect; and it was not easy to foresee what turn the affair would take, what temper would seize the individuals concerned in it.

Meanwhile the major was obliged to resolve on visiting his son, to whom he had already announced himself. Not without reluctance, not without singular forecastings, not without pain at even for a short time leaving Hilaria, he at last, after much lingering, took the road, and, leaving groom and horses behind him, proceeded with his cosmetic valet, who had now become an indispensable appendage, toward the town where his son resided.

Both saluted and embraced each other cordially after so long a separation. They had much to communicate, yet they did not just commence with what lay nearest their hearts. The son went into copious talk about his hopes of speedy advancement: in return for which the father gave him precise accounts of what had been discussed and determined between the elder members of the family, both in regard to fortune in general, to the individual estates, and everything pertaining to them.

The conversation was, in some degree, beginning to flag, when the son took heart, and said to his father, with a smile, "You treat me very tenderly, dear father; and I thank you for it. You tell me of properties and fortune, and mention not the terms under which, at least in part, they are to be mine: you keep back the name of Hilaria; you expect that I should

bring it forth, that I should express my desire to be speedily united with that amiable maiden."

At these words the major felt in great perplexity; but as, partly by nature, partly by old habit, it was his way to collect the purpose of the man he had to treat with before stating his own, he now said nothing, and looked at the son with an ambiguous smile. "You will not guess, father, what I have to say," continued the lieutenant: "I will speak it out briefly, and once for all. I can depend on your affection, which, amid such manifold care for me, has had due regard for my true happiness as well as my fortune. Some time or other it must be said: be it said, then, even now, Hilaria cannot make me happy! I think of Hilaria as of a lovely relative, toward whom I would live all my days with the friendliest feelings; but another has awakened my affection, another has found my heart. The attachment is irresistible: you will not make me miserable."

Not without effort did the major conceal the cheerfulness which was rising over his face, and, in a tone of mild seriousness, inquire of the son, Who the person was that had so entirely subdued him? "You must see her yourself, father," said the other; "for she can as little be described as comprehended. I have but one fear, — that you yourself will be led away by her, like every one that approaches her. By Heaven, it will be so; and I shall see you the rival of your son!"

"But who is she?" inquired the major. "If it is not in thy power to delineate her personal characteristics, tell me, at least, of her outward circumstances: these, at least, may be described."

"Well, then, father," replied the son; "and yet these outward circumstances, too, would be different in a different person, would act otherwise on another. She is a young widow, heiress of an old, rich man

lately deceased; independent, and well meriting to be so; acquainted with many, loved by just as many, courted by just as many; yet, if I mistake not very greatly, in her heart wholly mine."

With joyful vivacity, as the father kept silence, and gave no sign of disapproval, the son proceeded to describe the conduct of the fair widow toward him; told of her all-conquering grace; recounted one by one her tender expressions of favour; in which the father truly could see nothing but the light friendliness of a universally courted woman, who, among so many, may indeed prefer some one, yet without on that account entirely deciding for him. Under any other circumstances he would doubtless have endeavoured to warn a son, nay, even a friend, of the self-deception which might probably enough be at work here; but, in the present case, he himself was so anxious for his son's being right, for the fair widow's really loving him, and as soon as possible deciding in his favour, that he either felt no scruple of this sort, or banished any such from his mind, perhaps even only concealed it.

"Thou placest me in great perplexity," began the father, after some pause. "The whole arrangement between the surviving members of our family depends on the understanding that thou wed Hilaria. If she wed a stranger, the whole fair, careful combination of a fine fortune falls to the ground again; and thou thyself art not too well provided for. There is certainly another way still, but one which sounds rather strange, and by which thou wouldst gain very little: I, in my old days, might wed Hilaria, — a plan which could hardly give thee any very high satisfaction."

"The highest in the world!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "for who can feel a true attachment, who can enjoy or anticipate the happiness of love, without wishing every friend, every one whom he values, the like supreme felicity? You are not old, father; and how

lovely is Hilaria! Even the transient thought of offering her your hand bespeaks a youthful heart, an unimpaired spirit. Let us take up this thought, this project, on the spot, and consider and investigate it thoroughly. My own happiness would be complete if I knew you happy: I could then rejoice in good earnest, that the care you had bestowed on my destiny was repaid on your own by so fair and high a recompense. I can now with confidence and frankness, and true openness of heart, conduct you to my fair one. You will approve of my feelings, since you yourself feel: you will not impede the happiness of your son, since you are advancing to your own happiness."

With these and other importunate words the lieutenant repressed many a scruple which his father was for introducing, left him no time to calculate, but hurried off with him to the fair widow, whom they found in a commodious and splendid house, with a select rather than numerous party, all engaged in cheerful conversation. She was one of those female souls whom no man can escape. With incredible address she contrived to make our major the hero of this evening. The rest of the party seemed to be her family: the major alone was her guest. His circumstances she already knew very well; yet she had the skill to ask about them, as if she were wishing, now at last, to get right information on the subject from himself: and so, likewise, every individual of the company was made to show some interest in the stranger. One must have known his brother, a second his estates, a third something else concerned with him; so that the major, in the midst of a lively conversation, still felt himself to be the centre. Moreover, he was sitting next the fair one; her eyes were on him, her smile was directed to him: in a word, he felt himself so comfortable, that he almost forgot the cause which had brought him. She herself scarcely ever mentioned his son, though the

young man took a keen share in the conversation: it seemed as if, in her eyes, he, like all the rest, was present only on his father's account.

The guests strolled up and down the rooms, and grouped themselves into accidental knots. The lieutenant stepped up to his fair one, and asked, "What say you to my father?"

With a smile she replied, "Methinks you might well take him as a pattern. Do but look how neatly he is dressed! If his manner and bearing are not better than his gentle son's!" And thus she continued to cry up and praise the father at the son's expense; awakening, by this means, a very mixed feeling of contentment and jealousy in the young man's heart.

Erelong the lieutenant came in contact with his father, and recounted all this to him. It made the major's manner to his fair hostess so much the more friendly; and she, on her side, began to treat him on a more lively and trustful footing. In short, we may say, that, when the company broke up, the major, as well as the rest, already belonged to her and to her circle.

A heavy rain prevented the guests from returning home as they had come. Some coaches drove up, into which the walkers arranged themselves: only the lieutenant, under the pretext that the carriage was already too crowded, let his father drive away, and stayed behind.

The major, on entering his apartment, felt actually confused and giddy in mind, uncertain of himself; as is the case with us on passing rapidly from one state to the opposite. The land still seems in motion to a man who steps from shipboard, and the light still quivers in the eye of him who comes at once into darkness. So did the major still feel himself encircled with the presence of that fair being. He wished still to see, to hear

her, again to see, again to hear her; and, after some consideration, he forgave his son; nay, he thought him happy that he might pretend to the appropriation of such loveliness.

From these feelings he was roused by the lieutenant, who, with lively expressions of rapture, rushed into the room, embraced his father, and exclaimed, "I am the happiest man in the world!" After several more of such preliminary phrases, the two at last came to an explanation. The father remarked, that the fair lady in conversing with him had not mentioned the son, or hinted at him by a single syllable. "That is just her soft, silent, half-concealing, half-discovering way, by which you become certain of your wishes, and yet can never altogether get rid of doubt. So was she wont to treat me hitherto; but your presence, father, has done wonders. I confess it, I stayed behind, that I might see her one moment longer. I found her walking to and fro in her still shining rooms; for I know it is her custom, when the company is gone, no light must be extinguished. She walks alone up and down in her magic halls, when the spirits are dismissed which she had summoned thither. She accepted the pretext under cover of which I came back. She spoke with kind grace, though of indifferent matters. We walked to and fro through the open doors, along the whole suite of chambers. We had wandered several times to the end, into the little cabinet, which is lighted only by a dim lamp. If she was beautiful while moving under the blaze of the lustres, she was infinitely more so when illuminated by the soft gleam of the lamp. We had again reached the cabinet; and, in turning, we paused for an instant. I know not what it was that forced this audacity on me: I know not how I could venture, in the midst of the most ordinary conversation, all at once to seize her hand, to kiss that soft hand, and to press it to my heart. It was not

drawn away. 'Heavenly creature!' cried I, 'conceal thyself no longer from me. If in this fair heart dwells favour for the happy man who stands before thee, disclose it, confess it! The present is the best, the highest time. Banish me, or take me to thy arms!'

"I know not what all I said, what I looked and expressed. She withdrew not, she resisted not, she answered not. I ventured to clasp her in my arms, to ask her if she would be mine. I kissed her with rapture; she pushed me away: 'Well, yes, then: yes!' or some such words, said she, in a faint tone, as if embarrassed. I retired, and cried, 'I will send my father: he shall speak for me.' 'Not a word to him of this!' replied she, following me some steps. 'Go away: forget what has happened.'"

What the major thought we shall not attempt to unfold. He said, however, to his son, "What is to be done now, thinkest thou? To my mind the affair is, by accident, so well introduced, that we may now go to work a little more formally; that perhaps it were well if I called there to-morrow, and proposed in thy name."

"For Heaven's sake, no, father!" cried the son: "it would spoil the whole business. That look, that tone, must be disturbed and deranged by no formality. It is enough, father, that your presence accelerates this union without your uttering a word on the subject. Yes, it is to you that I owe my happiness! The respect which my loved one entertains for you has conquered every scruple, and never would your son have found so good a moment had not his father prepared it for him."

These and such disclosures occupied them till far in the night. They mutually settled their plans: the major, simply for form's sake, was to make a parting call, and then set out to arrange his marriage with Hilaria; the son was to forward and accelerate his, as he should find it possible.

Hersilia's Postscript.

Here I break off, partly because I can write no more at present, but partly also to fix a thorn in your heart. Now, answer the question for yourself: How strangely, from all that you have read, must matters stand with these ladies at present! Till now they had no mutual relation to each other: they were strangers, though each seemed to have the prospect of a marriage which was to approximate them. And now we find them in company, but by themselves, without male attendance, and wandering over the world. What can have passed, what can be to follow? You, my worthy sir, will doubtless get quit of the difficulty by mournfully claiming to yourself, "These, also, are renunciants!" And here you are perfectly right: but expectants too? This I durst not discover, even if I knew it.

To show you the way how this amiable pair may be met with on your wandering, I adopt a singular expedient. You herewith receive a little clipping of a map: when you lay this in its place on the full map of the country, the magnetic needle painted here will point with its barb to the spot whither the desirable are moving. This riddle is not so very hard to read: but I could wish, that, from time to time, you would do the like for us, and send a little snip of chart over hither; we should then, in some measure, understand to what quarter our thoughts were to be directed: and how glad should we be if the needle were at last attracted by ourselves. May all good be given you, and all errors forgiven!

It is said of women, that they cannot send away a letter without tacking postscripts to the end of it. Whatever inferences you may draw from the fact, I cannot deny that this is my second postscript, and the

place, after all, where I am to tell you the flower of the whole matter. This arrow-shaft, on the little patch of map, Hilaria herself was at the pains to draw and to decorate with such dainty plumage: the sharp point, however, was the fair widow's work. Have a care that it do not scratch, or perhaps pierce you. Our bargain is, that whenever you meet, be this where it may, you are forthwith to present the small shred of paper, and so be the sooner and more heartily admitted into trust.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

That a certain deficiency, perhaps discernible in the parts, certainly discernible here and there in the whole, cannot, henceforth, be avoided, we ourselves take courage to forewarn the reader, without fearing thereby to thwart his enjoyment. In the present task, undertaken truly with forethought and good heart, we still meet with all the inconveniences which have delayed the publication of these little volumes for twenty years. This period has altered nothing for the better. We still find ourselves in more than one way impeded, at this or that place threatened with one obstruction or another. For we have to solve the uncertain problem of selecting from those most multifarious papers what is worthiest and most important, so that it be grateful to thinking and cultivated minds, and refresh and forward them in many a province of life. Now, here are the journals, more or less complete, lying before us; sometimes communicable without scruple; sometimes, again by reason of their unimportant, and likewise of their too important contents, seemingly unfit for insertion.

There are not even wanting sections devoted to the actual world, on statistic, technical, and other practical external subjects. To cut these off as incongruous,

we do not determine without reluctance; as life and inclination, knowledge and passion, strangely combining together, go on here in the strangest union.

Then we come on sketches written with clear views and for glorious objects, but not so consequent and deep-searching that we can fully approve of them, or suppose, that, in this new and so far advanced time, they could be readable and influential.

So likewise we fall in with little anecdotes, destitute of connection, difficult to arrange under heads, some of them, when closely examined, not altogether unobjectionable. Here and there we discover more complete narratives, several of which, though already known to the world, nevertheless demand a place here, and at the same time require exposition and conclusion. Of poems, also, there is no want; and yet it is not always easy, not always possible, to decide where they should be introduced with best regard to the preserving and assisting of their true tone, which is but too easily disturbed and overturned. If we are not, therefore, as we have too often done in bygone years, again to stop in the middle of this business, nothing will remain for us but to impart what we possess, to give out what has been preserved. Some chapters, accordingly, the completion of which might have been desirable, we now offer in their first hurried form, that so the reader may not only feel the existence of a want here, but also be informed what this want is, and complete in his own mind whatever, partly from the nature of the object, partly from the intervening circumstances, cannot be presented to him perfectly completed in itself, or furnished with all its requisite accompaniments.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE proposed riddle raised some scruples in Wilhelm's mind; yet erelong he began to feel a still attraction in the matter, an impulse of longing to reach that appointed line, and follow its direction: as, indeed, we are wont to seize with eagerness any specific object that excites our imagination, our active faculties, and to wish that we might accomplish it and partake of it.

A child that, in asking alms of us, puts into our hand a card with five lottery numbers written on it, we do not lightly turn away unserved; and it depends on the moment, especially if it be shortly before the drawing, whether we shall not, with accidentally stimulated hope, quite against our usual custom, stake heavy shares upon these very numbers.

The wanderer now tried on a large map the little fragment which had been sent him, and stood surprised, amazed, affrighted, as he saw the needle pointed straight to Mignon's native place, to the houses where she had lived. What his peculiar feelings were, we do not find declared; but whoever can bring back to memory the end of the "Apprenticeship," will in his own heart and mind, without difficulty, call forth the like.

The chief cause, however, why we meet with scantier records of this excursion than we could have wished, may probably be this: that Wilhelm chanced to fall in with a young, lively companion of his journey, by means of whom it became easy to retain for himself

and his friends a vivid and strong remembrance of this pious pilgrimage without any aid of writing. Unexpectedly he finds himself beside a painter, — one of that class of persons whom we often see wandering about the world, and still oftener figuring in romances and dramas, but, in this case, an individual who showed himself at once to be really a distinguished artist. The two very soon got acquainted, mutually communicated their desires, projects, purposes. And now it appears that this skilful artist, who delights in painting aquatical landscapes, and can decorate his pieces with rich, well-imagined, well-executed additions and accompaniments, has been passionately attracted by Mignon's form, destiny, and being. He has often painted her already, and is now going forth to copy from nature the scenes where she passed her early years; amid these to represent the dear child in happy and unhappy circumstances and moments, and thus to make her image, which lives in all tender hearts, present also to the sense of the eye.

The friends soon reach the Lago Maggiore: Wilhelm endeavours by degrees to find out the places indicated. Rural palaces, spacious monasteries, ferries and bays, capes and landings, are visited; nor are the dwellings of courageous and kind-hearted fishermen forgotten, or the cheerfully built villages along the shore, or the gay mansions on the neighbouring heights. All this the artist can seize, to all of it communicate, by light and colouring, the feeling suitable for each scene; so that Wilhelm passes his days and his hours in heart-searching emotion.

In several of the leaves stood Mignon represented on the foreground, as she had looked and lived: Wilhelm striving by correct description to assist the happy imagination of his friend, and reduce these general conceptions within the stricter limits of individuality.

And thus you might see the boy-girl set forth in various attitudes and manifold expression. Beneath the lofty portal of the splendid country-house she is standing, thoughtfully contemplating the marble statues in the hall. Here she rocks herself, plashing to and fro among the waters, in the fastened boat: there she climbs the mast, and shows herself as a fearless sailor.

But distinguished beyond all the other pictures was one which the artist, on his journey hither, and prior to his meeting with Wilhelm, had combined and painted with all its characteristic features. In the heart of the rude mountains shines the graceful seeming-boy, encircled with toppling cliffs, besprayed with cataracts, in the middle of a motley horde. Never, perhaps, was a grim, precipitous, primeval mountain-pass more beautifully or expressively relieved with living figures. The party-coloured, gypsy-looking group, at once rude and fantastic, strange and common, too loose to cause fear, too singular to awaken confidence. Stout beasts of burden are bearing along, now over paths made of trees, now down by steps hewn in the rock, a tawdry chaotic heap of luggage, round which all the instruments of a deafening music hang dangling to and fro, to affright the ear from time to time with rude tones. Amid all this the lovely child, self-collected without defiance, indignant without resistance, led, but not dragged. Who would not have looked with pleasure at this singular and impressive picture? Given in strong characters, frowned the stern obstruction of these rock-masses, riven asunder by gloomy chasms, towered up together, threatening to hinder all outgate, had not a bold bridge betokened the possibility of again coming into union with the rest of the world. Nor had the artist, with his quick feeling of fictitious truth, forgot to indicate the entrance of a cave, which you might equally regard as the natural laboratory of huge

crystals, or as the abode of a fabulously frightful brood of dragons.

Not without a holy fear did our friends visit the marchese's palace. The old man was still absent on his travels; but, in this circle also, the two wanderers, knowing well how to apply and conduct themselves, both toward spiritual and temporal authorities, were kindly received and entertained.

The absence of the owner also was to Wilhelm very pleasant; for although he could have wished to see the worthy gentleman, and would have heartily saluted him, he felt afraid of the marchese's thankful generosity, and of any forced recompense of that true, loving conduct for which he had already obtained the fairest reward.

And thus our friends went floating in gay boats from shore to shore, cruising the lake in every direction. It was the fairest season of the year: and they missed neither sunrise nor sunset, nor any of the thousand shadings which the heavenly light first bounteously dispenses over its own firmament, and from thence over lake and land; not appearing itself in its perfect glory till imaged back from the waters.

A luxuriant vegetable world, planted by Nature, watched over and forwarded by Art, on every side surrounded them. The first chestnut forests they had already greeted with welcome; and now they could not restrain a mournful smile, as, lying under the shade of cypresses, they saw the laurel mounting up, the pomegranates reddening, orange and citron trees unfolding themselves in blossoms, and fruit at the same time glowing forth from the dark foliage.

Through means of his vivid associate, Wilhelm had another enjoyment prepared for him. Our old friend had not been favoured by Nature with the eye of a painter. Susceptible of visual beauty only in the human form, he now felt, that by the presence of a

Mignon and the Harper

Photogravure from the painting by C. V. Bodenhausen

companion, alike disposed, but trained to quite different enjoyments and activities, the surrounding world also was opened to his sight.

By viewing, under conversational direction, the changing glories of the region, and still more by concentrated imitation, his eyes were opened, and his mind freed from all its once obstinate doubts. Hitherto all copies of Italian scenery had seemed to him suspicious: the sky, he thought, was too blue; the violet tone of those charming distances was lovely, but untrue; and the abundant, fresh green too bright and gay; but now he united in his inmost perceptions with his new friend, and learned, susceptible as he was, to look at the earth with that friend's eyes: and, while Nature unfolded the open secret of her beauty, he could not but feel an irresistible attraction toward Art as toward her most fit expositor.

But his pictorial friend quite unexpectedly anticipated his wishes in another point. The artist had already many times started some gay song, and thus, in hours of rest, delightfully enlivened and accompanied their movement when out in long voyages over the water. But now it happened, that, in one of the palaces they were visiting, he found a curious, peculiar stringed instrument, — a lute of small size, strong, well toned, convenient, and portable: he soon contrived to tune it, and then handled the strings so pleasantly, and so well entertained those about him, that, like a new Orpheus, he subdued by soft harmonies the usually rigorous and dry castellan, and kindly constrained him to lend the instrument for a time, under the condition, that, before departing, the singer should faithfully return it, and, in the interim, should come back some Sunday or holiday, and again gratify them by his music.

Quite another spirit now enlivened lake and shore: boat and skiff strove which should be nearest our

friends; even freight and market barges lingered in their neighbourhood; rows of people on the beach followed their course; when landing they were encircled by a gay-minded throng; when departing each blessed them with a heart contented, yet full of longing.

And now, at last, to any third party who had watched our friends, it must have been apparent enough that their mission was, in fact, accomplished: all scenes and localities referring to Mignon had been, not only sketched, but partly brought into light, shade, and colour, partly in warm, midday hours, finished with the utmost fidelity. In effecting this they had shifted from place to place in a peculiar way, as Wilhelm's vow frequently impeded them: this, however, they had now and then contrived to evade by explaining it as valid only on land, and on water not applicable.

Indeed, Wilhelm himself now felt that their special purpose was attained; yet he could not deny that the wish to see Hilaria and the fair widow must also be satisfied if he wished to leave this country with a free mind. His friend, to whom he had imparted their story, was no less curious, and already prided himself in the thought, that, in one of his paintings, there was a vacant space, which, as an artist, he might decorate with the forms of these gentle persons.

Accordingly, they now cruised to and fro, watching the points where strangers are wont first to enter this paradise. Their hope of meeting friends here had already been made known to the boatmen; and the search had not lasted long when there came in sight a splendid barge, which they instantly made chase of, and forbore not passionately to grapple with on reaching it. The dames, in some degree alarmed at this movement, soon recovered their composure as Wilhelm produced his little piece of chart; and the two, without hesitation, recognised the arrow which themselves had drawn on it. The friends were then kindly in-

vited to come on board the ladies' barge, which they did without an instant's delay.

And now let us figure to ourselves these four, as they sit together in the daintiest apartment, the most blissful world lying round them, looking in each other's faces, fanned by soft airs, rocked on glittering waves. Imagine the female pair, as we lately saw them described; the male, as they have together for weeks been leading a wayfaring life; and after a little reflection we behold them all in the most delightful, but also the most dangerous situation.

For the three who have before, willingly or unwillingly, ranked themselves in the number of renunciants, we have not the worst to fear: the fourth, however, may, probably enough, too soon see himself admitted into that order, like the others.

After crossing the lake several times, and pointing out the most interesting spots, both on the shore and the islands, our two wanderers conducted their fair friends to the place they were to pass the night in; where a dexterous guide, selected for this voyage, had taken care to provide all possible conveniences. Wilhelm's vow was now a harsh but suitable master of the ceremonies; for he and his companion had already passed three days in this very station, and exhausted all that was remarkable in the environs. The artist, not restrained by any vow, begged permission to attend the dames on shore: this, however, they declined, and so the party separated at some distance from the harbour.

Scarcely had the singer stepped into his skiff, which hastily drew back from the beach, when he seized his lute, and gracefully began raising that strangely plaintive song which the Venetian gondoliers send forth in clear melody from land to sea, and from sea to land. Expert enough in this feat, which in the present instance proceeded with peculiar tenderness and expres-

sion, he strengthened his voice in proportion to the increasing distance; so that on the shore you would have thought you heard him still singing in the same place. He at last laid his lute aside, trusting to his voice alone, and had the satisfaction to observe that the dames, instead of retiring into their house, were pleased to linger on the shore. He felt so inspired that he could not cease, not even when night and remoteness had withdrawn everything from view; till at last his calmer friend reminded him, that, if darkness did favour his tones, the skiff had already long passed the limits within which these could take effect.

According to promise, the two parties again met next day on the open lake. Flying along, they formed acquaintance with the lovely series of prospects, now standing forth in separate distinction, then gathering into rows, and seen behind each other, and at last fading away, as the higher eclipsed the lower; all which, repeating itself in the waters, affords in such excursions the most varied entertainment. Nor, in the course of these sights, did the copies of them, from our artist's portfolio, fail to awaken thoughts and anticipations of what, in the present hour, was not imparted. For all such matters the still Hilaria seemed to have a free and fair feeling.

But, toward noon, singularity again came into play: the ladies landed alone; the men cruised before the harbour. And now the singer endeavoured to accommodate his music to a shorter distance, where not only the general, soft, and quickly warbling tone of desire, but likewise a certain gay, graceful importunity might be expected to tell. And here now and then some one or other of the songs, for which we stand indebted to our friends in the "Apprenticeship," would come hovering over his strings, over his lips; but out of well-meant regard to the feelings of his hearers, as well as to his own, he restrained himself in this par-

ticular, and roved at large in foreign images and emotions, whereby his performance gained in effect, and reached the ear with so much the more insinuating blandishment. The two friends, blockading the harbour in this way, would not have recollected the trivial concern of eating and drinking, had not the more provident fair ones sent them over a supply of dainty bits, to which an accompanying draught of wine had the best possible relish.

Every separation, every stipulation, that comes in the way of our gathering passions, sharpens instead of stifling them; and in this case, as in others, it may be presumed that the short absence had awakened equal longing in both parties. At all events, the dames in their gay, dazzling gondola were very soon to be seen coming back.

This word gondola, however, let us not take up in the melancholy Venetian meaning: here it signifies a cheerful, commodious, social bark; which, had our little company been twice as large, would still have been spacious enough for them.

Some days were spent in this peculiar way, between meeting and parting, between separation and social union; but, amid the enjoyment of the most delightful intercourse, departure and bereavement still hovered before the agitated soul. In presence of the new friends the old came back into the mind: were these new ones absent, each could not but admit that already they had taken deep root in his remembrance. None but a composed and tried spirit, like our fair widow, could in such moments have maintained herself in complete equilibrium.

Hilaria's heart had been too deeply wounded to admit of any new entire impression: but as the grace of a fair scene encircles us of itself with soothing influences; so, when the mildness of tender-hearted friends conspires with it, there comes over sense and soul a

peculiar mood of softness, that recalls to us, as in dreaming visions, the past and the absent, and withdraws the present, as if it were but a show, into spiritual remoteness. Thus, alternately rocked this way and that, attracted and repelled, approximated and removed, they wavered and wended for several days.

Without more narrowly investigating these circumstances, the shrewd, experienced guide imagined he observed some alteration in the calm demeanour of his heroines; and when at last the whimsical part of their predicament became known to him, he contrived here also to devise the most grateful expedient. For, as our two shipmen were again conducting the ladies to their usual place of dinner, they were met by another gay bark, which, falling alongside of theirs, exhibited a well-covered table, with all the cheerful invitations of a festive repast: the friends could now wait in company the lapse of several hours, and only night decided the customary separation.

Happily the artist and Wilhelm had, in their former voyagings, neglected, out of a certain natural caprice, to visit the most highly ornamented of all the islands, and had even yet never thought of showing to their fair friends the many artificial and somewhat dilapidated curiosities of the place, before these glorious scenes of creation were entirely gone through. At last, however, new light rose on their minds. They took counsel with the guide: he contrived forthwith to expedite their voyage, and all looked on it as the most blissful they had yet undertaken. They could now hope and expect, after so many interrupted joys, to spend three whole heavenly days assembled together in a sequestered abode.

And here we cannot but bestow on this guide our high commendation: he belonged to that nimble, active, dexterous class, who, in attendance on successive parties, often travel the same roads; perfectly

acquainted with the conveniences and inconveniences on all of them, they understand how to use the one and evade the other, and, without leaving their own profit out of sight, still to conduct their patrons more cheaply and pleasantly through the country than without such aid would have been possible.

At this time, also, a sufficient female train, belonging to our dames, for the first time stepped forth in decided activity; and the fair widow could now make it one of her conditions, that the friends were to remain with her as guests, and content themselves with what she called her moderate entertainment. In this point, too, all prospered; for the cunning functionary had, on this occasion as on others, contrived to make so good a use of the letters and introductions which his heroines had brought with them, that, the owner of the place they were now about to visit being absent, both castle and garden, kitchen included, were thrown open for the service of the strangers, — nay, some prospect was held out, even of the cellar. All things coöperated so harmoniously, that our wanderers from the very first moment felt themselves as if at home, as if born lords of this paradise.

The whole luggage of the party was now carried to the island, an arrangement producing much convenience to all; though the chief advantage aimed at was, that the portfolios of our artist, now for the first time all collected together, might afford him means to exhibit in continuous sequence to his fair hostesses the route he had followed. This task was undertaken by all parties with delight. Not that they proceeded in the common style of amateur and artist, mutually eulogising: here was a gifted man, rewarded by the most sincere and judicious praise. But that we fall not into the suspicion of attempting, with general phrases, to palm on credulous readers what we could not openly show them, let us here insert the judgment

of a critic, who some years afterward viewed with studious admiration both the pieces here in question, and the others of a like or similar sort by the same hand.

"He succeeds in representing the cheerful repose of lake-prospects, where houses in friendly approximation, imaging themselves in the clear wave, seem as if bathing in its depths; shores encircled with green hills, behind which rise forest mountains, and icy peaks of glaciers. The tone of colouring in such scenes is gay, mirthfully clear; the distances, as if overflowed with softening vapour, which, from watered hollows and river valleys, mounts up grayer and mistier, and indicates their windings. No less is the master's art to be praised in views from valleys lying nearer the high Alpine ranges, where declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown, and fresh streams roll hastily along by the foot of rocks.

"With exquisite skill, in the deep, shady trees of the foreground, he gives the distinctive character of the several species; satisfying us in the form of the whole, as in the structure of the branches and the details of the leaves, — no less so in the fresh green, with its manifold shadings, where soft airs appear as if fanning us with benignant breath, and the lights as if thereby put in motion.

"In the middle ground his lively green tone grows fainter by degrees, and at last, on the more distant mountain tops, passing into weak violet, weds itself with the blue of the sky. But our artist is, above all, happy in his paintings of high Alpine regions; in seizing the simple greatness and stillness of their character; the wide pastures on the slopes, clothed with the freshest green, where dark, solitary firs stand forth from the grassy carpet; and from high cliffs foaming brooks rush down. Whether he relieve his pasturages with grazing cattle, or the narrow, winding, rocky path

with mules and laden packhorses, he paints all with equal truth and richness: still introduced in the proper place, and not in too great copiousness, they decorate and enliven these scenes without interrupting, without lessening, their peaceful solitude. The execution testifies a master's hand, — easy with a few sure strokes, and yet complete. In his later pieces he employed glittering English, permanent colours on paper: these pictures, accordingly, are of preëminently blooming tone, cheerful, yet, at the same time, strong and sated.

"His views of deep mountain chasms, where round and round nothing fronts us but dead rock; where, in the abyss, overspanned by its bold arch, the wild stream rages, — are, indeed, of less attraction than the former; yet their truth excites us; we admire the great effect of the whole, produced at so little cost, by a few expressive strokes, and masses of local colours.

"With no less accuracy of character can he represent the regions of the topmost Alpine ranges, where neither tree nor shrub any more appears; but only, amid the rocky teeth and snow summits, a few sunny spots clothe themselves with a soft sward. Beautiful and balmy and inviting as he colours these spots, he has here wisely forborne to introduce grazing herds; for these regions give food only to the chamois, and a perilous employment to the wild-hay-men.

"We shall not deviate from our purpose of bringing the condition of these waste scenes as close as possible to the conception of our readers, if to this word, wild-hay-man, or *Wildheuer*, we subjoin a short explanation. It is a name given to the poorer inhabitants of the upland Alpine ranges, who occupy themselves in making hay from such grassy spots as are inaccessible to cattle. For this purpose they climb, with cramps on their feet, the steepest and most dangerous cliffs; or from high crags let themselves down by ropes when this is necessary, and so reach these grassy patches. The grass

once cut and dried to hay, they throw it down from the heights into the deeper valleys; where, being collected together, it is sold to cattle-owners, with whom, on account of its superior quality, it finds a ready market."

These paintings, which must have gratified and attracted any eye, were viewed by Hilaria, in particular, with great attention; and from her observations it became clear, that, in this department, she herself was no stranger. To the artist, least of all, did this continue secret: nor could approval from any one have been more precious to him than from this most graceful of all persons. Her companion, therefore, kept silence no longer, but blamed Hilaria for not coming forward with her own accomplishments, but lingering in this case as she always did, — now where the question was not of being praised or blamed, but of being instructed. A fairer opportunity, she said, might not easily occur.

And now it came to light, when she was thus forced to exhibit her portfolios, what a talent was lying hid behind this still and most lovely nature: the capacity had been derived from birth, and diligently cultivated by practice. She possessed a true eye; a delicate hand, such as women, accustomed to use it in their dressing and decorating operations, find available in higher art. You might, doubtless, observe unsureness in the strokes, and, in consequence, a too undecided character in the objects: but you could not help admiring the most faithful execution; though the whole was not seized in its happiest effect, not grouped and adjusted with the skill of an artist. She is afraid, you would say, of profaning her object, if she keep not completely true to it; hence she becomes precise and stiff, and loses herself in details.

But now, by the great, free talent, by the bold hand

of the artist, she feels rising, awakening within her, whatever genuine feeling and taste had till now slumbered in her mind: she perceives that she has but to take heart, and earnestly and punctually to follow some fundamental maxims which the artist, with penetrating judgment and friendly importunity, is repeating, and impressing on her. That sureness of stroke comes of its own accord; she by degrees dwells less on the parts than on the whole: and thus the fairest capability rises on a sudden to fulfilment; as a rosebud, which in the evening we passed by unobservant, breaks forth in the morning at sunrise before our face; and the living, quivering movement of this lordly blossom, struggling out to the light, seems almost visible before our eyes.

Nor did this intellectual culture remain without moral effects; for, on a pure spirit, it produces a magic impression to be conscious of that heartfelt thankfulness natural toward any one to whom it stands indebted for decisive instruction. In this case it was the first glad emotion which had risen in Hilaria's soul for many a week. To see this lordly world lying round her day after day, and now at once to feel the instantly acquired, more perfect gift of representing it! What delight in figures and tints, to be approaching nearer the Unspeakable! She felt herself surprised as with a new youth, and could not refuse a peculiar kindliness to the man who had procured for her such happiness.

Thus did the two sit together: you could scarcely have determined whether he were readier in communicating secret advantages in art, or she in seizing them and turning them to practice. The happiest rivalry, such as too seldom rises between scholar and master, here took place. Many a time you might observe the friend preparing with some decisive stroke to influence her drawing; which she, on the other hand, would gently decline, hastening to do the wished, the neces-

sary, of her own accord, and always to her master's astonishment.

The fair widow, in the meanwhile, walked along the terraces with Wilhelm, under cypresses and pines, now under vine, now under orange groves, and at last could not but fulfil the faintly indicated wish of her new friend, and disclose to him the strange entanglement by which the two fair pilgrims, cut off from their former ties, and straitly united to one another, had been sent forth to wander over the world.

Wilhelm, who wanted not the gift of accurately noting what he saw, took down her narrative some time afterward in writing: this, as he compiled it and transmitted it by Hersilia to Natalia, we purpose by and by communicating to our readers.

The last evening was now come; and a rising, most clear, full moon concealed the transition from day to night. The party had assembled and seated themselves on one of the highest terraces, to see distinct and unimpeded, and glittering in the sheen of east and west, the peaceful lake, hidden partly in its length, but visible over all its breadth.

Whatever in such circumstances might be talked of, it was natural once more to repeat the hundred times repeated; to mention the beauties of this sky, of this water, of this land, under the influences of a strong sun and milder moon, — nay, exclusively and lyrically to recognise and describe them.

But what none of them uttered, what each durst scarcely avow to himself, was the deep, mournful feeling which, stronger or weaker, but with equal truth and tenderness, was beating in every bosom. The presentiment of parting diffused itself over present union: a gradual stagnation was becoming almost painful.

Then at last the singer roused himself, summoned up his resolution; with strong tones, preluding on his

instrument; heedless of the former well-meant reserve. Mignon's figure, with the first soft song of the gentle child, were hovering before him. Passionately hurried over the limits, with longing touch awakening the sweetly sounding strings, he began to raise, —

> "Dost know the land where citrons, lemons, grow,
> Gold oranges 'neath dusky foliage . . ."

Hilaria rose in deepest agitation, and hurried away, veiling her face: our fair widow, with a motion of refusal, waved her hand toward the singer; while she caught Wilhelm's arm with the other. The perplexed and half-unconscious youth followed Hilaria: Wilhelm, by his more considerate guide, was led after them. And now, when they stood all four under the high moonshine, the general emotion was no longer to be concealed. The women threw themselves into each other's arms; the men embraced each other; and Luna was witness of the noblest, chastest tears. Some recollection slowly returned: they forced themselves asunder, silent, under strange feelings and wishes, from which hope was already cut off. And now our artist, whom his friend dragged with him, felt himself here under the void heaven, in the solemn, lovely hour of night, initiated in the first stage of renunciation, which those friends had already passed through, though they now saw themselves again in danger of being sharply tried.

Not till late had the young men gone to rest; awakening in the early morning, they took heart; thought themselves now strong enough for a farewell to this paradise; devised many plans for still, without violation of duty, at least lingering in the pleasant neighbourhood.

While purposing to introduce their projects to this effect, they were cut short by intelligence, that, with

the earliest break of day, the ladies had departed. A letter from the hand of our Queen of Hearts gave them more precise information. You might have doubted whether sense rather than goodness, love rather than friendship, acknowledgment of merit rather than soft, bashful favour, was expressed in it. But, alas! in the conclusion stood the hard request, that our two wanderers were neither to follow their heroines, nor anywhere to seek them; nay, if they chanced to see each other, they were faithfully to avoid meeting.

And now the paradise, as if by the touch of an enchanter's rod, was changed for our friends into an utter desert; and certainly they would have smiled at themselves had they perceived at this moment how unjust and unthankful they were on a sudden become to so fair and remarkable a scene. No self-seeking hypochondriac could so sharply and spitefully have rated and censured the decay of the buildings, the neglected condition of the walls, the weathered aspect of the towers, the grassy obstruction of the walks, the perishing of the trees, the mossiness and mouldering of the artificial grottos, and whatever else of that sort was to be observed, as our two travellers now did. By degrees, however, they settled themselves as circumstances would admit: the artist carefully packed up his work; they both set sail; Wilhelm accompanying him to the upper quarter of the lake, where, by previous agreement, the former set forth on his way to Natalia, to introduce her by his fair landscape-papers into scenes which, perhaps, she might not soon have an opportunity of viewing with her eyes. He was at the same time commissioned to inform her confessionally of the late incident, which had reduced him to a state such that he might be received with hearty kindness by the confederates in the vow of renunciation, and with soft, friendly treatment in the midst of them, be comforted if he could not be healed.

CHAPTER XIV.

In this division of our work, the exculpatory "Word from the Editor" might have been more requisite than even in the foregoing chapter; for there, though we had not the paintings of the master and his fair scholar, on which all depended, to exhibit before our readers, and could neither make the perfection of the finished artist, nor the commencing stintedness nor rapid development of the art-loving beauty, visible to their eyes, yet still the description might not be altogether inefficient, and many genial and thought-exalting matters remained to be imparted. But here, where the business in hand is a great object, which one could have wished to see treated in the most precise manner, there is, unhappily, too little noted down; and we cannot hope that a complete view will be attained from our communications.

Again, it is to be observed, that in the novel, as in universal history, we have to struggle with uncertain computations of time, and cannot always decisively fix what has happened sooner, and what later. We shall hold, therefore, by the surest points.

That a year must have passed since Wilhelm left the pedagogic province is rendered certain by the circumstance that we now meet him at the festival to which he had been invited: but as our wandering renunciants sometimes unexpectedly dive down and vanish from our sight, and then again emerge into

view at a place where they were not looked for, it cannot be determined with certainty what track they have followed in the interim.

Now, however, the traveller advances from the side of the plain country into the pedagogic province: he comes over fields and pasturages; skirts, on the dry lea, many a little freshet; sees bushy rather than woody hills; a free prospect on all sides, over a surface but little undulated. On such tracks, he did not long doubt that he was in the horse-producing region; and accordingly he failed not here and there to observe greater or smaller herds of mares and foals. But all at once the horizon darkens with a fierce cloud of dust, which, rapidly swelling nearer and nearer, covers all the breadth of the space, yet at last, rent asunder by a sharp side wind, is forced to disclose its interior tumult.

At full gallop rushes forward a vast multitude of these noble animals, guided and held together by mounted keepers. The monstrous hurly-burly whirls past the wanderer: a fair boy among the keepers looks at him with surprise, pulls in, leaps down, and embraces his father.

Now commences a questioning and answering: the boy relates that an agricultural life had not agreed with him; the harvest-home he had, indeed, found delightful, but the subsequent arrangements, the ploughing and digging, by no means so. This the superiors remark, and observe at the same time that he likes to employ himself with animals: they direct him to the useful and necessary domestic breeds, try him as a sequestered herdsman and keeper, and at last promote him to the more lively equestrian occupation, where accordingly he now, himself a young foal, has to watch over foals, and to forward their good nourishment and training under the oversight of skilful comrades.

Father and son, following the herd by various lone-

lying spacious farmyards, reached the town, or hamlet, near which the great annual market was held. Here rages an incredible confusion, in which it is hard to determine whether merchants or wares raise more dust. From all countries, purchasers assemble here to procure animals of noble blood and careful training: all the languages of the earth, you would fancy, meet your ear. Amid all this hubbub, too, rises the lively sound of powerful wind instruments: everything bespeaks motion, vigour, and life.

The wanderer meets his overseer of last year, who presents him to the others: he is even introduced to one of the Three, and by him, though only in passing, paternally and expressively saluted.

Wilhelm, here again observing an example of exclusive culture and life-leading, expresses a desire to know in what else the pupils are practised, by way of counterpoise, that so in this wild, and, to a certain degree, savage occupation of feeding animals, the youth may not himself roughen into an animal. And, in answer, he is gratified to learn, that precisely with this violent and rugged-looking occupation the softest in the world is united, — the learning and practising of languages.

"To this," it was said, "we have been induced by the circumstance, that there are youths from all quarters of the world assembled here; now, to prevent them from uniting, as usually happens when abroad, into national knots, and forming exclusive parties, we endeavour by a free communication of speech to approximate them.

"Indeed, a general acquaintance with languages is here in some degree rendered necessary; since, in our yearly market festivals, every foreigner wishes to converse in his own tones and idiom, and, in the course of cheapening and purchasing, to proceed with all possible convenience. That no Babylonish confusion of tongues,

however, no corruption of speech, may arise from this practice, we employ a different language month by month, throughout the year; according to the maxim, that, in learning anything, its first principles alone should be taught by constraint.

"We look upon our scholars," said the overseer, "as so many swimmers, who, in the element which threatened to swallow them, feel with astonishment that they are lighter, that it bears and carries them forward; and so it is with everything that man undertakes.

"However, if any one of our young men show a special inclination for this or the other language, we neglect not, in the midst of this tumultuous-looking life, which nevertheless offers very many quiet, idly solitary, nay, tedious hours, to provide for his true and substantial instruction. Our riding grammarians, among whom there are even some pedagogues, you would be surprised to discover among these bearded and beardless centaurs. Your Felix has turned himself to Italian; and, in the monotonous solitude of his herdsman life, you shall hear him send forth many a dainty song with proper feeling and taste. Practical activity and expertness are far more compatible with sufficient intellectual culture than is generally supposed."

Each of these districts was celebrating its peculiar festival, so the guest was now conducted to the instrumental music department. This tract, skirted by the level country, began from its very border to exhibit kind and beautifully changing valleys; little trim woods; soft brooks, by the side of which, among the sward, here and there a mossy crag modestly stood forth. Scattered, bush-encircled dwellings you might see on the hillsides; in soft hollows, the houses clustered nearer together. Those gracefully separated cottages lay so far apart, that neither tones nor mistones could be heard from one to the other.

They now approached a wide space, begirt with

buildings and shady trees, where crowded, man on man, all seemed on the stretch of expectation and attention. Just as the stranger entered, there was sent forth from all the instruments a grand symphony, the full, rich power and tenderness of which he could not but admire. Opposite the spacious main orchestra was a smaller one, which failed not to attract his notice: here stood various younger and elder scholars: each held his instrument in readiness without playing; these were they who as yet could not, or durst not, join in with the whole. It was interesting to observe how they stood, as it were, on the start; and our friend was informed that such a festival seldom passed over without some one or other of them suddenly developing his talent.

As, among the instrumental, music singing was now introduced, no doubt could remain that this also was favoured. To the question, What other sort of culture was here blended in kind union with the chief employment, our wanderer learned, in reply, that it was poetry, and of the lyrical kind. In this matter it appeared their main concern was, that both arts should be developed, each for itself and from itself, but then also in contrast and combination with each other. The scholars were first instructed in each according to its own limitations, then taught how the two reciprocally limit, and again reciprocally free each other.

To poetical rhythm the musical artist opposes measure of tone, and movement of tone. But here the mastery of Music over Poesy soon shows itself; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still for the musician few syllables are decidedly short or long: at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythmer, — nay, change prose itself into song; from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves: and the poet would soon feel himself an-

nihilated if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence, and, now in the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in the mind.

The singers to be met with here are mostly poets themselves. Dancing also is taught in its fundamental principles, that so all these accomplishments may regularly spread themselves into every district.

The guest, on being led across the next boundary, at once perceived an altogether different mode of building. The houses were no longer scattered into separation, no longer in the shape of cottages: they stood regularly united, beautiful in their exterior, spacious, convenient, and elegant within; you here saw an unconfined, well-built, stately town, corresponding to the scene it stood in. Here the plastic arts, and the trades akin to them have their home; and a peculiar silence reigns over these spaces.

The plastic artist, it is true, must still figure himself as standing in relation to all that lives and moves among men; but his occupation is solitary: and yet, by the strangest contradiction, there is, perhaps, no other that so decidedly requires a living accompaniment and society. Now, here, in that circle, is each in silence forming shapes that are for ever to engage the eyes of men: a holiday stillness reigns over the whole scene; and did you not here and there catch the picking of stone-hewers, and the measured stroke of carpenters, who are now busily employed in finishing a lordly edifice, the air were unmoved by any sound.

Our wanderer was struck, moreover, by the earnestness, the singular rigour, with which beginners, as well as more advanced pupils, were treated: it seemed as if no one, by his own power and judgment, accomplished anything, but as if a secret spirit, striving toward one single great aim, pervaded and vivified them all. No-

where did you observe a scheme or sketch: every stroke was drawn with forethought. As the wanderer inquired of his guide the reason of this peculiar procedure, he was told, "That imagination was, in itself, a vague, unstable power, which the whole merit of the plastic artist consisted in more and more determining, fixing, nay, at last exalting to visible presence."

The necessity for sure principles in other arts was mentioned. "Would the musician," it was said, "permit his scholar to dash wildly over the strings, — nay, to invent bars and intervals for himself at his own good pleasure? Here it is palpable that nothing can be left to the caprice of the learner: the element he is to work in is irrevocably given; the implement he is to wield is put into his hands; nay, the very way and manner of his using it, I mean the changing of the fingers, he finds prescribed to him; so ordered that the one part of his hand shall give place to the other, and each prepare the proper path for its follower: by such determinate coöperation only can the impossible at last become possible.

"But what chiefly vindicates the practice of strict requisitions, of decided laws, is that genius, that native talent, is precisely the readiest to seize them, and yield them willing obedience. It is only the half-gifted that would wish to put his own contracted singularity in the place of the unconditional whole, and justify his false attempts under cover of an unconstrainable originality and independence. To this we grant no currency: we guard our scholars from all such misconceptions, whereby a large portion of life, nay, often the whole of life, is apt to be perplexed and disjointed.

"With genius we love most to be concerned, for this is animated just by that good spirit of quickly recognising what is profitable for it. Genius understands that Art is called Art, because it is *not* Nature. Genius

bends itself to respect even toward what may be named conventional; for what is this but agreeing, as the most distinguished men have agreed, to regard the unalterable, the indispensable, as the best? And does not such submission always turn to good account?

"Here, too, as in all our departments, to the great assistance of the teachers, our three reverences and their signs, with some changes suitable to the nature of the main employment, have been introduced and inculcated."

The wanderer, in his further survey, was surprised to observe that the town seemed still extending; street unfolding itself from street, and so offering the most varied prospects. The exterior of the edifices corresponded to their destination: they were dignified and stately, not so much magnificent as beautiful. To the nobler and more earnest buildings in the centre of the town the more cheerful were harmoniously appended; till, farther out, gay, decorated suburbs, in graceful style, stretched forth into the country, and at last separated into garden-houses.

The stranger could not fail to remark that the dwellings of the musicians in the preceding district were by no means to be compared, in beauty or size, with the present, which painters, statuaries, and architects inhabited. He was told that this arose from the nature of the thing. The musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being, that so he may turn it outward. The sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward to the outward. Inversely, again, the plastic artist has to live in the external world, and to manifest his inward being, as it were, unconsciously, in and upon what is outward. Plastic artists should dwell like kings and gods: how else are they to build and decorate for kings and gods? They must at last so raise themselves above the com-

mon that the whole mass of a people may feel itself ennobled in and by their works.

Our friend then begged an explanation of another paradox. Why, at this time, so festive, so enlivening, so tumultuously excited, in the other regions, the greatest stillness prevailed here, and all labours were continued?

"A plastic artist," it was answered, "needs no festival. When he has accomplished something excellent it stands, as it has long done before his own eye, now at last before the eye of the world. In his task he needed no repetition, no new effort, no fresh success; whereas the musician constantly afflicts himself with all this: and to him, therefore, the most splendid festival, in the most numerous assemblage, should not be refused."

"Yet, at such a season," replied Wilhelm, "something like an exhibition might be desirable, in which it would be pleasant to inspect and judge the triennial progress of your best pupils."

"In other places," it was answered, "an exhibition may be necessary: with us it is not. Our whole being and nature is exhibition. Look round you at these buildings of every sort, all erected by our pupils, and this not without plans, a hundred times talked of and meditated; for the builder must not grope and experiment: what is to continue standing must stand rightly, and satisfy, if not for ever, yet at least for a long space of time. If we cannot help *committing* errors, we must *build* none.

"With statuaries we proceed more laxly, most so of all with painters: to both we give liberty to try this and that, each in his own way. It stands in their power to select, in the interior or exterior compartments of edifices in public places, some space which they may incline to decorate. They give forth their ideas; and, if these are in some degree to be approved

of, the completion of them is permitted, and this in two ways: either with liberty, sooner or later, to remove the work, should it come to displease the artist; or with the condition that what is once set up shall remain unalterable in its place. Most part choose the first of these offers, retaining in their own hands this power of removal; and in the performance they constantly avail themselves of the best advice. The second case occurs seldomer; and we then observe that the artist trusts less to himself, holds long conferences with companions and critics, and by this means produces works really estimable, and deserving to endure."

After all this our traveller neglected not to ask, What other species of instruction was combined with the main one here? and received for answer, that it was poetry, and of the epic sort.

This to our friend must have seemed a little singular, when he heard further that the pupils were not allowed to read or hear any finished poems by ancient or modern poets. "We merely impart to them," it was said, "a series of mythuses, traditions, and legends, in the most laconic form. And now, from the pictorial or poetic execution of these subjects, we at once discover the peculiar productive gift of the genius devoted to the one or the other art. Both poet and painter thus labour at the same fountain; and each endeavours to draw off the water to his own side to his own advantage, and attain his own required objects with it; in which he succeeds much better than if he attempted again to fashion something that has been fashioned already."

The traveller himself had an opportunity of seeing how this was accomplished: several painters were busy in a room; a gay young friend was relating with great minuteness a very simple story; so that he employed almost as many words as the others did pencil-strokes, to complete the same exhibition, and round it fully off.

He was told, that, in working together, the friends

were wont to carry on much pleasant conversation; and that in this way several improvisatori had unfolded their gifts, and succeeded in exciting great enthusiasm for this twofold mode of representation.

Our friend now reverted his inquiries to the subject of plastic art. "You have no exhibition," said he, "and therefore, I suppose, give no prize either?"

"No," said the other, "we do not; but here, close by, we can show you something which we reckon more useful."

They entered a large hall, appropriately lighted from above: a wide circle of busy artists first attracted the eye; and from the midst of these rose a colossal group of figures, elevated with pleasing effect in the centre of the place. Male and female forms, of gigantic power, in violent postures, reminded one of that lordly fight between heroic youths and Amazons, wherein hate and enmity at last issue in mutually regretful alliance. This strikingly intertwisted piece of art presented an equally favourable aspect from every point of its circuit. In a wide ring round it were many artists sitting and standing, each occupied in his own way, — the painter at his easel, the drawer at his sketch-board: some were modelling it in full, others in bas-relief: there were even architects engaged in planning the pedestal, on which a similar group, when wrought in marble, was to be erected. Each individual was proceeding by his own method in this task: painters and drawers were bringing out the group to a plain surface, careful, however, not to destroy its figures, but to retain as much of it as possible. In the same manner were works in bas-relief going forward. One man only had repeated the whole group in a miniature scale, and in certain movements and arrangements of limbs he really seemed to have surpassed his model.

And now it came out that this man was the maker of the model; who, before working it in marble, had

here submitted his performance, not to a critical, but to a practical trial, and by accurately observing whatever any of his fellow artists in his special department and way of thought might notice, retain, or alter in the group, was purposing, in subsequent consideration, to turn all this to his own profit: so that, when at length the grand work stood finished in marble, though undertaken, planned, and executed by one, it might seem to belong to all.

The greatest silence reigned throughout this apartment also; but the superior raised his voice, and cried, "Is there any of you, then, who, in presence of this stationary work, can, with gifted words, so awaken our imagination, that all we here see concreted shall again become fluid, without losing its character, and so convince us that what our artist has here laid hold of was indeed the worthiest?"

Called forth on all sides by name, a fair youth laid down his work, and, as he stepped forward, began a quiet speech, seemingly intended merely to describe the present group of figures; but erelong he cast himself into the region of poetry, plunged into the middle of the action, and ruled this element like a master: by degrees his representation so swelled and mounted by lordly words and gestures, that the rigid group seemed actually to move about its axis, and the number of its figures to be doubled and trebled. Wilhelm stood enraptured, and at last exclaimed, "Can we now forbear passing over into song itself, into rhythmic melody?"

"This I should wish to deprecate," said the overseer; "for, if our excellent statuary will be candid, he will confess to us that our poet scarcely pleases him; and this because their arts lie in the most opposite regions: on the other hand, I durst bet, that here and there a painter has not failed to appropriate some living touches from the speech.

"A soft, kindly song, however, I could wish our

friend to hear: there is one, for instance, which you sing to an air so lovely and earnest; it turns on art in general, and I myself never listen to it without pleasure."

After a pause, in which they beckoned to each other, and settled their arrangements by signs, the following heart and spirit stirring song resounded in stately melody from all sides:

"While inventing and effecting,
Artist by thyself continue long:
The result art thou expecting,
Haste and see it in the throng.
Here in others look, discover
What thy own life's course has been;
And thy deeds of years past over,
In thy fellow man be seen.

"The devising, the uniting,
What and how the forms shall be,
One thing will the other lighten,
And at last comes joy to thee!
Wise and true what thou impartest,
Fairly shaped, and softly done:
Thus of old the cunning artist
Artist-like his glory won.

"As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim;
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning still the same:
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And, serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness.

"While the orator, the singer,
Pour their hearts in rhyme and prose,
'Neath the painter's busy finger
Shall bloom forth Life's cheerful rose,
Girt with sisters, in the middle,
And with Autumn's fruitage blent;

That of life's mysterious riddle
Some short glimpses may be hent.

"Thousand-fold and graceful, show thou
Form from forms evolving fair;
And of man's bright image know thou
That a God once tarried there:
And, whate'er your tasks or prizes,
Stand as brethren one and all;
While, like song, sweet incense rises
From the altar at your call."

All this Wilhelm could not but let pass, though it must have seemed paradoxical enough, and, had he not seen it with his eyes, might even have appeared impossible. But now, when it was explained and pointed out to him, openly and freely, and in fair sequence, he scarcely needed to put any further question on the subject. However, he at last addressed his conductor as follows: "I see here a most prudent provision made for much that is desirable in life; but tell me further, which of your regions exhibits a similar attention to dramatic poetry, and where could I instruct myself in that matter? I have looked round over all your edifices, and observed none that seemed destined for such an object."

"In reply to this question, we must not hide from you, that, in our whole province, there is no such edifice to be seen. The drama presupposes the existence of an idle multitude, perhaps even of a populace; and no such class finds harbour with us: for birds of that feather, when they do not in spleen forsake us of their own accord, we soon take care to conduct over the marches. Doubt not, however, that in our Institution, so universal in its character, this point was carefully meditated; but no region could be found for the purpose, everywhere some important scruple came in the way. Indeed, who among our pupils could readily determine, with pretended mirth or hypocritical sor-

row, to excite in the rest a feeling untrue in itself, and alien to the moment, for the sake of calling forth an always dubious satisfaction? Such juggleries we reckoned in all cases dangerous, and could not reconcile with our earnest objects."

"It is said, however," answered Wilhelm, "that this far-stretching art promotes all the rest of whatever sort."

"Nowise," answered the other: "it employs the rest, but spoils them. I do not blame a player for uniting himself with a painter; but the painter, in such society, is lost. Without any conscience, the player will lay hold of whatever art or life presents him, and use it for his fugitive objects, indeed, with no small profit: the painter, again, who could wish in return to extract advantage from the theatre, will constantly find himself a loser by it; and so also in the like case will the musician. The combined arts appear to me like a family of sisters, of whom the greater part were inclined to good economy, but one was light-headed, and desirous to appropriate and squander the whole goods and chattels of the household. The theatre is this wasteful sister: it has an ambiguous origin, which in no case, whether as art or trade or amusement, it can wholly conceal."

Wilhelm cast his eyes on the ground with a deep sigh: for all that he had enjoyed or suffered on the stage rose at once before his mind; and he blessed the good men who were wise enough to spare their pupils such pain, and, out of principle and conviction, to banish such errors from their sphere.

His attendant, however, did not leave him long in these meditations, but continued, "As it is our highest and holiest principle, that no talent, no capacity, be misdirected, we cannot hide from ourselves, that, among so large a number, here and there a mimical gift will sometimes decidedly come to light; exhibiting itself in an irresistible desire to ape the characters,

forms, movements, speech, of others. This we certainly do not encourage: but we observe our pupil strictly; and, if he continue faithful to his nature, then we have already established an intercourse with the great theatres of all nations; and so thither we send any youth of tried capability, that, as the duck on the pond, so he on the boards, may be forthwith conducted, full speed, to the future quack-quacking, and gibble-gabbling, of his life."

Wilhelm heard this with patience, but only with half conviction, perhaps with some spleen: for so strangely is man tempered, that he may be persuaded of the worthlessness of any darling object, may turn away from it, nay, even execrate it, but yet will not see it treated in this way by others; and perhaps the spirit of Contradiction, which dwells in all men, never rouses itself more vehemently and stoutly than in such cases.

And the editor of these sheets may himself confess that he lets not this strange passage through his hands without some touch of anger. Has not he, too, in many senses, expended more life and faculty than was right on the theatre? And would these men convince him that this has been an unpardonable error, a fruitless toil?

But we have no time for appending, in splenetic mood, such remembrances and after-feelings to the narrative; for our friend now finds himself agreeably surprised, as one of the Three, and this a particularly prepossessing one, again comes before his eyes. Kind, open meekness, announcing the purest peace of soul, came in its refreshing effluences along with him. Trustfully the wanderer could approach, and feel his trust returned.

Here he now learned that the chief was at present in the sanctuary, instructing, teaching, blessing; while the Three had separated to visit all the regions, and

everywhere, after most thorough information obtained, and conferences with the subordinate overseers, to forward what was in progress, to found what was newly planned, and thereby faithfully discharge their high duty.

This same excellent person now gave him a more comprehensive view of their internal situation and external connections; explained to him the mutual influences of one region on another; and also by what steps, after a longer or a shorter date, a pupil could be transferred from the one to the other. All this harmonised completely with what he already knew. At the same time he was much gratified by the description given of his son, and their further plan of education met with his entire approval.

He was now, by the assistants and overseer, invited to a miners' festival, which was forthwith to be celebrated. The ascent of the mountains was difficult; and Wilhelm fancied he observed that his guide walked even slower toward evening, as if the darkness had not been likely to obstruct their path still more. But, when deep night came round them, this enigma was solved: our wanderer observed little flames come glimmering and wavering forth from many dells and chasms, gradually stretch themselves into lines, and roll over the summits of the mountains. Much kindlier than when a volcano opens, and its belching roar threatens whole countries with destruction, did this fair light appear; and yet, by degrees, it glowed with new brightness; grew stronger, broader, more continuous; glittered like a stream of stars, soft and lovely indeed, yet spreading boldly over all the scene.

After the attendant had a little while enjoyed the surprise of his guest, — for they could clearly enough observe each other, their faces and forms, as well as their path, being illuminated by the light from the distance, — he began, "You see here, in truth, a curious

spectacle: these lights which, day and night, the whole year over, gleam and work under ground, forwarding the acquisition of concealed and scarcely attainable treasures, these now mount and well forth from their abysses, and gladden the upper night. Scarcely could one anywhere enjoy so brave a review as here, where this most useful occupation, which, in its subterranean concealment, is dispersed and hidden from the eye, rises before us in its full completeness, and bespeaks a great secret combination."

Amid such speeches and thoughts they had reached the spot where these fire-brooks poured themselves into a sea of flame surrounding a well-lighted insular space. The wanderer placed himself in the dazzling circle, within which glittering lights by thousands formed an imposing contrast with the miners, ranked round it like a dark wall. Forthwith arose the gayest music as accompaniment to becoming songs. Hollow masses of rock came forward on machinery, and opened a resplendent interior to the eye of the delighted spectator. Mimetic exhibitions, and whatever else at such a moment can gratify the multitude, combined with all this at once to excite and to satisfy a cheerful attention.

But with what astonishment was Wilhelm filled when, on being introduced to the superiors, he observed friend Jarno in solemn, stately robes among the number. "Not in vain," cried Jarno, "have I changed my former name with the more expressive title of Montan: thou findest me here initiated in mountain and cave; and now, if questioned, I could disclose and explain to thee much that a year ago was still a riddle to myself."

At this point our manuscripts forsake us: of the conversation of these friends there is nothing specified; as little can we discover the connection of what follows

next, — an incident of which in the same bundle, in the same paper, we find brief notice: That a meeting had taken place between our wanderer and Lothario and the abbé. Unhappily, in this, as in so many other leaves, the date has been neglected.

Some passages, introduced rather in the way of exclamation than of narrative, point to the high meaning of renunciation, by which alone the first real entrance into life is conceivable. Then we come upon a map, marked with several arrows pointing toward one another; and along with this we find, in a certain sequence, several days of the month written down: so that we might fancy ourselves again walking in the real world, and moderately certain as to the next part of our friend's route, were it not that here also various marks and ciphers, appended in different ways, awoke some fear that a secret meaning at the bottom of it would for ever lie hid from us.

But what drives us out of all historical composure is the strange circumstance, that, immediately on all this, there comes in the most improbable narration, of a sort like those tales whereby you long keep the hearer's curiosity on the stretch with a series of wonders, and at last explain, That you were talking of a dream. However, we shall communicate without change what lies before us:

"If hitherto we had continued in the metalliferous part of the mountains, which, externally, is soft, and by no means of a wild aspect, I was now conducted through precipitous and scarcely passable rocks and chasms: at last I gained the topmost summit, — a cliff, the peak of which afforded room only for a single person, who, if he looked down from it into the horrid depth, might see furious mountain torrents foaming through black abysses. In the present case I looked down without giddiness or terror, for I was light of

heart; but now my attention fixed itself on some huge crags rising opposite me, precipitous like my own, yet offering on their summits a larger space of level. Though parted by a monstrous chasm, the jutting masses came so near together that I could distinctly enough, with the naked eye, observe several persons assembled on the summit. They were, for most part, ladies, one of whom, coming forward to the very verge, awakened in me double and treble anxiety; as I became completely convinced that it was Natalia herself. The danger of such an unexpected interview increased every moment; but it grew boundless when a perspective came before my eyes, and brought me over to her, and her over to me. There is something magical at all times in perspectives. Were we not accustomed from youth to look through them, we should shudder and tremble every time we put them to our eyes. It is we who are looking, and it is not we: a being it is whose organs are raised to a higher pitch, whose limitations are done away, who has become entitled to stretch forth into infinitude.

"When, for example, we observe far-distant persons, by means of such an instrument, and see them in unsuspicious thoughtlessness following their business as if they were solitary and unwatched, we could almost feel afraid lest they might discover us, and indignantly upbraid us for our treacherous curiosity.

"And so likewise did I, hemmed in by a strange feeling, waver between proximity and distance, and from instant to instant alternate between the two.

"Those others in their turn had observed us, as a signal with a white handkerchief put beyond a doubt. For a moment I delayed in my answer to it, finding myself thus close beside the being whom I adored. This is her pure, benign form: these are her taper arms, which once so helpfully appeared before me, after unblessed sorrows and perplexities, and at last,

too, though but for moments, sympathisingly embraced me.

"I saw distinctly enough that she, too, had a perspective, and was looking over to me; and I failed not, by such tokens as stood at my command, to express the profession of a true and heartfelt attachment.

"And as experience teaches that remote objects, which we have once clearly recognised through a perspective, afterward appear, even to the naked eye, as if standing shaped in distinct nearness, be it that more accurate knowledge sharpens the sense, or that imagination supplies what is wanting; so now did I see this beloved being as accurately and distinctly as if I could have touched her, though her company continued still irrecognisable. And as I was trampling round my narrow station, struggling toward her the more, the abyss was like to swallow me, had not a helpful hand laid hold of mine, and snatched me at once from my danger and my fairest happiness."

CHAPTER XV.

HERE at last we again step on firmer ground, the localities of which we can settle with some probability; though still here and there on our way there occur a few uncertainties, which it is not in our power altogether to clear up.

As Wilhelm, in order to reach any point of the line marked out by the first arrow, had to proceed obliquely through the country, he found himself necessitated to perform the journey on foot, leaving his luggage to be carried after him. For this walk of his, however, he was richly rewarded; meeting at every step, quite unexpectedly, with loveliest tracts of scenery. They were of that sort which the last slope of a mountain region forms in its meeting with the plain country; bushy hills, their soft declivities employed in domestic use; all level spaces green; nowhere aught steep, unfruitful, or unploughed to be noticed. Erelong he reached the main valley, into which the side-waters flowed; and this, too, was carefully cultivated, graceful when you looked over it, with taper trees marking the bends of the river, and of the brooks which poured into it. On looking at his map, his indicator, he observed with surprise that the line drawn for him cut directly through this valley; so that, in the first place, he was at least on the right road.

An old castle, in good repair, and seemingly built at different periods, stood forth on a bushy hill, at the foot of which a gay hamlet stretched along, with its

large inn rising prominent among the other houses. Hither he proceeded, and was received by the landlord kindly enough, yet with an excuse that he could not be admitted, unless by the permission of a party who had hired the whole establishment for a time; on which account he, the landlord, was under the necessity of sending all his guests to the older inn, which lay farther up the hamlet. After a short conference, the man seemed to bethink himself, and said, "Indeed, there is no one of them at home even now: but this is Saturday, and the bailiff will not fail to be here soon; he comes every week to settle the accounts of the last, and make arrangements for the next. Truly, there is a fair order reigns among these men, and a pleasure in having to do with them, though they are strict enough; for, if they yield one no great profit, it is sure and constant." He then desired his new guest to amuse himself in the large upper hall, and await what further might occur.

Here Wilhelm, on entering, found a large, clean apartment, except for benches and tables altogether empty. So much the more was he surprised to see a large tablet inserted above one of the doors, with these words marked on it in golden letters, *Ubi homines sunt modi sunt;* which in modern tongue may signify, that, where men combine in society, the way and manner in which they like to be and to continue together is directly established. This motto made our wanderer think: he took it as a good omen; finding here, expressed and confirmed, a principle which he had often, in the course of life, perceived for himself to be furthersome and reasonable. He had not waited long when the bailiff made his appearance; who, being forewarned by the landlord, after a short conversation, and no very special scrutiny, admitted Wilhelm on the following terms: To continue three days; to participate quietly in whatever should occur; and, happen what might, to

ask no questions about the reason; and, at taking leave, to ask none about the score. All this our traveller was obliged to comply with, the deputy not being allowed to yield in a single point.

The bailiff was about retiring, when a sound of vocal music rolled up the stairs: two pretty young men entered singing; and these the bailiff, by a simple sign, gave to understand that their guest was accepted. Without interrupting their song, they kindly saluted the stranger, and continued their duet with the finest grace; showing clearly enough that they were well trained, and complete masters of their art. As Wilhelm testified the most attentive interest, they paused, and inquired, If in his own pedestrian wanderings no song ever occurred to him, which he went along singing by himself? "A good voice," answered Wilhelm, "Nature has in truth denied me: yet I often feel as if a secret Genius were whispering some rhythmic words in my ear; so that, in walking, I move to musical measure; fancying, at the same time, that I hear low tones accompanying some song, which, in one way or another, has pleasantly risen before me."

"If you recollect such a song, write it down for us," said they: "we shall see if we have skill to accompany your singing-demon." He took a leaf from his note-book, and handed them the following lines:

"From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song;
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed:
And thy striving, be 't with loving,
And thy living, be 't in deed!"

After brief study, there arose at once a gay, marching melody, which, in its repetition and restriction still

stepping forward, hurried on the hearer with it: he was in doubt whether this was his own tune, his former theme, or one now for the first time so fitted to the words, that no other movement was conceivable. The singers had for some time pleasantly proceeded in this manner, when two stout young fellows came in, whom, by their accoutrements, you directly recognised as masons; two others, who followed them, being as evidently carpenters. These four, softly laying down their tools, listened to the music, and soon struck in with sure and decided voices; so that to the mind it seemed as if a real wayfaring company were stepping along over hill and valley: and Wilhelm thought he had never heard anything so graceful, so enlivening to heart and mind. This enjoyment, however, was to be increased yet further, and raised to the highest pitch, by the entrance of a gigantic figure, mounting the stairs with a hard, firm tread, which, with all his efforts, he could scarcely moderate. A heavy-laden dorsel he directly placed in the corner: himself he seated on a bench, which beginning to creak under his weight, the others laughed, yet without going wrong in their music. Wilhelm, however, was exceedingly surprised, when, with a huge bass voice, this son of Anak joined in also. The hall quivered; and it was to be observed, that in his part he altered the burden, and sang it thus:

"Life 's no resting, but a moving:
Let thy life be deed on deed!"

Further, you could very soon perceive that he was drawing down the time to a slower step, and forcing the rest to follow him. Of this, when at last they were satisfied and had concluded, they accused him; declaring he had tried to set them wrong.

"Not at all!" cried he: "it is you who tried to set me wrong, to put me out of my own step, which must

be measured and sure, if I am to walk with my loading up hill and down dale, and yet, in the end, arrive at my appointed hour, to satisfy your wants."

One after the other these persons now passed into an adjoining room to the bailiff, and Wilhelm easily observed that they were occupied in settling accounts, — a point, however, as to which he was not allowed at present to inquire further. Two fair, lively boys in the meanwhile entered, and began covering a table in all speed, moderately furnishing it with meat and wine; and the bailiff, coming out, invited them all to sit down along with him. The boys waited, yet forgot not their own concern, but enjoyed their share in a standing posture. Wilhelm recollected witnessing similar scenes during his abode among the players; yet the present company seemed to be of a much more serious cast, constituted, not out of sport, for show, but with a view to important concerns of life.

The conversation of the craftsmen with the bailiff added strength to this conviction. These four active young people, it appeared, were busy in the neighbourhood, where a violent conflagration had destroyed the fairest village in the country; nor did Wilhelm fail to learn that the worthy bailiff was employed in getting timber and other building materials: all which looked the more enigmatical, as none of these persons seemed to be resident here, but in all other points announced themselves as transitory strangers. By way of conclusion to the meal, St. Christopher — such was the name they gave the giant — brought out, for good-night, a dainty glass of wine, which had before been set aside: a gay choral song kept the party still some time together, after they were out of sight; and then Wilhelm was at last conducted to a chamber of the loveliest aspect and situation. The full moon, enlightening a rich plain, was already up; and in the bosom of our wanderer it awoke remembrances of similar

scenes. The spirits of all dear friends hovered past him: especially the image of Lenardo rose in him so vividly, that he might have fancied the man himself was standing before his eyes. All this had prepared him with its kind influences for nightly rest, when, on a sudden, there arose a tone of so strange a nature, that it almost frightened him. It sounded as from a distance, and yet seemed to be in the house itself; for the building quivered many times, and the floors reverberated when the sound rose to its highest pitch. Wilhelm, though his ear was usually delicate in discriminating tones, could make nothing of this: he compared it to the droning roar of a huge organ-pipe, which, for sheer compass, produces no determinate note. Whether this nocturnal terror passed away toward morning, or Wilhelm by degrees became accustomed to the sound, and no longer heeded it, is difficult to discover; at any rate, he fell asleep, and was in due time pleasantly awakened by the rising sun.

Scarcely had one of the boys, who were in waiting, brought him breakfast, when a figure entered, whom he had already noticed last night at supper, without clearly ascertaining his quality. A well-formed, broad-shouldered, yet nimble man, who now, by the implements which he spread out, announced himself as barber, and forthwith prepared for performing his much-desired office on Wilhelm. For the rest, he was quite silent; and with a light hand he went through his task, without once having opened his lips. Wilhelm, therefore, began, and said, "Of your art you are completely master, and I know not that I have ever had a softer razor on my cheeks: at the same time, however, you appear to be a strict observer of the laws of the society."

Roguishly smiling, laying his finger on his lips, the taciturn shaver glided through the door. "By my

sooth!" cried Wilhelm after him, "I think you must be old Redcloak; if not himself, at least a descendant of his: it is lucky for you that you ask no counter service of me; your turn would have been but sorrily done."

No sooner had this curious personage retired than the well-known bailiff came in, inviting our friend to dinner for this day, in words which sounded pretty strange: the BOND, so said the speaker, expressly, gave the stranger welcome, requested his company at dinner, and took pleasure in the hope of being more closely connected with him. Inquiries were then made as to the guest's health, and how he was contented with his entertainment; to all which he could only answer in terms of satisfaction. He would, in truth, have liked much to ask of this man, as previously of the silent barber, some information touching the horrid sound which throughout the night had, if not tormented, at least discomposed him: but, mindful of his engagement, he forebore all questions; hoping, that without importunity, from the good will of the society, or in some other accidental way, he might be informed according to his wishes.

Our friend now, when left alone, began to reflect on the strange person who had sent him this invitation, and knew not well what to make of the matter. To designate one or more superiors by a neuter noun seemed to him a somewhat precarious mode of speech. For the rest, there was such a stillness all round that he could not recollect of ever having passed a stiller Sunday. He went out of doors, and, hearing a sound of bells, walked toward the village. Mass was just over; and, among the villagers and country people crowding out of church, he observed three acquaintances of last night, — a mason, a carpenter, and a boy. Farther on he met among the Protestant worshippers the other corresponding three. How the rest managed

their devotion was unknown to him; but so much he thought himself entitled to conclude, that in this society a full religious toleration was practised.

About mid-day, at the castle gate, he was met by the bailiff, who then conducted him through various halls into a large ante-chamber, and there desired him to take a seat. Many persons passed through into an adjoining hall. Those already known were to be seen among them; St. Christopher himself went by: all saluted the bailiff and the stranger. But what struck our friend most in this affair was, that the whole party seemed to consist of artisans, all dressed in the usual fashion, though extremely neat and clean: a few among the number you might at most, perhaps, have reckoned of the clerk species.

No more guests now making their appearance, the bailiff led our friend through the stately door into a spacious hall. Here a table of immense length had been covered, past the lower end of which he was conducted toward the head, where he saw three persons standing in a cross direction. But what was his astonishment when he approached, and Lenardo, scarcely yet recognised, fell upon his neck. From this surprise he had not recovered when another person, with no less warmth and vivacity, likewise embraced him; announcing himself as our strange Friedrich, Natalia's brother. The rapture of these friends diffused itself over all present: an exclamation of joy and blessing sounded along the whole table. But in a moment, the company being seated, all again became silent; and the repast, served up with a certain solemnity, was enjoyed in like manner.

Toward the conclusion of the ceremony Lenardo gave a sign: two singers rose, and Wilhelm was exceedingly surprised to hear in this place his yesternight's song; which we, for the sake of what follows, shall beg permission to insert once more:

"From the mountains to the champaign,
By the glens and hills along,
Comes a rustling and a tramping,
Comes a motion as of song;
And this undetermined roving
Brings delight, and brings good heed:
And thy striving, be 't with loving,
And thy living, be 't in deed!"

Scarcely had this duet, accompanied by a chorus of agreeable number, approached its conclusion, when two other singers on the opposite side started up impetuously, and, with earnest vehemence, inverted rather than continued the song; to Wilhelm's astonishment, proceeding thus:

"For the tie is snapped asunder,
Trust and loving hope are fled!
Can I tell, in fear and wonder,
With what dangers now bested?
I, cut off from friend and brother,
Like the widow in her woe,
With the one and not the other,
On and on, my way must go!"

The chorus, taking up this strophe, grew more and more numerous, more and more vociferous; and yet the voice of St. Christopher, from the bottom of the table, could still be distinctly recognised among them. The lamentation in the end rose almost to be frightful: a spirit of dispiritment, combining with the skilful execution of the singers, introduced something unnatural into the whole; so that it pained our friend, and almost made him shudder. In truth, they all seemed perfectly of one mind, and as if lamenting their own fate on the eve of a separation. The strange repetitions, the frequent resuscitation of a fatiguing song, at length became dangerous in the eyes of the Bond itself: Lenardo rose; and all in-

stantly sat down, abruptly breaking off their hymn. The other, with friendly words, thus began:

"Indeed, I cannot blame you for continually recalling to your minds the destiny which stands before us all, that so, at any hour, you may be ready for it. If aged and life-weary men have called to their neighbours, Think of dying! we younger and life-loving men may well keep encouraging and reminding one another with the cheerful words, Think of wandering! Yet, withal, of a thing which we either voluntarily undertake, or believe ourselves constrained to, it were well to speak with cheerfulness and moderation. You yourselves know best what, in our situation, is fixed, and what is movable: let us enjoy the former, too, in sprightly and gay tones; and to its success be this parting cup now drunk!" He emptied his glass and sat down: the four singers instantly rose, and in flowing, connected tones, thus began:

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam:
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit:
We are gay whate'er betide.
To give room for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide."

As the chorus struck in with its repetition of these lines, Lenardo rose, with him all the rest. His nod set the whole company into singing movement: those at the lower end marched out, St. Christopher at their head, in pairs through the hall; and the uplifted wanderers' song grew clearer and freer the farther they proceeded; producing at last a particularly good effect when from the terraces of the castle garden you looked down over the broad valley, in whose fulness and beauty you might well have liked to lose yourself.

While the multitude were dispersing this way and that, according to their pleasure, Wilhelm was made acquainted with the third superior. This was the *Amtmann*, by whose kind influence many favours had been done the society; in particular, the castle of his patron, the count, situated among several families of rank, had been given up to their use so long as they might think fit to tarry here.

Toward evening, while the friends were in a farseeing grove, there came a portly figure over the threshold, whom Wilhelm at once recognised as the barber of this morning. To a low, mute bow of the man, Lenardo answered, "You now come, as always, at the right season, and will not delay to entertain us with your talent. I may be allowed," continued he, turning toward Wilhelm, "to give you some knowledge of our society, the Bond of which I may flatter myself that I am. No one enters our circle unless he have some talents to show, which may contribute to the use or enjoyment of society in general. This man is an excellent surgeon; of his skill as a beard-artist you yourself can testify: for these reasons, he is no less welcome than necessary to us. Now, as his employment usually brings with it a great and often burdensome garrulity, he has engaged, for the sake of his own culture, to comply with a certain condition; as, indeed, every one that means to live with us must agree to constrain himself in some particular point, if the greater freedom be left him in all other points. Accordingly, our barber has renounced the use of his tongue, in so far as aught common or casual is to be expressed by it: but, by this means, another gift of speech has been unfolded in him, which acts by forethought, cunningly and pleasurably; I mean the gift of narration.

"His life is rich in wonderful experiences, which he used to split in pieces, babbling of them at wrong

times; but which he now, constrained by silence, repeats and arranges in his quiet thought. This also his power of imagination now forwards, lending life and movement to past occurrences. With no common art and skill, he can relate to us genuine antique tales, or modern stories of the same fabulous cast; thereby, at the right hour, affording us a most pleasant entertainment, when I loose his tongue for him, — which I now do; giving him, at the same time, this praise, that, in the considerable period during which I have known him, he has never once been guilty of a repetition. I cannot but hope, that in the present case, for love and respect to our dear guest, he will especially distinguish himself."

A sprightly cheerfulness spread over Redcloak's face; and, without delay, he began speaking as follows.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW MELUSINA.

"RESPECTED gentlemen! Being aware that preliminary speeches and introductions are not much to your taste, I shall without further talk assure you, that, in the present instance, I hope to fulfil your commission moderately well. From me has many a true history gone forth already, to the high and universal satisfaction of hearers; but to-day I may assert, that I have one to tell which far surpasses the former, and which, though it happened to me several years ago, still disquiets me in recollecting it, nay, still gives hope of some further development.

"By way of introduction, let me confess, that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth, I was no first-rate economist, and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it; but the scale I went upon was too liberal: and after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot.

"Like a gay young blade, it had been from of old my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced.

"One night at dusk, as I was entering the post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach with four horses rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round, and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask if I could help her in anything. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. 'Oh, yes!' said she, 'if you will lift that little box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and bring it in; but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least.' I took out the box with great care: she shut the coach door; we walked up-stairs together, and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night.

"We were now alone in the chamber: she desired me to put the box on the table, which was standing at the wall; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand.

"'Order supper for us two,' said she then: and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission; scarcely deigning, in my pride of heart, to cast even a side-look on landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served: we took our seats opposite each other; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal, and no less with so desirable a sight beside me: nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment.

"Her conversation was pleasant, yet she carefully waived whatever had reference to affection and love.

The cloth was removed: I still lingered, I tried all sorts of manœuvres to get near her, but in vain; she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity which I could not withstand: nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour.

"After a night passed in waking or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early, inquired whether she had ordered horses; and, learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery, and audacity all at once started into motion within me: I rushed toward her, and clasped her in my arms. 'Angelic, irresistible being,' cried I, 'pardon! but it is impossible!'— With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. 'Forbear such outbreakings of a sudden foolish passion,' said she, 'if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials.'

"'Ask of me what thou pleasest, angelic spirit!' cried I, 'but do not drive me to despair.' She answered, with a smile, 'If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out, to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property, that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim.'

"I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart;

I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so, and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take, the places where I was to wait, and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and, for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do.

"On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up: I found the chamber empty, only the box standing on the table where I had laid it.

"The carriage drove up: I carried the box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked, 'But where is the lady?' A child answered, 'She is gone into the town.' I nodded to the people, and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward, passed several stages without alighting, and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed, — the box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it; for such, also, had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded.

"For a while I was able to employ myself with thinking of her, but by degrees the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions: these I soon found, at *tables-*

d'hôte, in coffee-houses, and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living, my money began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse in a fit of passionate gaming, which I had not had the prudence to abandon. Void of money, with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges, uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her, and believe, that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live.

"After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and indeed behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well-bolted door, which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key; but the door-leaves fly up of themselves, and in the light of those burning wax candles enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands; she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her, but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. 'It is pardonable,' said she: 'only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world before we can meet again. Here is more money,' continued she, 'sufficient if you husband it with any kind of reason. But, as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes.'

"She retired over the threshold; the door-leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated; but nothing

further stirred. Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled, and said, 'So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way, that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you: but now we have seen your treasure walking down-stairs; and, in good truth, it seemed worthy of being well kept.'

"To this I answered nothing, but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour: for, while they still kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after the other; and I, being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straightforward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count: I accurately marked the sum, and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water: of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually diminishing, as if by my cursed counting I had robbed it of the property of being uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on: I could not draw back, and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situa-

tion; upbraided my fair friend for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offence that she did not again show herself to me; renounced in my spleen all duties toward her; and resolved to break open the box, and see if peradventure any help might be found there. I was just about proceeding with my purpose: but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure; and, in the meantime, I hastened off to a banquet, for which this was the appointed hour. Here again we got into a high key: the wine and trumpet-sounding had flushed me not a little, when by the most villanous luck it chanced, that, during the dessert, a former friend of my dearest fair one, returning from a journey, entered unexpectedly, placed himself beside her, and, without much ceremony, set about asserting his old privileges. Hence, very soon arose ill-humour, quarrelling, and battle: we plucked out our spits, and I was carried home half dead of several wounds.

"The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away; it was far in the night; my sick-nurse had fallen asleep; the door of the side-room went up; my fair, mysterious friend came in, and sat down by me on the bed. She asked how I was. I answered not, for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy: she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened, — so strengthened that I could now get angry and upbraid her. In a violent speech I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her; on the passion she had inspired me with; on her appearing and vanishing; and the tedium, the longing, which, in such a case, I could not but feel. I waxed more and more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on; and I swore to her at last, that if she would not be mine, would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer: to all which

I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my double and triple bandages in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was my amazement when I found all my wounds healed, my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms!

"Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me; and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage, the little box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I now think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes: and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require; I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors.

"So long as aught remained in my purse I had continued to pay; but, when my cash went down, I signified the fact to her. 'That is easily helped,' said she, pointing to a couple of little pouches fixed at the top, to the sides of the carriage. These I had often observed before, but never turned to use. She put her hand into the one, and pulled out some gold pieces, as from the other some coins of silver; thereby showing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure which we might choose to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land, contented with each other and with the world; and I fancied not that she would again leave me, the less so that for some time she had evidently been as loving wives wish to be, a circumstance by which our happiness and mutual affection was increased still further. But one morning, alas! she could not be found; and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again

took the road with my box, tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired.

"My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay, into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark, and, when the lamps by any chance went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once, in the dead of such a night, I had fallen asleep; and on awakening I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head: I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise when a fair apartment, well lighted, and furnished with much taste and even costliness, met my inspection; just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an armchair. I held my breath, and continued to observe. And now there entered from the other side of the apartment a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife; though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and, in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my con-

strained posture a little; and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness.

"How amazed, nay, terrified, I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and yet in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this I fell asleep, and on awakening I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and, though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread.

"After some time she did actually re-appear. One evening in a white robe she came gliding in; and, as it was just then growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last: and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increased in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew as usual to my arms, but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast.

"'My dearest,' said she, 'I now feel, by thy reception of me, what, alas! I already knew too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim; thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself: thy happiness and mine is interrupted, — nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee, and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again.' Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which, indeed, had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental, — in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me.

"'Try thyself strictly,' said she, 'whether this discovery has not hurt thy love; whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee; whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection.'

"I looked at her; she was fairer than ever: and I thought within myself, Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife who from time to time becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gayety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole world have let her go. 'Best heart,' said I, 'let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy conveniency, and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And, after all, it was but a picture, a little sleight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me, but thou shalt see how I will stand it.'

"'The matter is more serious than thou thinkest,' said the fair one: 'however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly; for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee, and for my own part do my utmost: only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer likewise I most earnestly make to thee: Be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger.'

"I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths: but she herself turned aside the conversation, and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence: the town was large, the society

various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden festival.

"In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind, insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect unless crowned by the graces of this talent.

"I will be free to confess that I never cared much for music: on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this; and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means: in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where, indeed, she always found a crowd of admirers.

"And now, why should I deny it? our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to settle the matter within me: on the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and, by its consequences, produced to myself the greatest damage.

"When I look back on it now, I, in fact, loved my beauty far less after that unlucky discovery: I was also growing jealous of her, — a whim that had never struck me before. This night at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbours, a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine; while, on the other side, a pair of musical *dilettanti* had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately and by way of chorus. This

put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant: I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement.

"The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, but there is an evil nature in wrath when once it is set a-going. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more splenetic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily a general silence was requested. So, then, I was not even to talk any more: and these tones were going through me like a toothache. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine?

"The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger she beckoned to me in kind threatening. 'Consider that it is wine!' said she, not louder than for myself to hear it. 'Water is for mermaids!' cried I. 'My ladies,' said she to my neighbours, 'crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied.'—'You will not let yourself be tutored?' whispered one of them in my ear. 'What ails the dwarf?' cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass. 'Ah, what you have spilt!' cried the paragon of women; at the same time twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play

with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding.

"At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of, and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music had an effect on me: the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder: each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone, the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and caprice.

"In silence I conducted her home, foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful, — nay, even roguish: she made me the happiest of all men.

"Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her, 'Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night. Come now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty, gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time.'

"'That I cannot do, my friend,' said she seriously. 'The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place; for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both: thou hast scoffed away a great felicity; and I, too, must renounce my dearest wishes.'

"As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered, 'That, alas! I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have

concealed to the latest times. The form under which thou sawest me in the box is my natural and proper form; for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread sovereign of the dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still, as of old, laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe, when you cast them after him; invisible and mysteriously binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, — formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament, in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected.'

"She paused for a moment, and I again begged further light on these wonderful secrets; which, accordingly, she forthwith proceeded to grant.

"'It is well known,' said she, 'that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the dwarfs, to the end that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is further well known, that this little race by degrees became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth; for which reason God then created the dragons, in order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and

many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, — the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress: so that, not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these dragons, and, if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers.

"'Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton: and, in their presumption, they practised much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side; and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, as well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee that we are of the oldest race on the earth, — a circumstance which does us honour, but at the same time brings great disadvantage along with it.

"'For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great must become little and fade, it is our lot, also, that, ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning, and growing smaller, — especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the

expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable knight, that so the dwarf progeny may be refected, and saved from entire decay.'

"Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly; for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dainty lineage I had not the smallest doubt; but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight occasioned some mistrust, seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation.

"I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly, 'But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee.'—'Thou shalt hear,' replied she. 'It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have hesitated still longer had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes; and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled; and, without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband.'

"'The resolution!' exclaimed I, 'that is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution; but, to give a dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your sages manage that?'

"'It had been provided for already,' said she, 'by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood; for it was this same

ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows.

"'I was informed of all that awaited me, and instructed what I had to do and to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer residence, was then got ready,— a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day our court moved thither, my parents, also, and myself. The army paraded; and four and twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and, after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring, laid my finger on it, and that instant began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size, and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates, flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted, and carried off with me, not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong. Still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams, and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and, above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance.

"'How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say I tried many, but no one save thou seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald.'

"In the course of these narrations my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having

absolutely shaken it. I put several questions, to which I received no very satisfactory answers: on the contrary, I learned, to my great affliction, that after what had happened she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me: but, for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay, and who knew what all would be the consequences?

"On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no further into consequences; I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me.

"We now packed up, and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite us; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left, till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll, bade me set the box down there, then said, 'Farewell! Thou wilt easily find the way back; remember me; I hope to see thee again.'

"At this moment I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or, if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the greensward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible! I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms; but she motioned me back, threatening me, though still kindly

enough, with great danger if I did not instantly withdraw.

"'Is there not any possibility,' exclaimed I, 'of my staying with thee, of thy keeping me beside thee?' These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and after some thought confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me, that if I, too, could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom, her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind, yet at this moment I positively could not tear myself away: so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased.

"I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand: she placed her own against it; then, with her left hand, she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant I felt a violent twinge on my finger: the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horridly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one; but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this moment, I find no words to express: so I have nothing more to say but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or, if you will, of this reunion without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck: she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the the large one.

"With some difficulty we now mounted a hill: I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large, bolted mass, which, erelong, I could not but recognise for the box in the same state as when I had set it down.

"'Go up to it, my friend,' said she, 'and do but knock with the ring: thou shalt see wonders.' I went up accordingly; and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that: while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace, at once came into view.

"If ever you have seen one of Röntgen's desks, — how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing-board and writing materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward, — you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me. In the large saloon I directly recognised the fireplace which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And, on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid, and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up, and with rapture announced to me the approach of his Majesty her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving toward us from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observed a

golden throng, and in the midst of it the king himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet: he raised me very graciously; and, on coming to stand before him, I perceived, that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace, where his Majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here, acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow.

"A cold sweat went over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which had, of old, appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage state, even this is not the case; for although it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom: for while the man gives out one tone, the wife, directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last not even wind-instruments can reach it. And now, as I loathe harmonical music, it cannot be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure.

"Of all the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can not give an account; for I paid small heed to them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away, and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I intrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger, — an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper; for, on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose.

"Early in the morning I awoke (for my little person had slept, and very soundly), and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers, and leaves, there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities; but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down on me! No sooner did they observe me than they made an attack on all sides; and, though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly, whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here, then, was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank

Heaven if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullens.

"Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies: in a word, we were wedded. Gayly and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours in which you were led astray into reflection; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before, — what, and how, you shall learn.

"Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants: the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper, — nay, if you will, better measure in proportion than with us. In my tiny palate the dainty tidbits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of by-gone greatness, and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time, did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an ideal of myself, and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy; so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance.

"Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck I was left-handed; as, indeed, throughout my whole life I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionately thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task; and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors. This was

a wise measure; for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky: and, at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace, — nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer residence altogether.

"Here, then, was I standing again, — in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more stupid and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the footpath to the next stage, where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me; having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady and the cook, where you were first introduced to me."

CHAPTER XVII.

Lenardo was overwhelmed with business, his writing-office in the greatest activity; clerks and secretaries finding no moment's rest: while Wilhelm and Friedrich, strolling over field and meadow, were entertaining each other with the most pleasant conversation.

And here, first of all, as necessarily happens between friends meeting after some separation, the question was started, How far they had altered in the interim? Friedrich would have it that Wilhelm was exactly the same as before: to Wilhelm, again, it seemed that his young friend, though no whit abated in mirth and discursiveness, was somewhat more staid in his manner. "It were pity," interrupted Friedrich, "if the father of three children, the husband of an exemplary matron, had not likewise gained a little in dignity of bearing."

Now, also, it came to light, that all the persons whom we got acquainted with in the "Apprenticeship" were still living and well, — nay, better than before, being now in full and decisive activity; each, in his own way, associated with many fellow-labourers, and striving toward the noblest aim. Of this, however, it is not for the present permitted us to impart any more precise information; as, in a little book like ours, reserve and secrecy may be no unseemly qualities.

But whatever, in the course of this confidential conversation, transpired respecting the society in which we now are, as their more intimate relations, maxims, and objects, by little and little, came to view, it is our duty and opportunity to disclose in this place.

"The whim of emigration," — such was the substance of Friedrich's talk on this matter, — "the whim of emigration may, in straitened and painful circumstances, very naturally lay hold of men: if particular cases chance to be favoured by a happy issue, this whim will, in the general mind, rise to the rank of passion; as we have seen, as we still see, and, withal, cannot deny that we, in our time, have been befooled by such a delusion ourselves.

"Emigration takes place in the treacherous hope of an improvement in our circumstances, and it is too often counterbalanced by a subsequent emigration; since, go where you may, you still find yourself in a conditional world, and, if not constrained to a new emigration, are yet inclined in secret to cherish such a desire.

"We have, therefore, bound ourselves to renounce all emigration, and to devote ourselves to migration. Here one does not turn his back on his native country for ever, but hopes, even after the greatest circuit, to arrive there again, richer, wiser, cleverer, better, and whatever else such a way of life can make him. Now, in society, all things are easier, more certain in their accomplishment, than to an individual; in which sense, my friend, consider what thou shalt observe here: for whatever thou mayest see, all and every part of it is meant to forward a great, movable connection among active and sufficient men of all classes.

"But as where men are, manners are too, I may explain thus much of our constitution by way of preliminary: When two of our number anywhere by accident meet, they conduct themselves toward each other according to their rank and fashion, according to custom of handicraft or art, or by some other such mode adapted to their mutual relations. Three meeting together are considered as a unity, which governs itself; but, if a fourth join them, they instantly elect

the BOND, one chief and three subjects. This Bond, however many more combine with them, can still only be a single newly elected person; for, in the great as in the small scale, co-regents are found to be mutually obstructive.

"Thou mayest observe that Lenardo unites, in this way, more than a hundred active and able men, — unites, employs, calls home, sends forth; as to-morrow, an important day with us, thou wilt perceive and understand. Thou wilt then see the Bond dissolved, the multitude divided into smaller societies, and the Bond multiplied: all the rest will at the same time become clear to thee.

"But for the present I invite thee to a short bout of reading. Here, under the shadow of these whispering trees, by the side of this still-flowing water, let us peruse a story, this little paper which Lenardo, from the rich treasures of his collection, has entrusted to me; that so both of us may see thoroughly what a difference there is between a mad pilgrimage, such as many lead in the world, and a well-meditated, happily commenced undertaking like ours, of which I shall at this time say no more in praise."

The quaint, fitful, and most dainty story of "The Foolish Pilgrimess," with which our two friends now occupied their morning, we feel ourselves constrained, not unreluctantly, by certain grave calculations, to reserve for some future and better season.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lenardo, having freed himself from business for an hour, took dinner with his friends; and at table he began to explain to them his family circumstances. His eldest sister was married. A rich brother-in-law, to the great satisfaction of the uncle, had undertaken the management of all the estates; with him Valerina's husband was stoutly coöperating: they were labouring on the great scale, strengthening their enterprises by connection with distant countries and places.

Here, likewise, our oldest friends once more make their appearance: Lothario, Werner, the abbé, are on their side proceeding in the highest diligence; while Jarno occupies himself with mining. A general insurance has been instituted: we discern a vast property in land; and on this depends the existence of a large wandering society, the individual members of which, under the condition of the greatest possible usefulness, are recommended to all the world, are forwarded in every undertaking, and secured against all mischances: while they again, as scattered colonists, may be supposed to re-act on their mother country with favourable influences.

Throughout all this we observe Lenardo recognised as the wandering Bond: in smaller and greater combinations, he, for most part, is elected; on him is placed the most unrestricted confidence.

So far had the disclosure, partly from Lenardo, partly from Friedrich, proceeded without let, when both of them

on a sudden became silent; each seeming to have scruples about communicating more. After a short pause, Wilhelm addressed them, and cried, "What new secret again suddenly overshadows the friendliest explanation? Will you again leave me in the lurch?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Friedrich. "Do but hear me! He has found the nut-brown maid, and for her sake —"

"Not for her sake," interrupted Lenardo.

"And just for her sake!" persisted Friedrich. "Do not deceive yourself: for her sake you are changing yourself into a lawful vagabond; as some others of us, not, in truth, for the most praiseworthy purposes, have, in times past, changed ourselves into lawless vagrants."

"Let us go along calmly," said Lenardo: "our friend here must be made acquainted with the state of our affairs; but, in the first place, let him have a little touch of discipline for himself. You had found the nut-brown maid, but to me you refused the knowledge of her abode. For this I will not blame you, but what good did it do? To discover this secret I was passionately incited; and, notwithstanding your sagacious caution, I at length came upon the right trace. You have seen the good maiden yourself: her circumstances you have accurately investigated, and yet you did not judge them rightly. It is only the loving who feels and discovers what the beloved wishes and wants: he can read it in her from her deepest heart. Let this at present suffice: for explanation we have no time left to-day. To-morrow I have the hottest press of business to front: next day we part. But for your information, composure, and participating interest, accept this copy of a week from my journal: it is the best legacy which I can leave you. By reading it you will not, indeed, become wiser than you are and than I am; but let this for the present suffice. The nearest future, or a more remote one, will arrange and direct: that is to say, in

this case, as in so many others, we know not what is to become of us."

By way of dessert Lenardo received a packet, at the opening of which he, with some tokens of surprise, handed a letter to Wilhelm. "What secrets, what speedy concerns, can sister Hersilia have with our friend? 'To be delivered instantly and opened privately, without the presence of any one, friend or stranger!' Let us give him all possible convenience, Friedrich: let us withdraw!" Wilhelm hastily broke open the sheet, and read, —

Hersilia to Wilhelm.

Wherever this letter may reach you, my noble friend, to a certainty it will find you in some nook where you are striving in vain to hide from yourself. By making you acquainted with my two fair dames, I have done you a sorry service.

But wherever you may be lurking, and doubtless it will search you out, my promise is, that if, after reading this letter, you do not forthwith leap from your seat, and, like a pious pilgrim, appear in my presence without delay, I must declare you to be the manliest of all men; that is to say, the one most completely void of the finest property belonging to our sex: I mean curiosity, which at this moment is afflicting me in its sharpest concentration.

In one word, then, your casket has now got its key: this, however, none but you and I are to know. How it came into my hands let me now tell you.

Some days ago our man of law gets despatches from a distant tribunal; wherein he was asked if, at such and such a time, there had not been a boy prowling about our neighbourhood who had played all manner of tricks, and at length, in a rash enterprise, lost his jacket.

By the way this brat was described, no doubt remained with us but he was Fitz, — the gay comrade whom Felix talked so much of, and so often wished back to play with him.

Now, for the present, those authorities request that said article of dress may be sent to them if it is still in existence; as the boy, at last involved in judicial examinations, refers to it. Of this demand our lawyer chances to make mention: he shows us the little frock before sending it off.

Some good or evil spirit whispers me to grope the breastpocket: a little, angular, prickly something comes into my hand; I, so timorous, ticklish, and startlish as I usually am, clinch my hand, clinch it, hold my peace; and the jerkin is sent away. Directly, of all feelings, the strangest seizes me. At the first stolen glance I saw, I guessed, that it was the key of your little box. And now came wondrous scruples of conscience, and all sorts of moral doubts. To discover, to give back my windfall, was impossible; what have those long-wigged judges to do with it when it may be so useful to my friend? And then, again, all manner of questions about right and duty begin lifting up their voices; but I would not let them outvote me.

From this you perceive into what a situation my friendship for you has reduced me: a choice faculty develops itself all on a sudden for your sake; what an occurrence! May it not be something more than friendship that so holds the balance of my conscience? Between guilt and curiosity I am wonderfully discomposed; I have a hundred whims and stories about what may follow: law and judgment will not be trifled with. Hersilia, the careless, and, as occasion served, capricious Hersilia, entangled in a criminal process; for this is the scope and tendency of it! And what can I do but think of the friend for whose sake I suffer all this? I thought of you before, yet with

pauses; but now I think of you incessantly: now when my heart throbs, and I think of the eighth commandment, I must turn to you as to the saint who has caused this sin, and will also procure me an absolution; thus the opening of the casket is the only thing that can compose me. My curiosity is growing stronger and doubly strong: come, and bring the casket with you. To what judgment-seat it properly belongs we will make out between us: till then let it remain between us; no one must know of it, be who he will.

But now, in conclusion, look here, my friend. And tell me, what say you to this picture of the riddle? Does it not remind you of arrows with barbs? God help us! But the box must first stand unopened between you and me, and then, when opened, tell us further what we have to do. I wish there were nothing whatever in it; and who knows what all I wish, and what all I could tell? but do you look at this, and hasten so much the faster to get upon the road.

Friedrich returned more gay and lively than he had gone. "Good news!" cried he: "good luck! Lenardo has received some pretty letters to facilitate the parting: credit more than sufficient; and thou, too, shalt have thy share in it. Fortune herself surely knows

not what she is about; for once in her time she has done wise, worthy fellows a favour."

Hereupon he handed to his friend some clipped fragments of maps, with directions where they were to be produced, and changed for hard cash or bills, as he might choose. Wilhelm was obliged to accept them; though he kept assuring his companion, that for the present he had no need of such things. "Then, others will need them!" cried Friedrich: "constrain not thy good feelings, and, wherever thou art, appear as a benefactor. But now come along, let us have a look at this manuscript: it is long till night; one tires of talking and listening, so I have begged some writing for our entertainment. Every leaf in Lenardo's archives is penned in the spirit of the whole: in giving me this, he said, 'Well, take it and read it: our friend will acquire more confidence in our society and Bond, the more good members he becomes acquainted with.'"

The two then retired to a cheerful spot; and Friedrich read, enlivening with much natural energy and mirth, what he found set down for him.

WHO CAN THE TRAITOR BE?

"No, no!" exclaimed he, violently and hastily rushing into the chamber allotted him, and setting down his candle, — "no! it is impossible! But whither shall I turn? For the first time I think otherwise than he: for the first time I feel, I wish, otherwise. O father! couldst thou but be present invisibly, couldst thou but look through and through me, thou wouldst see that I am still the same, still thy true, obedient, affectionate son. Yet to say no! To contradict my father's dearest, long-cherished wish! How shall I disclose it? How shall I express it? No: I cannot marry Julia! While I speak of it, I shudder. And how shall I appear before him, tell him this, him, the

good, kind father? He looks at me with astonishment, without speaking: the prudent, clear-sighted, gifted man can find no words. Woe is me! Ah! I know well to whom I would confide this pain, this perplexity, who it is I would choose for my advocate. Before all others, thou, Lucinda! And I would first tell thee how I love thee, how I give myself to thee, and pressingly entreat thee to speak for me, and if thou canst love me again, if thou wilt be mine, to speak for us both."

To explain this short, pithy monologue will require some details.

Professor N. of N. had an only boy of singular beauty, whom, till the child's eighth year, he had left entirely in charge of his wife. This excellent woman had directed the hours and days of her son in living, learning, and all good behaviour. She died; and the father instantly felt, that to prosecute this parental tutelage was impossible. In their lifetime, all had been harmony between the parents: they had laboured for a common aim, had determined in concert what was next to be done; and the mother had not wanted skill to execute wisely, by herself, what the two had planned together. Double and treble was now the widower's anxiety; seeing, as he could not but daily see, that for the sons of professors, even in universities, it was only by a sort of miracle that a happy education could be expected.

In this strait he applied to his friend, the *Oberamtmann* of R., with whom he had already been treating of plans for a closer alliance between their families. The *Oberamtmann* gave him counsel and assistance: so the son was established in one of those institutions which still flourish in Germany, and where charge is taken of the whole man, and body, soul, and spirit are trained with all attention.

The son was thus provided for: the father, however,

felt himself very lonely, robbed of his wife, shut out from the cheerful presence of the boy, whom he had seen, without effort of his, growing up in such desirable culture. But here, again, the friendship of the *Oberamtmann* served him in good stead: the distance of their abodes vanished before his affection, his desire for movement, for diversion of thought. In this hospitable home the widowed man of letters found, in a family circle, motherless like his own, two beautiful little daughters growing up in diverse loveliness: a state of things which more and more confirmed the fathers in their purpose, in their hope, of one day seeing their families united in the most joyful bonds.

They lived under the sway of a mild, good prince: the meritorious *Oberamtmann* was certain of his post during life; and, in the appointment of a successor, his recommendation was likely to go far. And now, according to the wise family arrangement, sanctioned also by the minister, Lucidor was to train himself for the important office of his future father-in-law. This in consequence he did, from step to step. Nothing was neglected in communicating to him all sorts of knowledge, in developing in him all sorts of activity, which the state in any case requires, — practice in rigorous judicial law, and also in the laxer sort, where prudence and address find their proper field; foresight for daily ways and means; not excluding higher and more comprehensive views, yet all tending toward practical life, and so as with effect and certainty to be employed in its concerns.

With such purposes had Lucidor spent his school years: by his father and his patron he was now warned to make ready for the university. In all departments he already showed the fairest talents; and to nature he was further indebted for the singular happiness of inclining, out of love for his father, out of respect for his friend, to turn his capabilities, first

from obedience, then from conviction, on that very object to which he was directed. He was placed in a foreign university; and here, both by his own account in his letters, and by the testimony of his teachers and overseers, he continued walking in the path that led toward his appointed goal. It was only objected to him, that in certain cases he had been too impetuously brave. The father shook his head at this: the *Oberamtmann* nodded. Who would not have been proud of such a son?

Meanwhile the two daughters, Julia and Lucinda, were waxing in stature and graces. Julia, the younger, waggish, lovely, unstable, highly entertaining; the other difficult to portray, for in her sincerity and purity she represented all that we prize most in woman. Visits were paid and repaid; and, in the professor's house, Julia found the most inexhaustible amusement.

Geography, which he failed not to enliven by topography, belonged to his province; and no sooner did Julia cast her eyes on any of the volumes, of which a whole series from Homann's warehouse were standing there, than the cities, all and sundry, had to be mustered, judged, preferred, or rejected: all havens especially obtained her favour; other towns, to acquire even a slight approval from her, must stand forth well supplied with steeples, domes, and minarets.

Julia's father often left her for weeks to the care of his tried friend. She was actually advancing in knowledge of her science; and already the inhabited world, in its main features, in its chief points and places, stood before her with some accuracy and distinctness. The garbs of foreign nations attracted her peculiar attention; and often when her foster-father asked her in jest, If among the many young, handsome men who were passing to and fro before her window, there was not some one or other whom she liked? she would answer, "Yes, indeed! if he do but look odd enough."

And, as our young students are seldom behindhand in this particular, she had often occasion to take notice of individuals among them; they brought to her mind the costume of foreign nations: however, she declared in the end, that, if she was to bestow her undivided attention on any one, he must be at least a Greek, equipped in the complete fashion of his country; on which account, also, she longed to be at some Leipzig fair, where, as she understood, such persons were to be seen walking the streets.

After his dry and often irksome labours, our teacher had now no happier moments than those he spent in mirthfully instructing her; triumphing withal, in secret, that a being so attractive, ever entertaining, ever entertained, was in the end to be his own daughter. For the rest, the two fathers had mutually agreed, that no hint of their purpose should be communicated to the girls: from Lucidor, also, it was kept secret.

Thus had years passed away, as, indeed, they very lightly pass: Lucidor presented himself completed, having stood all trials to the joy, even of the superior overseers, who wished nothing more heartily than being able, with a good conscience, to fulfil the hopes of old, worthy, favoured, and deserving servants.

And so the business had at length by quiet, regular steps come so far, that Lucidor, after having demeaned himself in subordinate stations to universal satisfaction, was now to be placed in a very advantageous post, suitable to his wishes and merits, and lying just midway between the university and the *Oberamtmannship.*

The father now spoke with his son about Julia, of whom he had hitherto only hinted, as about his bride and wife, without any doubt or condition; congratulating him on the happiness of having appropriated such a jewel to himself. The professor saw in fancy his

daughter-in-law again from time to time in his house, occupied with charts, plans, and views of cities: the son recalled to mind the gay and most lovely creature, who, in times of childhood, had, by her rogueries as by her kindliness, always delighted him. Lucidor was now to ride over to the *Oberamtmann's*, to take a closer view of the full-grown fair one, and, for a few weeks, to surrender himself to the habitudes and familiarity of her household. If the young people, as was to be hoped, should speedily agree, the professor was forthwith to appear, that so a solemn betrothment might for ever secure the anticipated happiness.

Lucidor arrives, is received with the friendliest welcome: a chamber is allotted him; he arranges himself there, and appears. And now he finds, besides the members of the family already known to us, a grown-up son, — misbred certainly, yet shrewd and good-natured; so that, if you like to take him as the jesting counsellor of the party, he fitted not ill with the rest. There belonged, moreover, to the house a very old, but healthy and gay-hearted, man, quiet, wise, discreet; completing his life, as it were, and here and there requiring a little help. Directly after Lucidor, too, there had arrived another stranger, no longer young, of an impressive aspect, dignified, thoroughly well-bred, and, by his acquaintance with the most distant quarters of the world, extremely entertaining. He was called Antoni.

Julia received her announced bridegroom in fit order, yet with an excess rather than a defect of frankness: Lucinda, on the other hand, did the honours of the house: as her sister did those of herself. So passed the day, peculiarly agreeable to all, only to Lucidor not: he, at all times silent, had been forced, that he might avoid sinking dumb entirely, to employ himself in asking questions; and in this attitude no one appears to advantage.

Throughout he had been absent-minded; for at the first glance he had felt, not aversion or repugnance, yet estrangement, toward Julia: Lucinda, on the contrary, attracted him; so that he trembled every time she looked at him with her full, pure, peaceful eyes.

Thus hard bested, he reached his chamber the first night, and gave vent to his heart in that soliloquy with which we began. But to explain this sufficiently, to show how the violence of such an emphatic speech agrees with what we know of him already, another little statement will be necessary.

Lucidor was of a deep character, and for most part had something else in his mind than what the present scene required: hence talk and social conversation would never prosper rightly with him; he felt this, and was wont to continue silent, except when the topic happened to be particular, on some department which he had completely studied and of which, whatever he needed was at all times read. Besides this, in his early years at school, and later at the university, he had been deceived in friends, and had wasted the effusions of his heart unhappily: hence every communication of his feelings seemed to him a doubtful step, and doubting destroys all such communication. With his father he used to speak only in unison: therefore his full heart poured itself out in monologues, as soon as he was by himself.

Next morning he had summoned up his resolution; and yet he almost lost heart and composure again, when Julia met him with still more friendliness, gayety, and frankness than ever. She had much to ask, — about his journey by land and journeys by water; how, when a student, with his knapsack on his back, he had roamed and climbed through Switzerland, — nay, crossed the Alps themselves. And now of those fair islands on the great Southern Lake she had much to say: and then backwards, the Rhine must be accom-

panied from his primary origin; at first, through most undelicious regions, and so downwards through many an alternation, till at length, between Mainz and Coblenz, you find it still worth while respectfully to dismiss the old River from his last confinement, into the wide world, into the sea.

Lucidor, in the course of this recital, felt much lightened in heart; he narrated willingly and well: so that Julia at last exclaimed in rapture, "It is thus that our other self should be!" At which phrase Lucidor again felt startled and frightened, thinking he saw in it an allusion to their future pilgrimage in common through life.

From his narrative duty, however, he was soon relieved; for the stranger, Antoni, very speedily overshadowed all mountain streams, and rocky banks, and rivers, whether hemmed in or left at liberty. Under his guidance you now went forward to Genoa; Livorno lay at no great distance; whatever was most interesting in the country you took with you as fair spoil; Naples, too, was a place you should see before you died; and then, in truth, remained Constantinople, which also was by no means to be neglected. Antoni's descriptions of the wide world carried the imagination of every hearer along with him, though Antoni himself introduced little fire into the subject. Julia, quite enraptured, was still nowise satisfied: she longed for Alexandria, Cairo, and, above all, for the pyramids; of which, by the lessons of her intended father-in-law, she had gained some moderate knowledge.

Lucidor, next night (he had scarcely shut his door, the candle he had not put down), exclaimed, "Now, bethink thee, then: it is growing serious! Thou hast studied and meditated many serious things: what avails thy law-learning if thou canst not act like a man of law? View thyself as a delegate, forget thy own feelings, and do what it would behoove thee to

do for another. It thickens and closes round me horribly! The stranger is plainly come for the sake of Lucinda; she shows him the fairest, noblest social and hospitable attentions: that little fool would run through the world with any one for anything or nothing. Besides, she is a wag: her interest in cities and countries is a farce, by which she keeps us in silence. But why do I look at the affair so perplexedly, so narrowly? Is not the *Oberamtmann* himself the most judicious, the clearest, the kindest mediator? Thou wilt tell him how thou feelest and thinkest; and he will think with thee, if not likewise feel. With thy father he has all influence. And is not the one as well as the other his daughter? What would this Antoni the traveller with Lucinda, who is born for home, to be happy and to make happy? Let the wavering quicksilver fasten itself to the Wandering Jew: that will be a right match."

Next morning Lucidor came down with the firm purpose of speaking with the father, and waiting on him expressly to that end, at the hour when he knew him to be disengaged. How great was his vexation, his perplexity, on learning that the *Oberamtmann* had been called away on business, and was not expected till the day after the morrow! Julia, on this occasion, seemed to be expressly in her travelling-fit; she kept by the world wanderer, and, with some sportive hits at domestic economy, gave up Lucidor to Lucinda. If our friend, viewing this noble maiden from a certain distance, and under one general impression, had already, with his whole heart, loved her, he failed not now in this nearest nearness to discover with double and treble vividness in detail all that had before as a whole attracted him.

The good old friend of the family now brought himself forward in place of the absent father: he, too, had lived, had loved, and was now, after many hard

buffetings and bruises of life, resting at last, refreshed and cheerful, beside the friend of his youth. He enlivened the conversation, and especially expatiated on perplexities in choice of wives; relating several remarkable examples of explanations, both in time and too late. Lucinda appeared in all her splendour. She admitted, that accident in all departments of life, and so likewise in the business of marriage, often produced the best result; yet that it was finer and prouder when one could say he owed his happiness to himself, to the silent, calm conviction of his heart, to a noble purpose and a quick determination. Tears stood in Lucidor's eyes as he applauded this sentiment: directly afterward the two ladies went out. The old president liked well to deal in illustrative histories; and so the conversation expanded itself into details of pleasant instances, which, however, touched our hero so closely that none but a youth of as delicate manners as his could have refrained from breaking out with his secret. He did break out so soon as he was by himself.

"I have constrained myself!" exclaimed he: "with such perplexities I will not vex my good father; I have forborne to speak, for I see in this worthy old man the substitute of both fathers. To him will I speak, to him disclose the whole: he will surely bring it about; he has already almost spoken what I wish. Will he censure in the individual case what he praises in general? To-morrow I visit him: I must give vent to this oppression."

At breakfast the old man was not present: last night he had spoken, it appeared, too much, had sat too long, and likewise drunk a drop or two of wine beyond his custom. Much was said in his praise: many anecdotes were related, and precisely of such sayings and doings as brought Lucidor to despair for not having forthwith applied to him. This unpleasant feeling was but aggravated when he learned, that, in

such attacks of disorder, the good old man would often not make his re-appearance for a week.

For social converse a country residence has many advantages, especially when the owners of it have, for a course of years, been induced, as thinking and feeling persons, to improve the natural capabilities of their environs. Such had been the good fortune of this spot. The *Oberamtmann*, at first unwedded, then in a long, happy marriage, himself a man of fortune, and occupying a lucrative post, had, according to his own judgment and perception, according to the taste of his wife, — nay, at last according to the wishes and whims of his children, — laid out and forwarded many larger and smaller decorations; which, by degrees, being skilfully connected with plantations and paths, afforded to the promenader a very beautiful, continually varying, characteristic series of scenes. A pilgrimage through these our young hosts now proposed to their guest; as in general we take pleasure in showing our improvements to a stranger, that so what has become habitual in our eyes may appear with the charm of novelty in his, and leave with him, in permanent remembrance, its first favourable impression.

The nearest, as well as the most distant, part of the grounds was peculiarly appropriate for modest decorations, and altogether rural individualities. Fertile hills alternated with well-watered meadows, so that the whole was visible from time to time without being flat; and, if the land seemed chiefly devoted to purposes of utility, the graceful, the attractive, was by no means excluded.

To the dwelling and office houses were united various gardens, orchards, and green spaces; out of which you imperceptibly passed into a little wood with a broad, clear carriage-road, winding up and down through the midst of it. Here, in a central spot, on the most considerable elevation, there had been a hall

erected, with side-chambers entering from it. On coming through the main door you saw, in a large mirror, the most favourable prospect which the country afforded, and were sure to turn round that instant, to recover yourself on the reality from the effect of this its unexpected image; for the approach was artfully enough contrived, and all that could excite surprise was carefully hid till the last moment. No one entered but felt pleasurably tempted to turn from the mirror to nature, and from nature to the mirror.

Once in motion in this fairest, brightest, longest day, our party made a spiritual campaign of it, over and through the whole. Here the daughters pointed out the evening-seat of their good mother, where a stately box-tree had kept clear space all round it. A little farther on Lucinda's place of morning prayer was half-roguishly exhibited by Julia, close to a little brook, between poplars and alders, with meadows sloping down from it, and fields stretching upwards. It was indescribably pretty. You thought you had seen such a spot everywhere, but nowhere so impressive and so perfect in its simplicity. In return for this the young master, also half against Julia's will, pointed out the tiny groves, and child's gardens which, close by a snug-lying mill, were now scarcely discernible: they dated from a time when Julia, perhaps in her tenth year, had taken it into her head to become a milleress; intending, after the decease of the two old occupants, to assume the management herself, and choose some brave millman for her husband.

"That was at a time," cried Julia, "when I knew nothing of towns lying on rivers, or even on the sea,— nothing of Genoa, of Naples, and the like. Your worthy father, Lucidor, has converted me: of late I come seldom hither." She sat down with a roguish air, and on a little bench, that was now scarcely large enough for her, under an elder-bough, which had bent

deeply toward the ground. "Fie on this cowering!" cried she, then started up, and ran off with her gay brother.

The remaining pair kept up a rational conversation, and in these cases reason approaches close to the borders of feeling. Wandering over changeful, simple, natural objects, to contemplate at leisure how cunning, scheming man contrives to gain some profit from them; how his perception of what is laid before him, combining with the feeling of his wants, does wonders, first in rendering the world inhabitable, then in peopling it, and at last in over-peopling it, — all this could here be talked of in detail. Lucinda gave account of everything; and, modest as she was, she could not hide that these pleasant and convenient combinations of distant parts by roads had been her work, under the proposal, direction, or favour of her revered mother.

But, as the longest day at last bends down to evening, our party were at last forced to think of returning: and, while devising some pleasant circuit, the merry brother proposed that they should take the short road; though it commanded no fine prospects, and was even in some places more difficult to get over. "For," cried he, "you have preached all day about your decorations and reparations, and how you have improved and beautified the scene for pictorial eyes and feeling hearts: let me, also, have my turn."

Accordingly, they now set forth over ploughed grounds, by coarse paths, nay, sometimes picking their way by stepping-stones in boggy places; till at last they perceived, at some distance, a pile of machinery towering up in manifold combination. More closely examined, it turned out to be a large apparatus for sport and games, arranged, not without judgment, and in a certain popular spirit. Here, fixed at suitable distances, stood a large swing-wheel, on which the ascending and the descending riders might still sit

horizontally and at their ease; other seesaws, swing-ropes, leaping-poles, bowling and ninepins courses, and whatever can be fancied for variedly and equally employing and diverting a crowd of people gathered on a large common. "This," cried he, "is my invention, my decoration! And though my father found the money, and a shrewd fellow the brain necessary for it, yet without me, whom you often call a person of no judgment, money and brain would not have come together."

In this cheerful mood the whole four reached home by sunset. Antoni also joined them; but the little Julia, not yet satisfied with this unresting travel, ordered her coach, and set forth on a visit to a lady of her friends, in utter despair at not having seen her for two days. The party left behind began to feel embarrassed before they were aware: it was even mentioned in words that the father's absence distressed them. The conversation was about to stagnate, when all at once the madcap sprang from his seat, and in a few moments returned with a book, proposing to read to the company. Lucinda forbore not to inquire how this notion had occurred to him, now for the first time in a twelvemonth. "Everything occurs to me," said he, "at the proper season: this is more than you can say for yourself." He read them a series of genuine antique tales, such as lead man away from himself, flattering his wishes, and making him forget all those restrictions between which, even in the happiest moments, we are still hemmed in.

"What shall I do now?" cried Lucidor, when at last he saw himself alone. "The hour presses on: in Antoni I have no trust; he is an utter stranger; I know not who he is, how he comes to be here, nor what he wants: Lucinda seems to be his object; and, if so, what can I expect of him? Nothing remains for me but applying to Lucinda herself: she must know of

it, she before all others. This was my first feeling: why do we stray into side-paths and subterfuges? My first thought shall be my last, and I hope to reach my aim."

On Saturday morning Lucidor, dressed at an early hour, was walking to and fro in his chamber, thinking and conning over his projected address to Lucinda, when he heard a sort of jestful contention before his door; and the door itself directly afterward went up. The mad younker was shoving in a boy before him with coffee and baked ware for the guest: he himself carried cold meats and wine. "Go thou foremost," cried the younker, "for the guest must be first served: I am used to serve myself. My friend, to-day I am entering somewhat early and tumultuously: but let us take our breakfast in peace; then we shall see what is to be done, for of our company there is nothing to be hoped. The little one is not yet back from her friend: they two have to pour out their hearts together every fortnight, otherwise the poor, dear hearts would burst. On Saturdays Lucinda is good for nothing: she balances her household accounts for my father; she would have had me taking share in the concern, but Heaven forbid! When I know the price of anything, no morsel of it can I relish. Guests are expected to-morrow; the old man has not yet got refitted: Antoni is gone to hunt; we will do the same."

Guns, pouches, and dogs were ready as our pair stepped down into the court; and now they set forth over field and hill, shooting at best a leveret or so, and perhaps here and there a poor, indifferent, undeserving bird. Meanwhile they kept talking of domestic affairs, of the household, and company at present assembled in it. Antoni was mentioned, and Lucidor failed not to inquire more narrowly about him. The gay younker, with some self-complaisance, asserted, that strange as the man was, and much mystery as he made about

himself, he, the gay younker, had already seen through him and through him. "Without doubt," continued he, "Antoni is the son of a rich mercantile family, whose large partnership concern fell to ruin at the very time when he, in the full vigour of youth, was preparing to take a cheerful and active hand in their great undertakings, and, withal, to share in their abundant profits. Dashed down from the summit of his hopes, he gathered himself together, and undertook to perform for strangers what he was no longer in a case to perform for his relatives. And so he travelled through the world, became thoroughly acquainted with it and its mutual traffickings; in the meanwhile not forgetting his own advantage. Unwearied diligence and tried fidelity obtained and secured for him unbounded confidence from many. Thus in all places he acquired connections and friends: nay, it is easy to see that his fortune is as widely scattered abroad as his acquaintance; and, accordingly, his presence is from time to time required in all quarters of the world."

These things the merry younker told in a more circumstantial and simple style, introducing many farcical observations, as if he meant to spin out his story to full length.

"How long, for instance," cried he, "has this Antoni been connected with my father? They think I see nothing because I trouble myself about nothing; but for this very reason I see it better, as I take no interest in it. To my father he has entrusted large sums, who, again, has deposited them securely and to advantage. It was but last night that he gave our old dietetic friend a casket of jewels; a finer, simpler, costlier piece of ware I never cast my eyes on: though I saw this only with a single glance, for they make a secret of it. Most probably it is to be consigned to the bride for her pleasure, satisfaction, and future security. Antoni has set his heart on Lucinda! Yet, when I

see them together, I cannot think it a well-assorted match. The hop-skip would have suited him better: I believe, too, she would take him sooner than the elder would. Many a time I see her looking over to the old curmudgeon, so gay and sympathetic, as if she could find in her heart to spring into the coach with him, and fly off at full gallop." Lucidor collected himself; he knew not what to answer; all that he heard obtained his internal approbation. The younker proceeded, "All along the girl has had a perverted liking for old people: I believe, of a truth, she would have skipped away and wedded your father as briskly as she would his son."

Lucidor followed his companion over stock and stone, as it pleased the gay youth to lead him: both forgot the chase, which, at any rate, could not be productive. They called at a farmhouse, where, being hospitably received, the one friend entertained himself with eating, drinking, and tattling; the other again plunged into meditations and projects for turning this new discovery to his own profit.

From all these narrations and disclosures Lucidor had acquired so much confidence in Antoni, that, immediately on their return, he asked for him, and hastened into the garden where he was said to be. In vain! No soul was to be seen anywhere. At last he entered the door of the great hall: and strange enough the setting sun, reflected from the mirror, so dazzled him that he could not recognise the two persons who were sitting on the sofa; though he saw distinctly that it was a lady and a man, which latter was that instant warmly kissing the hand of his companion. How great, accordingly, was Lucidor's astonishment when, on recovering his clearness of vision, he beheld Antoni sitting by Lucinda. He was like to sink through the ground; he stood, however, as if rooted to the spot, till Lucinda, in the kindest, most unembarrassed manner,

shifted a little to a side, and invited him to take a seat on her right hand. Unconsciously he obeyed her; and while she addressed him, inquiring after his present day's history, asking pardon for her absence on domestic engagements, he could scarcely hear her voice. Antoni rose, and took his leave: Lucinda, resting herself from her toil as the others were doing, invited Lucidor to a short stroll. Walking by her side he was silent and embarrassed: she, too, seemed ill at ease; and, had he been in the slightest degree self-collected, her deep-drawn breathing must have disclosed to him that she had heartfelt sighs to suppress. She at last took her leave as they approached the house: he, on the other hand, turned round at first slowly, then at a violent pace, to the open country. The park was too narrow for him: he hastened through the fields, listening only to the voice of his heart, and without eyes for the beauties of this loveliest evening. When he found himself alone, and his feelings were relieving their violence in a shower of tears, he exclaimed:

"Already in my life, but never with such fierceness, have I felt the agony which now makes me altogether wretched, — to see the long-wished-for happiness at length reach me, hand in hand and arm in arm unite with me, and at the same moment announce its eternal departure! I was sitting by her, I was walking by her, her fluttering garment touched me; and I have lost her! Reckon it not over, torture not thy heart with it, be silent and determine!"

He laid a prohibition on his lips: he held his peace, and planned and meditated; stepping over field and meadow and bush, not always by the smoothest paths. Late at night, on returning to his chamber, he gave voice to his thoughts for a moment, and cried, "To-morrow morning I am gone: another such day I will not front."

And so, without undressing, he threw himself on

the bed. Happy, healthy season of youth: He was already asleep: the fatiguing motion of the day had earned for him the sweetest rest. Out of bright morning dreams, however, the earliest sun awoke him: this was the longest day in the year, and for him it threatened to be too long. If the grace of the peaceful evening star had passed over him unnoticed, he felt the awakening beauty of the morning only to despair. The world was lying here as glorious as ever; to his eyes it was still so, but his soul contradicted it: all this belonged to him no longer; he had lost Lucinda.

His travelling-bag was soon packed; this he was to leave behind him; he left no letter with it: a verbal message in excuse of absence from dinner, perhaps also from supper, might be left with the groom, whom, at any rate, he must awaken. The groom, however, was awake already: Lucidor found him in the yard, walking with large strides before the stable door. "You do not mean to ride?" cried the usually good-natured man, with a tone of some spleen. "To you I may say it, but young master is growing worse and worse. There was he driving about far and near yesterday: you might have thought he would thank God for a Sunday to rest in. And see if he does not come this morning before daybreak, rummages about in the stable, and, while I am getting up, saddles and bridles your horse, flings himself on it, and cries, 'Do but consider the good work I am doing! This beast keeps jogging on at a staid, juridical trot: I must see and rouse him into a smart life-gallop.' He said something just so, and other strange speeches besides."

Lucidor was doubly and trebly vexed: he liked the horse, as corresponding to his own character, his own mode of life; it grieved him to figure his good, sensible beast in the hands of a madcap. His plan, too, was overturned, — his purpose of flying to a college friend

with whom he had lived in cheerful, cordial union, and in this crisis seeking refuge beside him. His old confidence had been awakened, the intervening miles were not counted: he had fancied himself already at the side of his true-hearted and judicious friend, finding counsel and assuagement from his words and looks. This prospect was now cut off, yet not entirely, if he could venture with the fresh, pedestrian limbs which still stood at his command to set forth toward the goal.

First of all, accordingly, he struck through the park; making for the open country, and the road which was to lead him to his friend. Of his direction he was not quite certain, when, looking to the left, his eye fell upon the hermitage, which had hitherto been kept secret from him, — a strange edifice, rising with grotesque joinery through bush and tree; and here, to his extreme astonishment, he observed the good old man, who for some days had been considered sick, standing in the gallery under the Chinese roof, and looking blithely through the soft morning. The friendliest salutation, the most pressing entreaties to come up, Lucidor resisted with excuses and gestures of haste. Nothing but sympathy with the good old man, who, hastening down with infirm step, seemed every moment in danger of falling to the bottom, could induce him to turn thither, and then suffer himself to be conducted up. With surprise he entered the pretty little hall; it had only three windows, turned toward the park, — a most graceful prospect: the other sides were decorated, or, rather, covered with hundreds of portraits, copperplate or painted, which were fixed in a certain order to the wall, and separated by coloured borders and interstices.

"I favour you, my friend, more than I do every one: this is the sanctuary in which I peacefully spend my last days. Here I recover myself from all the mistakes

which society tempts me to commit: here my dietetic errors are corrected, and my old being is again restored to equilibrium."

Lucidor looked over the place; and, being well read in history, he easily observed that an historical taste had presided in its arrangement.

"Above, there, in the frieze," said the old virtuoso, "you will find the names of distinguished men in the primitive ages; then those of later antiquity; yet still only their names, for how they looked would now be difficult to discover. But here, in the main field, comes my own life into play: here are the men whose names I used to hear mentioned in my boyhood. For some fifty years or so the name of a distinguished man continues in the remembrance of the people: then it vanishes, or becomes fabulous. Though of German parentage, I was born in Holland; and, for me, William of Orange, Stadtholder, and King of England, is the patriarch of all common great men and heroes.

"Now, close by William, you observe Louis Fourteenth as the person who — " How gladly would Lucidor have cut short the good old man, had it but been permitted him, as it is to us the narrators: for the whole late and latest history of the world seemed impending; as from the portraits of Frederick the Great and his generals, toward which he was glancing, was but too clearly to be gathered.

And though the kindly young man could not but respect his old friend's lively sympathy in these things, nor deny that some individual features and views in this exhibitory discourse might be interesting; yet at college he had heard the late and latest history of Europe already: and, what a man has once heard, he fancies himself to know for ever. Lucidor's thoughts were wandering far away: he heard not, he scarcely saw, and was just on the point, in spite of all politeness, of flinging himself out, and tumbling down the

long, fatal stair, when a loud clapping of hands was heard from below.

While Lucidor restrained his movement, the old man looked over through the window; and a well-known voice resounded from beneath, "Come down, for Heaven's sake, out of your historic picture-gallery, old gentleman! Conclude your fasts and humiliations, and help me to appease our young friend, when he learns it. Lucidor's horse I have ridden somewhat hard: it has lost a shoe, and I was obliged to leave the beast behind me. What will he say? He is too absurd, when one behaves absurdly."

"Come up," said the old man, and turning in to Lucidor. "Now what say you?" Lucidor was silent, and the wild blade entered. The discussion of the business lasted long: at length it was determined to despatch the groom forthwith, that he might seek the horse, and take charge of it.

Leaving the old man, the two younkers hastened to the house; Lucidor, not quite unwillingly, submitting to this arrangement. Come of it what might, within these walls the sole wish of his heart was included. In such desperate cases, we are, at any rate, cut off from the assistance of our free will; and we feel ourselves relieved for a moment, when, from any quarter, direction and constraint take hold of us. Yet, on entering his chamber, he found himself in the strangest mood, — like a man who, having just left an apartment of an inn, is forced to return to it by the breaking of an axle.

The gay younker fell upon the travelling-bag, unpacking it all in due order; especially selecting every article of holiday apparel, which, though only on the travelling scale, was to be found there. He forced Lucidor to put on fresh shoes and stockings: he dressed for him his clustering brown locks, and decked him at all points with his best skill. Then stepping back, and surveying

our friend and his own handiwork from head to foot, he exclaimed, "Now, then, my good fellow, you do look like a man that has some pretensions to pretty damsels, and serious enough, moreover, to spy about you for a bride! Wait one moment! You shall see how I, too, can produce myself, when the hour strikes. This knack I learned from your military officers; the girls are always glancing at them: so I likewise have enrolled myself among a certain soldiery; and now they look at me, too, and look again; and no soul of them knows what to make of it. And so, from this looking and re-looking, from this surprise and attention, a pretty enough result now and then arises; which, though it were not lasting, is worth enjoying for the moment.

"But come along, my friend, and do the like service for me. When you have seen me case myself by piecemeal in my equipment, you will not say that wit and invention have been denied me." He now led his friend through several long, spacious passages of the old castle. "I have quite nestled myself here," cried he. "Though I care not for hiding, I like to be alone: you can do no good with other people."

They were passing by the office-rooms just as a servant came out with a patriarchal writing apparatus, black, massive, and complete: paper, too, was not forgotten.

"I know what it is to be blotted here again," cried the younker: "go thy ways, and leave me the key. Take a look of the place, Lucidor: it will amuse you till I am dressed. To a friend of justice, such a spot is not odious, as to a tamer of horses." And, with this, he pushed Lucidor into the hall of judgment.

Lucidor felt himself directly in a well-known and friendly element: he thought of the days when he, fixed down to business, had sat at such a table, and, listening and writing, had trained himself to his art. Nor did he fail to observe, that in this case an old,

stately, domestic chapel had, under the change of religious ideas, been converted to the service of Themis. In the repositories he found some titles and acts already familiar to him: in these very matters he had coöperated while labouring in the capital. Opening a bundle of papers, there came into his hands a rescript which he himself had dictated; another of which he had been the originator. Handwriting and paper, signet and president's signature, everything recalled to him that season of juridical effort, of youthful hope. And here, when he looked round, and saw the *Oberamtmann's* chair, appointed and intended for himself; so fair a place, so dignified a circle of activity, which he was now like to cast away and utterly lose, — all this oppressed him doubly and trebly, as the form of Lucinda seemed to retire from him at the same time.

He turned to go out into the open air, but found himself a prisoner. His gay friend, heedlessly or roguishly, had left the door locked. Lucidor, however, did not long continue in this durance; for the other returned, apologised for his oversight, and really called forth good humour by his singular appearance. A certain audacity of colour and cut in his clothes was softened by natural taste, as even to tattooed Indians we refuse not a certain approbation. "To-day," cried he, "the tedium of by-gone days shall be made good to us. Worthy friends, merry friends, are come; pretty girls, roguish and fond; and my father, to boot; and, wonder on wonder! your father too. This will be a festival truly: they are all assembled for breakfast in the parlour."

With Lucidor, at this piece of information, it was as if he were looking into deep fog: all the figures, known and unknown, which the words announced to him, assumed a spectral aspect; yet his resolution, and the consciousness of a pure heart, sustained him: and in a few seconds he felt himself prepared for everything.

He followed his hastening friend with a steady step, firmly determined to await the issue, be what it might, and explain his own purposes, come what come might.

And yet, at the very threshold of the hall, he was struck with some alarm. In a large half-circle, ranged round by the windows, he immediately descried his father with the *Oberamtmann*, both splendidly attired. The two sisters, Antoni, and others known and unknown, he hurried over with a glance which was threatening to grow dim. Half wavering, he approached his father, who bade him welcome with the utmost kindness, yet in a certain style of formality which scarcely invited any trustful application. Standing before so many persons, he looked round to find a place among them for a moment; he might have arranged himself beside Lucinda: but Julia, contrary to the rigour of etiquette, made room for him; so that he was forced to step to her side. Antoni continued by Lucinda.

At this important moment Lucidor again felt as if he were a delegate; and, steeled by his whole juridical science, he called up in his own favour the fine maxim, That we should transact affairs delegated to us by a stranger as if they were our own; why not our own, therefore, in the same spirit? Well practised in official orations, he speedily ran over what he had to say. But the company, ranged in a formal semicircle, seemed to outflank him. The purport of his speech he knew well: the beginning of it he could not find. At this crisis he observed on a table, in the corner, the large inkglass, and several clerks sitting round it: the *Oberamtmann* made a movement as if to solicit attention for a speech; Lucidor wished to anticipate him: and, at that very moment, Julia pressed his hand. This threw him out of all self-possession, convinced him that all was decided, all lost for him.

With the whole of these negotiations, these family alliances, with social conventions, and rules of good manners, he had now nothing more to do: he snatched his hand from Julia's, and vanished so rapidly from the room, that the company lost him unawares; and he out of doors could not find himself again.

Shrinking from the light of day, which shone down upon him in its highest splendour; avoiding the eyes of men; dreading search and pursuit, — he hurried forwards, and reached the large garden-hall. Here his knees were like to fail him: he rushed in, and threw himself, utterly comfortless, upon the sofa beneath the mirror. Amid the polished arrangements of society, to be caught in such unspeakable perplexity! It dashed to and fro like waves about him and within him. His past existence was struggling with his present: it was a frightful moment.

And so he lay for a time, with his face hid in the cushion on which last night Lucinda's arm had rested. Altogether sunk in his sorrow, he had heard no footsteps approach: feeling some one touch him, he started up, and perceived Lucinda standing by his side.

Fancying they had sent her to bring him back, had commissioned her to lead him with fit, sisterly words into the assemblage to front his hated doom, he exclaimed, "You they should not have sent, Lucinda; for it was you that drove me away. I will not return. Give me, if you are capable of any pity, procure me, convenience and means of flight. For, that you yourself may testify how impossible it was to bring me back, listen to the explanation of my conduct, which to you and all of them must seem insane. Hear now the oath which I have sworn in my soul, and which I incessantly repeat in words: with you only did I wish to live, with you to enjoy, to employ my days, from youth to old age, in true, honourable union. And let this be as firm and sure as aught ever sworn before the altar,

— this, which I now swear, now when I leave you, the most pitiable of all men."

He made a movement to glide past her, as she stood close before him; but she caught him softly in her arms. "What is this?" exclaimed he.

"Lucidor!" cried she, "not pitiable as you think: you are mine, I am yours; I hold you in my arms; delay not to throw your arms about me. Your father has agreed to all: Antoni marries my sister."

In astonishment he recoiled from her. "Can it be?" Lucinda smiled and nodded: he drew back from her arms. "Let me view once more, at a distance, what is to be mine so nearly, so inseparably!" He grasped her hands: "Lucinda, are you mine?"

She answered, "Well, then, yes," the sweetest tears in the truest eyes: he clasped her to his breast, and threw his head behind hers; he hung like a shipwrecked mariner on the cliffs of the coast; the ground still shook under him. And now his enraptured eye, again opening, lighted on the mirror. He saw her there in his arms, himself clasped in hers: he looked down and again to the image. Such emotions accompany man throughout his life. In the mirror, also, he beheld the landscape, which last night had appeared to him so baleful and ominous, now lying fairer and brighter than ever; and himself in such a posture, on such a background! Abundant recompense for all sorrows!

"We are not alone," said Lucinda; and scarcely had he recovered from his rapture, when, all decked and garlanded, a company of girls and boys came forward, carrying wreaths of flowers, and crowding the entrance of the hall. "This is not the way," cried Lucinda: "how prettily it was arranged, and now it is all running into tumult!" A gay march sounded from a distance, and the company were seen coming on by the large road in stately procession. Lucidor hesitated to advance toward them: only on her arm did he seem

certain of his steps. She stayed beside him; expecting from moment to moment the solemn scene of meeting, of thanks for pardon already given.

But by the capricious gods it was otherwise determined. The gay, clanging sound of a postilion's horn from the opposite side seemed to throw the whole ceremony into rout. "Who can be coming?" cried Lucinda. The thought of a strange presence was frightful to Lucidor, and the carriage seemed entirely unknown to him. A double-seated, new, spick-and-span new, travelling-chaise! It rolled up to the hall. A well-dressed, handsome boy sprang down, opened the door; but no one dismounted; the chaise was empty. The boy stepped into it: with a dexterous touch or two he threw back the tilts; and there, in a twinkling, stood the daintiest vehicle in readiness for the gayest drive, before the eyes of the whole party, who were now advancing to the spot. Antoni, outhastening the rest, led Julia to the carriage. "Try if this machine," said he, "will please you; if you can sit in it, and, over the smoothest roads, roll through the world beside me: I will lead you by no other but the smoothest; and, when a strait comes, we shall know how to help ourselves. Over the mountains sumpters shall carry us, and our coach also."

"You are a dear creature!" cried Julia. The boy came forward, and, with the quickness of a conjurer, exhibited all the conveniences, little advantages, comforts, and celerities of the whole light edifice.

"On earth I have no thanks," cried Julia; "but from this little moving heaven, from this cloud, into which you raise me, I will heartily thank you." She had already bounded in, throwing him kind looks, and a kiss of the hand. "For the present you come not hither; but there is another whom I mean to take along with me in this proof-excursion, — he himself has still a proof to undergo." She called to Lucidor,

who, just then occupied in mute conversation with his father and father-in-law, willingly took refuge in the light vehicle, feeling an irresistible necessity to dissipate his thoughts in some way or other, though it were but for a moment. He placed himself beside her: she directed the postilion where he was to drive. Instantly they darted off, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and vanished from the eyes of the amazed spectators.

Julia fixed herself in the corner as firmly and commodiously as she could wish. "Now do you shift into that one, too, good brother; so that we may look each other rightly in the face."

Lucidor. You feel my confusion, my embarrassment. I am still as if in a dream. Help me out of it.

Julia. Look at these gay peasants. How kindly they salute us! You have never seen the Upper Hamlet yet, since you came hither. All good, substantial people there, and all thoroughly devoted to me. No one of them so rich that you cannot, by a time, do a little kind service to him. This road, which we whirl along so smoothly, is my father's doing, — another of his benefits to the community.

Lucidor. I believe it, and willingly admit it; but what have these external things to do with the perplexity of my internal feelings?

Julia. Patience a little! I will show you the riches of this world, and the glory thereof. Here now we are at the top. Do but look how clear the level country lies all round us, leaning against the mountains. All these villages are much, much indebted to my father; to mother and daughters too. The grounds of yon little hamlet are the border.

Lucidor. Surely you are in a very strange mood: you do not seem to be saying what you mean to say.

Julia. But now look down to the left. How beautifully all this unfolds itself! The church, with its high lindens; the *Amthaus*, with its poplars, behind

the village knoll. Here, too, are the garden and the park.

The postilion drove faster.

Julia. The Hall up yonder you know. It looks almost as well here as this scene does from it. Here, at the tree, we shall stop a moment. Now, in this very spot our image is reflected in the large mirror: there they see us full well, but we cannot see ourselves. — Go along, postilion! There, some little while ago, two people, I believe, were reflected at a shorter distance, and, if I am not exceedingly mistaken, to their great mutual satisfaction.

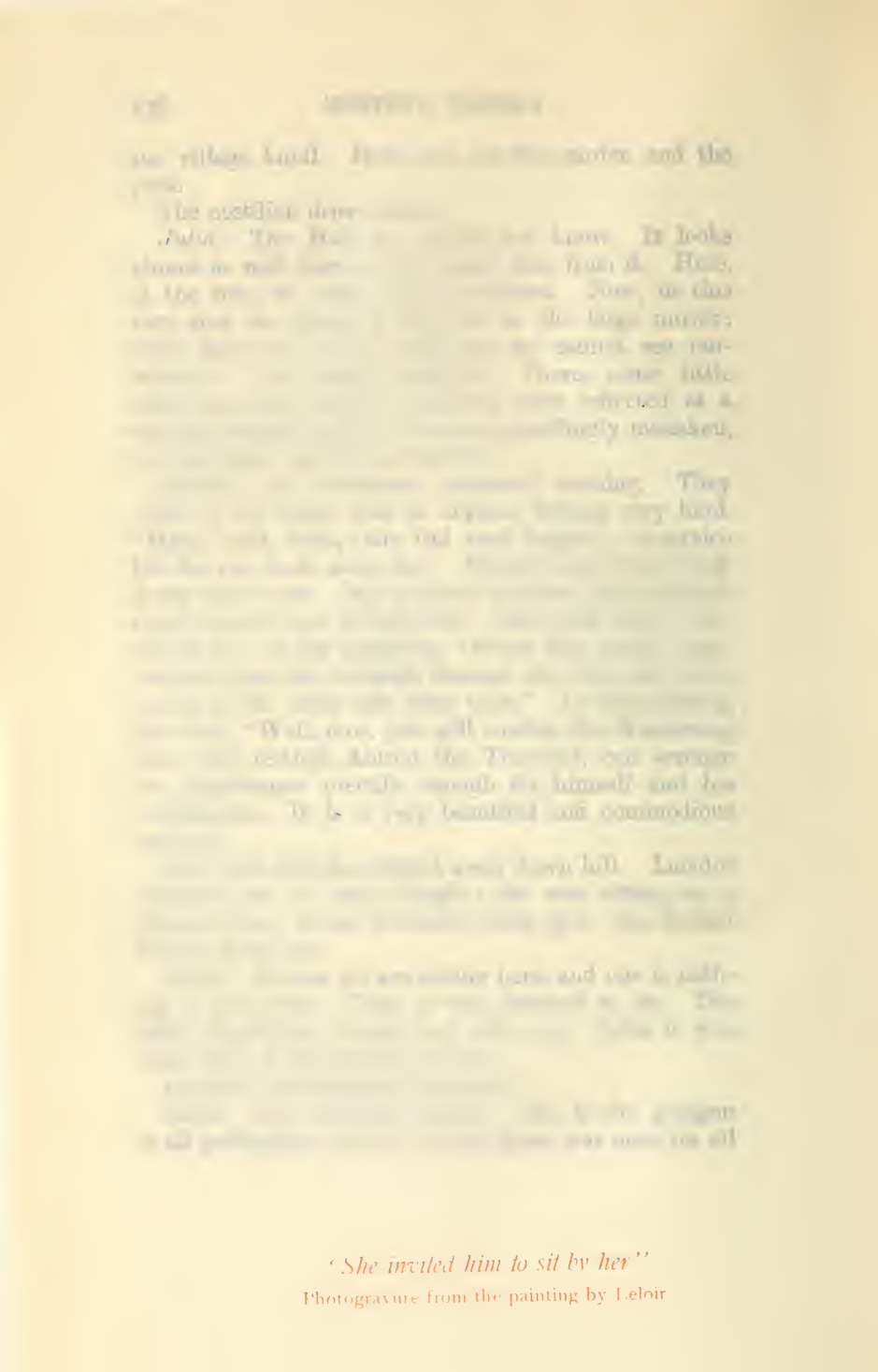
Lucidor, in ill-humour, answered nothing. They went on for some time in silence, driving very hard. "Here," said Julia, "the bad road begins, — a service left for you to do some day. Before we go lower, look down once more. My mother's box-tree rises with its royal summit over all the rest. Thou wilt drive," continued she, to the postilion, "down this rough road: we shall take the footpath through the dale, and so be sooner at the other side than thou." In dismounting, she cried, "Well, now, you will confess the Wandering Jew, this restless Antoni the Traveller, can arrange his pilgrimages prettily enough for himself and his companions. It is a very beautiful and commodious carriage."

And with this she tripped away down hill. Lucidor followed her in deep thought: she was sitting on a pleasant seat; it was Lucinda's little spot. She invited him to sit by her.

Julia. So now we are sitting here, and one is nothing to the other. Thus it was destined to be. The little Quicksilver would not suit you. Love it you could not: it was hateful to you.

Lucidor's astonishment increased.

Julia. But Lucinda, indeed! She is the paragon of all perfections, and the pretty sister was once for all



"She invited him to sit by her"

Photogravure from the painting by Leloir

cast out. I see it: the question hovers on your lips, Who has told us all so accurately?

Lucidor. There is treachery in it!

Julia. Yes, truly! There has been a traitor at work in the matter.

Lucidor. Name him.

Julia. He is soon unmasked: You! You have the praiseworthy or blameworthy custom of talking to yourself; and now, in the name of all, I must confess that in turn we have overheard you.

Lucidor (starting up). A sorry piece of hospitality, to lay snares for a stranger in this way!

Julia. By no means. We thought not of watching you more than any other. But you know your bed stands in the recess of the wall: on the opposite side is another alcove, commonly employed for laying up household articles. Hither, some days before, we had shifted our old man's bed, being anxious about him in his remote hermitage; and here, the first night, you started some such passionate soliloquy, which he next morning took his opportunity of rehearsing.

Lucidor had not the heart to interrupt her. He withdrew.

Julia (rising and following him). What a service this discovery did us all! For I will confess, if you were not positively disagreeable, the situation which awaited me was not by any means to my mind. To be Frau Oberamtmannin, — what a dreadful state! To have a brave, gallant husband, who is to pass judgment on the people, and, for sheer judgment, cannot get to justice; who can please neither high nor low, and, what is worst, not even himself. I know what my poor mother suffered from the incorruptibility, the inflexibility, of my father. At last, indeed, but not till her death, a certain meekness took possession of him: he seemed to suit himself to the world, to make

a truce with those evils which till then he had vainly striven to conquer.

Lucidor (stopping short, extremely discontented with the incident, vexed at this light mode of treating it). For the sport of an evening this might pass, but to practise such a disgracing mystification day and night against an unsuspicious stranger is not pardonable.

Julia. We are all equally deep in the crime, we all hearkened you; yet I alone pay the penalty of eavesdropping.

Lucidor. All! So much the more unpardonable. And how could you look at me, throughout the day, without blushing, whom at night you were so contemptuously overreaching? But I see clearly with a glance that your arrangements by day were planned to make mockery of me. A fine family! And where was your father's love of justice all this while? — And Lucinda —

Julia. And Lucinda! What a tone was that! You meant to say, did not you, how deeply it grieved your heart to think ill of Lucinda, to rank her in a class with the rest of us?

Lucidor. I cannot understand Lucinda.

Julia. In other words, this pure, noble soul; this peacefully composed nature, benevolence, goodness itself; this woman as she should be, — unites with a light-minded company, with a freakish sister, a spoiled brother, and certain mysterious persons. That is incomprehensible!

Lucidor. Yes, indeed, it is incomprehensible!

Julia. Comprehend it, then! Lucinda, like the rest of us, had her hands bound. Could you have seen her perplexity, how fain she would have told you all, how often she was on the very eve of doing it, you would now love her doubly and trebly, if, indeed, true love were not always tenfold and hundredfold

of itself. I can assure you, moreover, that all of us at length thought the joke too long.

Lucidor. Why did you not end it, then?

Julia. That, too, I must explain. No sooner had my father got intelligence of your first monologue, and seen, as was easy to do, that none of his children would object to such an exchange, than he determined on visiting your father. The importance of the business gave him much anxiety. A father alone can feel the respect which is due to a father. "He must be informed of it in the first place," said mine, "that he may not in the end, when we are all agreed, be reduced to give a forced and displeased consent. I know him well: I know how any thought, any wish, any purpose, cleaves to him; and I have my own fears about the issue. Julia, his maps and pictures, he has long viewed as one thing; he has it in his eye to transport all this hither, when the young pair are once settled here, and his old pupil cannot change her abode so readily: on us he is to bestow his holidays; and who knows what other kind, friendly things he has projected? He must forthwith be informed what a trick Nature has played us, while yet nothing is declared, nothing is determined." And, with this, he exacted from us all the most solemn promise that we should observe you, and, come what might, retain you here till his return. How this return has been protracted; what art, toil, and perseverance it has cost to gain your father's consent, — he himself will inform you. In short, the business is adjusted: Lucinda is yours.

And thus had the two promenaders, sharply removing from their first resting-place, then pausing by the way, then speaking, and walking slowly through the green fields, at last reached the height, where another well-levelled road received them. The carriage came whirling up: Julia in the meanwhile turned her

friend's attention to a strange sight. The whole machinery, of which her gay brother had bragged so much, was now alive and in motion: the wheels were already heaving up and down a multitude of people; the seesaws were flying; maypoles had their climbers; and many a bold, artful swing and spring over the heads of an innumerable multitude you might see ventured. The younker had set all a-going, that so the guests, after dinner, might have a gay spectacle awaiting them. "Thou wilt drive through the Nether Hamlet," cried Julia: "the people wish me well, and they shall see how well I am off."

The hamlet was empty: the young people had all run to the swings and seesaws; old men and women, roused by the driver's horn, appeared at doors and windows; every one gave salutations and blessings, exclaiming, "Oh, what a lovely pair!"

Julia. There, do you hear? We should have suited well enough together after all: you may rue it yet.

Lucidor. But now, dear sister —

Julia. Ha! Now dear, when you are rid of me!

Lucidor. One single word. On you rests a heavy accusation: what did you mean by that squeeze of the hand, when you knew and felt my dreadful situation? A thing so radically wicked I have never met with in my life before.

Julia. Thank Heaven we are now quits; now all is pardoned: I had no mind for *you*, that is certain; but that you had utterly and absolutely no mind for me, this was a thing which no young woman could forgive: and the squeeze of the hand, observe you, was for the rogue. I do confess it was almost too roguish: and I forgive myself, because I forgive you; and so let all be forgotten and forgiven! Here is my hand.

He took it: she cried, "Here we are again! In our

park again; and so, in a trice, we whirl through the wide world, and back too: we shall meet again."

They had reached the garden-hall; it seemed empty; the company, tired of waiting, had gone out to walk. Antoni, however, and Lucinda, came forth. Julia, stepping from the carriage, flew to her friend: she thanked him in a cordial embrace, and restrained not the most joyful tears. The brave man's cheeks reddened, his features looked forth unfolded; his eye glanced moist; and a fair, imposing youth shone through the veil.

And so both pairs moved off to join the company, with feelings which the finest dream could not have given them.

CHAPTER LAST.

"THUS, my friends," said Lenardo, after a short preamble, "if we survey the most populous provinces and kingdoms of the firm earth, we observe on all sides, that wherever an available soil appears, it is cultivated, planted, shaped, beautified, and, in the same proportion, coveted, taken into possession, fortified, and defended. Hereby we bring home to our conceptions the high worth of property in land, and are obliged to consider it as the first and best acquirement that can be allotted to man. And if, on closer inspection, we find parental and filial love, the union of countrymen and townsmen, and therefore the universal feeling of patriotism, founded immediately on this same interest in the soil, we cannot but regard that seizing and retaining of space, in the great or the small scale, as a thing still more important and venerable. Yes, Nature herself has so ordered it! A man born on the glebe comes by habit to belong to it; the two grow together, and the fairest ties are spun from their union. Who is there, then, that would spitefully disturb this foundation-stone of all existence; that would blindly deny the worth and dignity of such precious and peculiar gifts of Heaven?

"And yet we may assert, that if what man possesses is of great worth, what he does and accomplishes must be of still greater. In a wide view of things, therefore, we must look on property in land as one small part of the possessions that have been

given us. Of these the greatest and the most precious part consists especially in what is movable, and in what is gained by a moving life.

"Toward this quarter we younger men are peculiarly constrained to turn; for, though we had inherited from our fathers the desire of abiding and continuing, we find ourselves called by a thousand causes nowise to shut our eyes against a wider out-look and survey. Let us hasten, then, to the shore of the ocean, and convince ourselves what boundless spaces are still lying open to activity, and confess, that, by the bare thought of this, we are roused to new vigour.

"Yet, not to lose ourselves in these vast expanses, let us direct our attention to the long and large surface of so many countries and kingdoms combined together on the face of the earth. Here we behold great tracts of land tenanted by Nomades, whose towns are movable, whose life-supporting household goods can be transferred from place to place. We see them in the middle of the deserts, on wide green pasturages, lying, as it were, at anchor in their desired haven. Such movement, such wandering, becomes a habit with them, a necessity: in the end they grow to regard the surface of the world as if it were not bulwarked by mountains, were not cut asunder by streams. Have we not seen the North-east flow toward the South-west; one people driving another before it, and lordship and property altogether changed?

"From over-populous countries, a similar calamity may again, in the great circle of vicissitudes, occur more than once. What we have to dread from foreigners, it may be difficult to say; but it is curious enough, that, by our own over-population, we ourselves are thronging one another in our own domains, and, without waiting to be driven, are driving one another forth, passing sentence of banishment each against his fellow.

"Here now is the place and season for giving scope in our bosoms, without spleen or anger, to a love of movement; for unfettering that impatient wish which excites us to change our abode. Yet whatever we may purpose and intend, let it be accomplished, not from passion, or from any other influence of force, but from a conviction corresponding to the wisest judgment and deliberation.

"It has been said, and over again said, Where I am well is my country! But this consolatory saw were better worded, Where I am useful is my country! At home you may be useless, and the fact not instantly observed: abroad in the world, the useless man is speedily convicted. And now, if I say, Let each endeavour everywhere to be of use to himself and others, this is not a precept or a counsel, but the utterance of life itself.

"Cast a glance over the terrestrial ball, and for the present leave the ocean out of sight: let not its hurrying fleets distract your thoughts, but fix your eye on the firm earth, and be amazed to see how it is overflowed with a swarming ant-tribe, jostling and crossing, and running to and fro for ever! So was it ordained of the Lord himself, when, obstructing the Tower of Babel, he scattered the human race abroad into all the world. Let us praise his name on this account, for the blessing has extended to all generations.

"Observe now, and cheerfully, how the young, on every side, instantly get into movement. As instruction is not offered them within doors, and knocks not at their gates, they hasten forthwith to those countries and cities whither the call of science and wisdom allures them. Here, no sooner have they gained a rapid and scanty training, than they feel themselves impelled to look round in the world, whether here and there some profitable experience, applicable to their objects, may not be met with and appropriated. Let

these try their fortune! We turn from them to those completed and distinguished men, those noble inquirers into nature, who wittingly encounter every difficulty, every peril, that to the world they may lay the world open, and, through the most impassable, pave easy roads.

"But observe also, on beaten highways, how dust on dust, in long, cloudy trains, mounts up, betokening the track of commodious, top-laden carriages, in which the rich, the noble, and so many others, are whirled along; whose varying purposes and dispositions Yorick has most daintily explained to us.

"These the stout craftsman, on foot, may cheerily gaze after; for whom his country has made it a duty to appropriate foreign skill, and not, till this has been accomplished, to revisit his paternal hearth. In still greater numbers do traffickers and dealers meet us on our road: the little trader must not neglect, from time to time, to forsake his shop, that he may visit fairs and markets, may approach the great merchant, and increase his own small profit, by example and participation of the boundless. But yet more restlessly do we descry cruising on horseback, singly, on all high and by ways, that multitude of persons whose business it is, in lawful wise, to make forcible pretension to our purses. Samples of all sorts, prize catalogues, invitations to purchase, pursue us into town-houses and country-houses, and wherever we may seek refuge: diligently they assault us and surprise us; themselves offering the opportunity, which it would have entered no man's mind to seek. And what shall I say of that people which, before all others, arrogates to itself the blessing of perpetual wandering, and, by its movable activity, contrives to overreach the resting and to overstep the walking? Of them we must say neither ill nor good, — no good, because our League stands on its guard against them; no ill, because the wanderer,

mindful of reciprocal advantage, is bound to treat with friendliness whomsoever he may meet.

"But now, above all, we must mention with peculiar affection the whole race of artists; for they, too, are thoroughly involved in this universal movement. Does not the painter wander, with palette and easel, from face to face? and are not his kindred labourers summoned now this way, now that, because in all places there is something to be built and to be fashioned? More briskly, however, paces the musician on his way; for he peculiarly it is that for a new ear has provided new surprise, for a fresh mind fresh astonishment. Players, too, though they now despise the cart of Thespis, still rove about in little choirs; and their moving world, wherever they appear, is speedily enough built up. So likewise, individually, renouncing serious, profitable engagements, these men delight to change place with place, according as rising talents, combined with rising wants, furnish pretext and occasion. For this success they commonly prepare themselves by leaving no important stage in their native land untrodden.

"Nor let us forget to cast a glance over the professorial class: these, too, you find in continual motion, occupying and forsaking one chair after the other, to scatter richly abroad on every side the seeds of a hasty culture. More assiduous, however, and of wider aim, are those pious souls who disperse themselves through all quarters of the world to bring salvation to their brethren. Others, on the contrary, are pilgriming to seek salvation for themselves: they march in hosts to consecrated, wonder-working places, there to ask and receive what was denied their souls at home.

"And if all these sorts of men surprise us less by their wandering, as, for most part, without wandering, the business of their life were impossible, of those, again, who dedicate their diligence to the soil, we

should certainly expect that they, at least, were fixed. By no means! Even without possession, occupation is conceivable; and we behold the eager farmer forsaking the ground which for years had yielded him profit and enjoyment: impatiently he searches after similar or greater profit, be it far or near. Nay, the owner himself will abandon his new-grubbed clearage so soon as, by his cultivation, he has rendered it commodious for a less enterprising husbandman: once more he presses into the wilderness, again makes space for himself in the forests, — in recompense of that first toiling a double and treble space; on which also, it may be, he thinks not to continue.

"There we shall leave him, bickering with bears and other monsters, and turn back into the polished world, where we find the state of things no whit more stationary. Do but view any great and regulated kingdom: the ablest man is also the man who moves the oftenest; at the beck of his prince, at the order of his minister, the Serviceable is transferred from place to place. To him also our precept will apply, Everywhere endeavour to be useful, everywhere you are at home. Yet if we observe important statesmen leaving, though reluctantly, their high stations, we have reason to deplore their fate; for we can neither recognise them as emigrators, not as migrators, — not as emigrators, because they forego a covetable situation without any prospect of a better even seeming to open; not as migrators, because to be useful in other places is a fortune seldom granted them.

"For the soldier, again, a life of peculiar wandering is appointed: even in peace, now this, now that, post is entrusted to him; to fight, at hand or afar off, for his native country, he must keep himself perpetually in motion, or readiness to move; and not for immediate defence alone, but also to fulfil the remote purposes of nations and rulers, he turns his steps toward all quar-

ters of the world; and to few of his craft is it given to find any resting-place. And as in the soldier courage is his first and highest quality, so this must always be considered as united with fidelity; and, accordingly, we find certain nations famous for trustworthiness, called forth from their home, and serving spiritual or temporal regents as body-guards.

"Another class of persons indispensable to governments, and also of extreme mobility, we see in those negotiators who, despatched from court to court, beleaguer princes and ministers, and overnet the whole inhabited world with their invisible threads. Of these men, also, no one is certain of his place for a moment. In peace, the ablest of them are sent from country to country; in war, they march behind the army when victorious, prepare the way for it when fugitive: and thus are they appointed still to be changing place for place; on which account, indeed, they at all times carry with them a stock of farewell cards.

"If hitherto at every step we have contrived to do ourselves some honour, declaring, as we have done, the most distinguished portion of active men to be our mates and fellows in destiny, there now remains for you, my beloved friends, by way of termination, a glory higher than all the rest, seeing you find yourselves united in brotherhood with princes, kings, and emperors. Think first, with blessings and reverence, of the imperial wanderer Hadrian, who on foot, at the head of his army, paced out the circle of the world which was subject to him, and thus in very deed took possession of it. Think then with horror of the Conqueror, that armed wanderer, against whom no resistance availed, no wall or bulwark could shelter armed nations. In fine, accompany with honest sympathy those hapless exiled princes who, descending from the summit of the height, cannot even be received into the modest guild of active wanderers.

"And now, while we call forth and illustrate all this to one another, no narrow despondency, no passionate perversion, can rule over us. The time is past when people rushed forth at random into the wide world: by the labours of scientific travellers, describing wisely and copying like artists, we have become sufficiently acquainted with the earth to know moderately well what is to be looked for everywhere.

"Yet, for obtaining perfect information, an individual will not suffice. Our society is founded on the principle that each in his degree, for his purposes, be thoroughly informed. Has any one of us some country in his eye, toward which his wishes are tending, we endeavour to make clear to him, in special detail, what was hovering before his imagination as a whole: to afford each other a survey of the inhabited and inhabitable world is a most pleasant and most profitable kind of conversation.

"Under this aspect we can look upon ourselves as members of a Union belonging to the world. Simple and grand is the thought, easy is its execution by understanding and strength. Unity is all-powerful; no division, therefore, no contention, among us! Let a man learn, we say, to figure himself as without permanent external relation: let him seek consistency and sequence, not in circumstances, but in himself; there will he find it; there let him cherish and nourish it. He who devotes himself to the most needful will, in all cases, advance to his purpose with greatest certainty: others, again, aiming at the higher, the more delicate, require greater prudence even, in the choice of their path. But let a man be attempting or treating what he will, he is not, as an individual, sufficient for himself; and, to an honest mind, society remains the highest want. All serviceable persons ought to be related with each other; as the building

proprietor looks out for an architect, and the architect for masons and carpenters.

"How and on what principle this Union of ours has been fixed and founded is known to all. There is no man among us who at any moment could not to proper purpose employ his faculty of action, who is not assured that in all places whither chance, inclination, or even passion may conduct him, he will be received, employed, assisted, — nay, in adverse accidents, as far as possible, refitted and indemnified.

"Two duties we have most rigorously undertaken, — first, to honour every species of religious worship; for all of them are comprehended more or less directly in the Creed: secondly, in like manner to respect all forms of government, and, since every one of them induces and promotes a calculated activity, to labour according to the wish and will of constituted authorities, in whatever place it may be our lot to sojourn, and for whatever time. Finally, we reckon it our duty, without pedantry or rigour, to practise and forward decorum of manners and morals, as required by that reverence for ourselves which arises from the three reverences, whereto we universally profess our adherence; having all had the joy and good fortune, some of us from youth upwards, to be initiated likewise in the higher general wisdom taught in certain cases by those venerable men. All this, in the solemn hour of parting, we have thought good once more to recount, to unfold, to hear and acknowledge, as also to seal with a trustful farewell.

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam:
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart, are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit:
We are gay whate'er betide.
To give space for wand'ring is it
That the world was made so wide."

The Recreations of the German Emigrants

The Recreations of the German Emigrants

At that unhappy period, so fruitful in disasters to Germany, to Europe, and, indeed, to the whole world, when the French army overran the Continent, a family of distinction was compelled to forsake their property on the first invasion, and to flee across the Rhine. They sought to escape those calamities to which persons of noble birth were inevitably exposed, in whom it was considered criminal to be descended from an honourable line of ancestors, and to inherit those privileges and possessions which the virtues or the valour of their forefathers had bequeathed to them.

The Baroness of C——, a widow lady of middle age, distinguished for every domestic virtue which could promote the comfort or independence of her family, evinced, upon the occasion of this unforeseen calamity, the most noble spirit of activity and resolute determination. Brought up amidst a wide circle of acquaintances, and, to some extent, already experienced in the reverses of life, she was considered perfect in her private and domestic character, and was remarkable for the real delight she ever felt in the active employment of her faculties. Indeed, the great purpose of her life seemed to consist in rendering services to others; and it is easy to suppose that her numerous

friends never failed to provide her with employment. She was summoned, at the time we speak of, to take the lead of a little band of emigrants. Even for this duty she was prepared; and the same solicitous though cheerful temper, which had invariably distinguished her at home, did not forsake her in this hour of general terror and distress. But cheerfulness was not an entire stranger to our band of fugitives: many an unexpected incident and strange event afforded occasion for the indulgence of mirth and laughter, of which their easily excited minds readily took advantage. The very flight itself was a circumstance well calculated to call out each individual's peculiar character in a remarkable manner. The mind of one, for instance, was distracted by vain fear and terror; another fell a prey to idle apprehensions; and the extravagances and deficiencies, the weakness, irresolution, or impetuosity, which were displayed on all sides, produced so many instances of vexation and bad temper, that the real trouble of the whole party afforded more mirth than an actual pleasure trip could possibly have occasioned.

As we may sometimes preserve our composure, even during the performance of a farce, without smiling at the most positive drolleries; though we find it impossible to restrain our laughter when anything absurd occurs in the representation of a tragedy, — so in this real world, the generality of accidents of a serious nature are accompanied by circumstances either ridiculous at the moment, or infallibly productive of subsequent mirth.

We must observe that the baroness's eldest daughter, Louisa, a cheerful, lively, and, at the time of their prosperity, an imperious young lady, had to endure an unusual degree of suffering. She is said to have been quite overwhelmed with terror at the first alarm, and, in her distraction and absence of mind, to have packed

together the most useless things with the greatest seriousness, and actually to have made an offer of marriage to one of the old servants of the establishment.

She defended herself for this step with much obstinacy, and would not allow her intended to be made a subject of ridicule. In her opinion she suffered enough from her daily fear of the allied army, and from the apprehension that her wished-for marriage might be delayed, or even frustrated, by a general engagement.

Her elder brother, Frederick, who was a youth of decisive character, executed his mother's orders with precision and exactitude, accompanied the procession on horseback, and discharged at times the various duties of courier, conductor, and guide. The tutor of the baroness's younger son, who was a well-educated young man, accompanied her in her carriage; whilst uncle Charles, and an elderly clergyman, who had long been an indispensable friend of the family, followed in another vehicle, which was also occupied by two female relations, one young, the other somewhat advanced in years. The servants followed in an open carriage; and the procession was closed by a heavily packed wagon, which occasionally loitered behind.

The whole party, as may easily be supposed, had abandoned their dwellings with great reluctance; but uncle Charles had forsaken his residence on this side of the Rhine even more unwillingly than the others, not that he had left his mistress behind, as one might, perhaps, have conjectured from his youth, his figure, and the warmth of his nature: he had rather been seduced by the brilliant phantom, which, under the denomination of freedom, had secured so many adherents, first in secret, then in public, and which, notwithstanding that she was to some a harsh mistress, was all the more devotedly honoured by the lovers.

Just as lovers are generally blinded by their passion, it did happen in the case of uncle Charles. They pant

for the possession of a single happiness, and fancy that for this they can endure the privation of every other blessing. Position, fortune, and all advantages, vanish into nothing, compared with the one benefit which is to supply their place. Parents, relatives, and friends are now looked upon as strangers. One desire fills and absorbs their whole being, to which everything else is to give way.

Uncle Charles abandoned himself to the intensity of his passion, and did not conceal it in his conversation. He thought he might express his conviction the more freely, because he was of noble birth, and, although the second son, yet the presumptive heir to a noble fortune. Even this fortune, which was to be his future inheritance, was at present in the enemy's hands, by whom it had been shamefully wasted. But, in spite of all this, Charles could not hate a nation which promised such advantages to the world at large, and whose principles he approved, according to his own admission, and the evidence of some of his associates. He constantly disturbed the peace of the little community (seldom as they enjoyed such a blessing) by an indiscriminate praise of everything, good or bad, which happened amongst the French, and by his noisy delight at their success. By this means he irritated his companions, who felt their own grievances doubly aggravated by the malicious triumphs of their friend and relation.

Frederick had already been engaged in frequent disputes with him, and latterly they had ceased to hold communication with each other. But the baroness, by her prudent management, had secured his moderation, at least for a time. Louisa gave him the greatest trouble, for she often used the most unfair methods to cast a slur upon his character and judgment. The tutor silently pronounced him right, the clergyman silently pronounced him wrong: and the female attendants, who were charmed with his figure and with his liber-

ality, heard him with delight; because, whilst they listened to his lectures, they could honourably fix on him those loving eyes, which, until that time, had ever been modestly bent upon the ground.

Their daily necessities, the obstacles of the journey, and their disagreeable quarters, generally led the whole company to a consideration of their immediate interests; and the great number of French and German fugitives whom they constantly met, and whose conduct and fortunes were various, often made them consider how much occasion existed at such times for the practice of every virtue, but particularly of liberality and forbearance.

The baroness, on one occasion, observed aloud, that nothing could show more clearly the deficiencies of men in these virtues than the opportunity afforded for their exercise, by occasions of general confusion and distress. Our whole constitution, she maintained, resembled a ship chartered in a season of tempest, to convey a countless crowd of men, old and young, healthy and infirm, across a stormy sea; but only in the hour of shipwreck could the capabilities of the crew be displayed, — an emergency when even the good swimmer often perished.

Fugitives, for the most part, carry their faults and ridiculous peculiarities along with them; and we wonder at this circumstance. But as the English traveller never leaves his teakettle behind in any quarter of the globe; so are the generality of mankind invariably accompanied by their stock of proud pretensions, vanity, intolerance, impatience, obstinacy, prejudices, and envy. Thus, the thoughtless enjoyed this flight as they would have enjoyed a party of pleasure; and the discontented required, even now in their moments of abject poverty, that their every want should be supplied. How rare is the display of that pure virtue which incites us to live and sacrifice ourselves for others!

In the meantime, whilst numerous acquaintances were formed, which gave occasion to reflections of this nature, the season of winter was brought to a close. Fortune once more smiled on the German arms, the French were again driven across the Rhine, Frankfort was relieved, and Mainz was invested.

Trusting to the farther advance of our victorious troops, and anxious to take possession of a part of their recovered property, the family we speak of set out for an estate situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the country, on the right bank of the Rhine. We can ill describe the rapture with which they once more beheld the silver stream flowing beneath their windows, the joy with which they took possession of every part of their house, and hailed the sight of their well-known furniture, their old family pictures, and of every trifle they had long given up as totally lost; and they indulged the fondest anticipations of finding everything flourishing as heretofore on their side of the Rhine.

The arrival of the baroness had scarcely been announced in the village, when all her former acquaintances, friends, and dependants hastened to welcome her, to recount the various vicissitudes of the last few months, and, in more than one instance, to implore her advice and assistance.

In the midst of these interviews, she was most agreeably surprised by a visit from the Privy Councillor S. and his family, a man who, from his earliest youth, had followed business as a pursuit of pleasure, and who had both merited and acquired the confidence of his sovereign. His principles were firm, and he indulged his own peculiar notions upon many subjects. He was precise, both in his conversation and conduct, and required others to be so too. A dignified deportment was, in his opinion, the highest virtue a man could possess.

His sovereign, his country, and himself had suffered

much from the invasion of the French. He had experienced the despotic character of that nation who were perpetually boasting justice, and had felt the tyranny of men who always had the cry of freedom on their lips. He had observed, however, the general consistency of character which prevailed, and had marked how many persons witnessed, with feelings of angry disappointment, the substitution of mere words for practice, and of empty appearance for reality. The consequences to be expected from an unfortunate campaign did not escape his acute penetration any more than the results of the general maxims and opinions we have quoted, though it must be admitted his views upon all subjects were neither cheerful nor dispassionate.

His wife, who had been an early friend of the baroness, after the experience of so much adversity found a perfect paradise in the arms of her former companion. They had grown up together, had been educated together, and had always shared each other's confidence. The early inclinations of their youth, their more important matrimonial interests, their joys and cares and domestic anxieties, had always been communicated, either personally or by correspondence, as they had for years maintained an uninterrupted intimacy with each other; but this was at length broken by the general troubles of the eventful times. Their present intercourse was, for this reason, the more affectionate, and their interviews the more frequent; and the baroness observed with pleasure, that the intimacy of Louisa with the daughters of her friend was daily increasing.

Unfortunately the complete enjoyment of that delightful part of the country was often disturbed by the roar of cannon, which was heard in the distance, sometimes loudly and sometimes indistinctly, according to the point of the wind. Moreover, it was impossible to avoid conversations upon political subjects, which were introduced by the perpetual rumours of the day, and which

generally disturbed the temporary tranquillity of society; as the various ideas and opinions of all parties were usually propounded without reserve.

And as intemperate men seldom refrain from wine or injurious food on account of their experience of the evil consequences which such enjoyments occasion; so, in this instance, the several members of the society we speak of, in place of imposing restraint upon their conversation, abandoned themselves to the irresistible impulse of vexing each other, and thus eventually opened a channel of most disagreeable reflections.

We can readily suppose that the privy councillor adopted the opinions of those who advocated the old *régime*, and that Charles took the opposite side, in expectation that the approaching changes would heal and reanimate the old, shattered constitution of the country.

The conversation was carried on at first with some degree of moderation, particularly as the baroness sought, by her well-timed and graceful interruptions, to maintain the balance equal between both parties; but when the important crisis of the conversation arrived, and the investment of Mainz was about to change to an actual siege, and the fears of all increased for that beautiful city and its abandoned inhabitants, both sides asserted their opinions with unrestrained violence.

The members of the clubs who had remained in the town were particularly discussed; and each expressed his hope of their liberation or punishment, according as he approved or condemned their conduct.

Amongst the latter class was the privy councillor, whose observations were especially displeasing to Charles; as he assailed the sound judgment of those people, and charged them with a thorough ignorance of the world and of themselves.

"What blind dolts they must be!" he exclaimed one

afternoon when the discussion became warm, "to think that a great nation, employed in an effort to suppress its own internal commotions, and which, in sober moments, has no other object than its own prosperity, can look down upon them with any sort of sympathy. Used as temporary tools, they will at last be thrown away or utterly neglected. How grossly they err in thinking that they will ever be admitted into the ranks of the French nation!

"Nothing seems more ridiculous to the strong and powerful than weakness and inefficiency setting up its pretensions to equality, wrapped in the obscurity of its own fancies, and in the ignorance of itself, its powers, and its qualities. And can you suppose that the great nation, with that good fortune with which it has been hitherto favoured, will be less haughty and overbearing than any other royal conqueror?

"Many a person, who now struts about in his municipal robes and gaudy attire, will heartily curse the masquerade when, after having helped to oppress his countrymen, by a new and disadvantageous change of things he finds himself at last, in his new character, despised by those in whom he wholly confided. Indeed, it is my firm opinion, that upon the surrender of the town, which must soon take place, those people will be abandoned or given up to us. I hope they will then receive their reward in that punishment they so richly deserve, according to my opinion, which is as unprejudiced as possible."

"Unprejudiced!" exclaimed Charles with vehemence: "I beg I may never hear that word again. How can we so unequivocally condemn these men? Have they not actually devoted their whole lives to the old pursuit of serving the more favoured classes of mankind? Have they not occupied the few habitable rooms of the old mansion, and toiled diligently therein? or, rather, have they not felt the inconvenience of the

deserted part of your state palace, by the obligation of living there in a state of misery and oppression? Uncorrupted by frivolous pursuits, they do not consider their own occupation to be alone noble; but in silence they deplore the prejudice, the irregularity, the indolence and ignorance upon which your statesmen build their foolish claims to reverence, and in silence they pray for a more equal division of labour and enjoyment. And who can deny that their ranks contain at least some such men of intelligence and virtue, who, if they cannot now realise universal good, can fortunately aid in modifying evil and in preparing for a happy future? and, if there be such noble beings amongst them, should we not deplore the approach of that evil hour which must destroy, perhaps for ever, their fondest anticipations?"

The privy councillor, upon this, sneered with some degree of bitterness at certain youths who were in the habit of idealising upon practical subjects; whilst Charles was equally severe upon men whose thoughts were merely formed upon antiquated precedents, and who never adopted any but compulsory reforms.

By reciprocal contradictions of this nature, the dispute became gradually more violent; and every topic was introduced which has for so many years tended to dismember society. In vain did the baroness endeavour to establish a truce, if not to make peace, between the contending parties; and the wife of the privy councillor, who from her estimable qualities had acquired some influence over Charles's disposition, interposed also to no effect, more particularly as her husband continued to launch his poisoned shafts against youth and inexperience, and enlarged upon the especial aptitude of children to play with fire, a dangerous element which they were wholly unable to control.

Charles, forgetting prudence in his anger, now declared openly that he wished every success to the

French arms, and called upon all his countrymen to aid in putting an end to their general slavery; expressing his conviction that their so-called enemies would protect every noble German who should join them, would regard them and treat them as their own countrymen, and crown them with honours, fortune, and rewards, in place of sacrificing or leaving them in misery.

But the councillor maintained it was ridiculous to suppose that the French would bestow a thought upon them, whether they capitulated or not; that they would probably fall into the hands of the allies, by whom he hoped they would all be hanged.

Charles was provoked by this speech, and expressed his wish that the guillotine might find a rich harvest in Germany, and that no guilty head might escape. He added some cutting observations which were aimed at the councillor personally, and were in every sense offensive.

"I shall take leave of a society," interrupted the latter, "in which everything is now slighted which once seemed worthy of respect. I lament that I should be for the second time expelled, and now by a fellow countryman; but I am well aware that less pity may be expected from this new foe than from the French themselves: and I find here a confirmation of the old proverb, that it is better to fall into the hands of the Turks than of renegades."

So saying, he rose, and left the apartment. He was followed by his wife, and a general silence ensued. The baroness expressed her displeasure in a few words of strong import. Charles walked up and down the room. The councillor's wife returned in tears, and stated that her husband had given directions for leaving, and had actually ordered the carriage. The baroness went to pacify him; whilst the young ladies wept, and kissed each other, distressed beyond measure that

they were compelled so suddenly and so unexpectedly to separate. The baroness returned without succeeding in her wishes. Gradually all those troubles approached which it is ever the lot of strangers to encounter. The sad moments of separation and departure were bitter beyond expression. Hope vanished with the appearance of the post-horses, and the general sorrow was redoubled.

The carriage drove off. The baroness followed it with her eyes full of tears. She left the window, and sat down to her embroidery-frame. The silence, and even despair, was universal. Charles showed his sorrow by sitting in a corner, and intently turning over the leaves of a book, directing at intervals a melancholy look toward his aunt. At length he rose, and took his hat, as if about to depart, but turned round on reaching the door, and approaching his aunt he exclaimed, with a countenance truly noble, "I have offended you, my dear aunt, I have distressed you; but pardon my thoughtlessness: I acknowledge my fault, and am deeply sensible of its sad consequences."

"I forgive you," replied the baroness: "I entertain no ill-feeling toward you, — you are a good and noble being, but you can never repair the injury you have done. Your error has deprived me of a friend to whom, after a long separation, I had been restored by the accident of our joint misfortunes, and in whose society I have forgotten much of the misery which has pursued and threatens us. She herself, driven from her home under most painful circumstances, and long a fugitive, after a short repose in the society of old and beloved friends, in this delightful spot and comfortable dwelling, is again compelled to wander forth; and we lose the company of her husband, who, in spite of some peculiarities, is a man of noble integrity, possessing an inexhaustible knowledge of society and of the world, of facts and experiences which he is ever ready to com-

municate with the most cheerful and delightful willingness. Of all these enjoyments we have been deprived by your fault, and how can you restore what we have lost?"

Charles. Spare me, my dear aunt. I feel deeply the weight of my fault: cease to explain to me its evident consequences.

Baroness. Rather contemplate them as closely as possible. Talk not of sparing you: only inquire how your mind may be corrected. It is not the first time you have thus erred, nor will it be the last. Ye inexplicable men! Cannot even misery, which brings you together under one roof, and confines you in one narrow dwelling, induce you to practise forbearance toward each other? Do you need any additional calamities besides those which are perpetually bursting upon you? Consider your condition, and act sensibly and justly toward those who, in truth, would deprive you of nothing. Restrain your tempers from working and fermenting blindly, like some storm or other natural phenomenon which disturbs the world.

Charles made no reply. The tutor advanced from the window, where he had been standing, toward the baroness, and said his pupil would improve; that this event would act as a warning, that he should test his progress daily, that he would remember the distress the baroness had endured, and would afford convincing evidence of the self-restraint he could practise.

Baroness. How easily men deceive themselves, especially in this particular. Authority is so delightful a word, and it sounds so noble to promise to control ourselves. Men speak of it with pleasure, and would persuade us that they can seriously practise the virtue. I wish I had ever known a man capable of subduing himself in the smallest particular. In indifferent matters they affect resolution, as if the loss occasioned actual suffering; whilst their real desires are con-

sidered as supremely essential, unavoidable, and indispensable. I have never know a man capable of enduring the smallest privation.

Tutor. You are seldom unjust, and I have never seen you so overpowered by anger and disappointment as at present.

Baroness. Well, I need not be ashamed of my anger. When I think of my friend, who is now pursuing her journey in discomfort, weeping, probably, at the recollection of our inhospitality, my heart burns with indignation.

Tutor. In your greatest trouble, I have never seen you so agitated and exasperated as now.

Baroness. A small evil, which follows closely upon a greater, can fill the cup; though, in truth, it is no small evil to lose a friend.

Tutor. Be comforted, and rely upon our improvement, and that we will do all in our power to content you.

Baroness. No: I shall rely upon none of you. But, for the future, I will demand obedience from all. I will command in my own house.

"Command, certainly!" exclaimed Charles; "and you shall not have to complain of our disobedience."

"My severity will scarcely be very harsh," rejoined the baroness, with a smile, as she recovered herself: "I am not fond of commanding, particularly democrats; but I will give you some advice, and make one request."

Tutor. Both shall we consider as laws to be strictly observed.

Baroness. It would be ridiculous, if I thought to impair the interest you all take in the great events of the world, — events, the victims of which we ourselves have become. I cannot change the opinions which exist and are established in the mind of each of you, according to his peculiar disposition; and it would be

no less harsh than foolish to require of you to suppress them. But I can demand this, at least, from the circle in which I live, that those of similar sentiments shall associate peaceably together, and converse in harmony. In your private apartments, during your walks, and wherever else you meet, you may communicate together at will, support your respective opinions, and enjoy the gratification of an ardent conviction. But, my dear friends, let us not forget how much we were accustomed to sacrifice of our own individual opinions, for the sake of general harmony, long before these new topics became the fashion; and, as long as the world lasts, we must all, for the general benefit, practise some outward self-control. It is not, therefore, for the sake of virtue, but in the name of common politeness, that I implore you now to concede to me a favour which I think I may safely say you have always granted to the veriest stranger.

"It seems to me strange," continued the baroness, "that we should have so far forgotten ourselves. What has become of our politeness? It used to be the custom in society to avoid topics disagreeable to others. Protestants, in the company of Catholics, never asserted that church ceremonies were ridiculous; and the most bigoted Catholic never maintained, before a Protestant, that the old religion afforded the only chance of salvation. In the presence of a mother who had lost her son, no one displayed the deep delight he took in his children; and an inappropriate word occasioned general embarrassment. It seemed the duty of each to repair the accidental evil, but now the very reverse of all this seems to be the rule. We appear to seek the opportunity of introducing subjects calculated to give pain. Oh, my dear friends, let us try and restore the old system! We have much to endure already; and who knows how soon the smoke of the day, or the flames of the night, may announce the destruction of

our dwellings and of our most valued possessions? Let us, at least, forbear to announce this intelligence with triumph: let us cease, by our own bitter observations, to impress our souls with calamities which it is painful enough to endure in silence.

"When your father died, was it your habit to renew my grief upon every opportunity by a reference to the sad subject? Did you not rather avoid all improper allusion to his memory, and seek by your love, your silent sympathy, and your incessant attentions, to soften my sorrow and relieve my pain? Should not we now practise the same kind forbearance, which often brings more consolation than the offices of active friendship, more particularly at this time, when ours is not the grief of an individual in the midst of a happy multitude, where sorrow disappears amid the general content, but the grief of thousands, where but few indeed are capable of experiencing an accidental or artificial consolation?

Charles. My dear aunt, you have sufficiently humiliated us: may we take your hand in token of reconciliation?

Baroness. Here it is, on condition that you will obey its guidance. We proclaim a general amnesty, which it is now barely possible to resolve upon with sufficient speed.

The young ladies, who had all been dissolved in tears since the event we have related, now made their appearance, but could not be persuaded to be reconciled to Charles.

"You are welcome, children," said the baroness, addressing them. "We have just had a serious conversation, which, I trust, will establish peace and harmony amongst us: perhaps it was never more important that we should be friends, and enjoy even one brief portion of the day. Let us make this resolution, to banish from our conversation all reference to

the mere events of the time. How long have we been deprived of all instruction and entertaining intercourse! How long it seems, dear Charles, since you have amused us with accounts of distant lands, with whose productions, inhabitants, manners, and customs, you are so well acquainted! And you," continued the baroness, addressing the tutor, "you have not lately instructed us in history, ancient or modern, in the comparison of centuries or of remarkable men. And you, young ladies! where are the pretty poems you used to bring forth from their hiding-places for the delight of your friends? what has become of all your free philosophic observations? Have you no more ambition to surprise us with some wonderful mineral specimen, some unknown plant, or remarkable insect, brought home from your walks, and affording occasion for pleasing speculations on the mysterious connection of all the productions of nature? Let us restore all those charming amusements by an agreement, a resolution, a rule, to be useful, instructive, and, above all things, companionable, toward each other; for all these advantages we can enjoy, even in the most extreme adversity. Your promise, children."

They promised eagerly. "And now I dismiss you," added the baroness: "the evening is fine, amuse yourselves as you please; and at supper-time let us enjoy a friendly communion together, after so long an interruption."

The company separated. Lousia alone remained with her mother. She could not so easily forget the misfortune of losing her companion, and allowed Charles, whom she had invited to accompany her upon a walk, to set out alone. For some time the baroness and her daughter remained together, when the clergyman entered, after a long absence, entirely ignorant of what had, in the meantime, happened. Laying by his hat and stick, he took a seat, and was about

to narrate something, when Louisa, pretending to continue a conversation with her mother, cut short his intention with the following observations:

"Some of our company will, I think, find the arrangement we have come to rather disagreeable. When we lived in the country, it is true, we were sometimes at a loss for conversation; for it did not happen so often, as in town, that a girl could be slandered, or a young man traduced: but still we had an alternative in describing the follies of two great nations, in finding the Germans as absurd as the French, and in representing first one, and then the other, as Jacobins and Radicals. But, if these topics are forbidden, some of our society will be rendered stupid."

"Is this attack aimed at me, young lady?" asked the old clergyman with a smile. "You know how ready I am to be sacrificed for the benefit of the company. For though upon all occasions you do credit to your instructors, and every one finds your society both amiable and delightful, yet there is a certain little malicious spirit within you, which, notwithstanding all your efforts, you cannot entirely subdue, and which prompts you to take your revenge at my expense. Tell me, gracious lady," he continued, turning toward the baroness, "what has occurred during my absence, and what topics have been excluded from our society?"

The baroness informed him of all that had taken place. He listened attentively, and then observed that "this regulation would probably enable many persons to entertain the company better than others."

"We shall be able to endure it," said Louisa.

"Such an arrangement," he added, "will not be grievous to those who have been accustomed to rely upon their own resources: on the contrary, they will find it pleasant; since they can amuse the company with such pursuits as they have followed in private.

And do not be offended, young lady, if I attribute to society the very existence of all newsmongers, spies, and slanderers. For my part, I never see persons so lively and so animated, either at a learned meeting or at a public lecture convened for general instruction, as in a society where some piece of scandal is introduced which reflects on the character of a neighbour. Ask yourself, or ask others, what invests a piece of news with its greatest charm? Not its importance, nor its influence, but its mere novelty. Nothing old is cared for: novelty by itself excites our surprise, awakens the imagination, gently agitates the feelings, and requires no exertion of the reasoning powers. Every man can take the most lively interest in a piece of news with the least trouble to himself: indeed, since a succession of new events carries us rapidly from one circumstance to another, nothing is more welcome to the generality of mankind than this inducement to constant diversion, and this opportunity of venting their spleen and malice in an agreeable and varied manner."

"Well!" exclaimed Louisa, "you show some skill at explanation: just now you censured individuals, at present you condemn mankind in general."

"I do not require," he answered, "that you should render me justice: but this I must say, we who depend upon society must act according to its rules; and it would be safer to provoke its resentment than its *ennui*, by requiring it to think or reflect. We must avoid everything that would tend to this result, and pursue by ourselves in private whatever would prove unpalatable to the public."

"By yourselves in private," said Louisa, "many a bottle of wine will, I suppose, be drunk, and many a nap taken in the daytime."

"I have never," continued the old clergyman, "set much value upon my own actions; for I know how

little I have done for others: I am, however, in possession of something which may, perhaps, afford agreeable relaxation to this society, circumstanced as it is at present."

"To what do you allude?" inquired the baroness.

"Rely upon it," interrupted Louisa, "he has made some marvellous collection of scandals."

"You are mistaken," replied the clergyman.

"We shall see," answered Louisa.

"Let him continue, my dear," said the baroness: "and do not accustom yourself to act in a hard and unfriendly manner toward others, even in jest; as they may take it ill. We have no need to increase our evil habits by practising them for entertainment. Tell me, my dear friend, of what does your collection consist? Will it conduce to our amusement? Have you been long employed about it? Why have you never mentioned it before?"

"I will give you an account of the whole matter," rejoined the old clergyman. "I have lived long in the world, and have paid much attention to public occurrences. I have neither talent nor inclination for chronicling great actions, and worldly affairs in general are troublesome to me; but amongst the many private histories, true and false, which sometimes happen in public or are related in private, there are some which possess a greater attraction than the charm of mere novelty, some which are calculated to improve us by their moral application, some which display at a glance the secret springs of human nature, and others, again, whose very absurdities are amusing. Amongst the multitude of occurrences which attract our attention and our malice in ordinary life, and which are as common as the individuals to whom they relate, I have noted down a few on account of their peculiar character, because they engaged and excited my attention and feelings; and the very recollection of them

has never failed to produce a momentary sensation of pure and tranquil pleasure."

"I am curious to hear," said the baroness, "the nature of your anecdotes, and to learn their peculiar character."

"You may easily suppose," replied the clergyman, "that they are not about disputes or family matters. Such things have little interest except for those who are engaged in them."

Louisa. And what are yours about?

Clergyman. Why, for the most part, they treat of those emotions by which friends become attached or disunited, happy or miserable, and by which they are more frequently entangled than improved.

Louisa. Indeed! I suppose you will produce a collection of merry adventures for our instruction and improvement. Excuse me for making this observation, dear mamma; it seems so evident: and it is, of course, allowable to speak the truth.

Clergyman. I suspect that you will not find anything in the whole collection which may be styled merry.

Louisa. And what would you consider of that description?

Clergyman. Scandalous dialogues or situations are my abhorrence. I object equally that common adventures, which are unworthy of engaging our attention, should be told with exaggerated importance: they excite our expectations unduly, in place of giving real pleasure to the mind. They make a mystery of that which should be wholly unveiled, or from which we should altogether turn our eyes.

Louisa. I do not understand you. You will, however, relate your stories with some degree of elegance. I hope our ears will not be offended by any coarse adventures. You must consider us in the light of a ladies' seminary, and look for our thanks as your recompense.

Clergyman. Nothing of the sort. But, in truth, you will hear nothing new, particularly as I have, for some time back, observed that you never miss the perusal of certain criticisms in some of the learned reviews.

Louisa. You are really too bad.

Clergyman. You are engaged to be married, and I therefore pardon you. But I am obliged to show that I also possess arrows which I know how to use.

Baroness. I see your object plainly, but you must let her see it likewise.

Clergyman. Then, I must repeat what I said at the beginning of this conversation. But it seems you had not the politeness to pay attention.

Louisa. What is the use of attention or of much argument? Look at the matter in any light, they will be scandalous stories, in some shape or other, and nothing else.

Clergyman. Must I repeat, young lady, that a well-regulated mind only perceives scandal when it reads of wickedness, arrogance, a desire to injure, and an unwillingness to oblige? and from such spectacles he should avert his eyes. He finds pleasure in the narration of trifling faults and failings, and contemplates with satisfaction those points of the story where good men contend with themselves, with their desires and their intentions, where silly and conceited mortals are rebuked, corrected, or deceived, and where hopes, wishes, and designs are disturbed, interrupted, and frustrated, or unexpectedly fulfilled, accomplished, and confirmed. But, on those scenes where accident combines with human weakness and inefficiency, he dwells with the greatest delight; and none of the heroes whose history he authenticates has either blame to apprehend or praise to expect from him.

Baroness. Your introduction excites our wish to hear a specimen. We have spent the greater part of

our lifetime in one circle, and have never experienced anything worthy to find a place in such a collection.

Clergyman. Much undoubtedly depends upon the observer, and upon the peculiar view he takes of occurrences. But I will not deny that I have made large extracts from old books and traditions. Perhaps you will have no objection to see some of your old friends with new faces. And this gives me a privilege of which I must not be deprived, — that none of my tales shall be doubted.

Louisa. But we are not to be prevented from recognising our friends and acquaintances, or, if we please, from expounding the enigma.

Clergyman. Certainly not. But you will allow me, under such circumstances, to produce an old folio, to prove that the identical occurrence happened, and was made matter of record, some centuries ago. And I must be permitted to smile, when some narration is pronounced to be an old fable, though it may have taken place amongst ourselves, without our being able to recognise the characters.

Louisa. We shall never begin. Had we not better declare a truce for this evening; and do you commence a story at once, by way of specimen?

Clergyman. Permit me, in this instance, to be guilty of disobedience. The entertainment is intended for the whole assembled company. We must not deprive them of it; and I must premise beforehand, that whatever I have to say possesses no value in itself. But when my audience, after some serious occupation, wishes for a brief repose, and, already sated with good things, desires the addition of a light dessert, then I shall be ready, and only hope that what I shall provide may not prove unpalatable.

Baroness. In that case, we had better postpone the amusement till to-morrow.

Louisa. I am beyond measure curious to know what it will be.

Clergyman. You must not be so, young lady; for great expectations are seldom satisfied.

That same evening, after dinner, the baroness retired early to her apartment; whilst the rest of the company remained together, and discussed the many reports which were current, and the various incidents which had happened. As is generally the case in such circumstances, few of them knew what to doubt or what to believe.

The old clergyman had his remedy for such an emergency. "I propose," said he, "as the most convenient plan, that we all believe implicitly whatever we find pleasant, and that we reject, without ceremony, whatever we find unpleasant, and that we admit to be true what can be so."

It was then remarked by some one, that men generally acted in this way; and, after some desultory conversation, they commented upon that strange propensity of our nature to believe in the marvellous. They talked of romances and visions: and, when the old clergyman had promised at a future time to relate some interesting anecdotes upon these subjects, Louisa exclaimed, "It will be extremely good of you, and you will merit our gratitude, by telling us a story of that description now; for we are all in the proper humour for it: we shall pay attention and be thankful." Without needing further entreaties, the old clergyman commenced at once, as follows:

"During my residence in Naples, an event happened which attracted universal attention, and with regard to which public opinion varied exceedingly. Some persons maintained that the circumstance had actually occurred; whilst others asserted, that, though true in general, it was founded upon a gross deceit. The latter class of persons were at further variance amongst

themselves: they could not agree who was the deceiver. Others held it to be far from clear that spiritual natures were incapable of influencing the elements and human bodies, and maintained that we were not justified in pronouncing every marvellous occurrence to be a fraud or a delusion. But now to the facts themselves.

"At the time I speak of, a singer named Antonelli was the favourite of the Neapolitan public. In the bloom of youth, beauty, and talents, she was deficient in none of those enchantments by which women can allure and captivate, and render a certain class of their favourites happy. She was not insensible to the charms of love and flattery; but, naturally temperate and sensible, she knew how to enjoy the delights of both, without losing that self-respect which was so essential to her happiness. The young, the distinguished, and the rich, flocked to her in crowds; but she admitted few to her friendship: and, if she pursued her own inclination in the choice of her admirers, she evinced, upon all occasions, so firm and resolute a character, that she attached every person to her. I had an opportunity of observing her upon one occasion, in consequence of my close intimacy with one of her especial favourites.

"Some years had elapsed: her friends were numerous; and amongst the number were many foolish, simple, and fickle personages. It was her opinion that a lover who, in a certain sense, is everything to woman, generally proves deficient in those very emergencies when she most needs his assistance; as, for example, in the difficulties of life, in domestic necessities, and upon the occurrence of sudden disasters. In such times she maintained that his own self-love often proved absolutely prejudicial to his mistress, and his advice became positively dangerous.

"Her former attachments were insufficient to satisfy

her soul. The void required to be filled. She wished for a friend; and scarcely had she felt this want, when she found, amongst those who sought her favours, a youth upon whom she bestowed her confidence, of which in every respect he seemed worthy.

"He was a native of Genoa, and had taken up his residence in Naples, to transact the mercantile business of a firm to which he belonged. His natural talents had been improved by a most excellent education. His knowledge was extensive, his mind and body were sound and active, and his general conduct might serve as a model; and in his attention to others he ever seemed forgetful of himself. He was imbued with the commercial spirit for which his native town was distinguished. All his speculations were upon a large scale. His condition, however, was none of the happiest. The firm had entered into some unfortunate transactions, and became entangled in ruinous lawsuits. Time only increased the difficulties; and the anxiety he endured gave him an air of melancholy, which was not unbecoming, and made Antonelli still more desirous of his acquaintance, from the idea that he stood in need of a friend.

"Until now he had only seen Antonelli in public: but, at his first request, she granted him access to her house; even urging him to visit her, a favour which he did not fail to accept.

"She lost no time in communicating to him her confidence and her wishes. He was no less surprised than delighted at her proposals. She implored him earnestly to be her friend, but to make no pretensions to the privileges of a lover. She made him acquainted with some embarrassments in which she had become involved, and his great experience enabled him to offer advice and assistance for her speedy release. In return for this confidence, he unfolded to her his own situation: and, whilst she endeavoured to cheer and console

"She granted him access to her house"
Photogravure from the painting by Lucius Rossi

him, many new plans occurred to him, which he had not thought of before; and she thus appeared to be his adviser: and a reciprocal friendship, founded on the highest regard and respect, was established between them.

"Unfortunately, we do not always consider the practicability of the obligations we incur. He had promised to be her friend, and to make no pretensions to the privileges of a lover. But he could not deny that those who came to see her as such were not only unwelcome to, but were detested by, him; and it was extremely painful to him when she meant to amuse him with the description of their various characters.

"It soon happened, fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, that her heart was again free. This was a source of extreme delight to our young friend, who lost no time in entreating that the vacant place might be allotted to him. With some reluctance she listened to his proposals. 'I fear,' she said, 'that, in making this concession, I shall lose my friend.' Her anticipation was correct; for scarcely had he for a short time filled this double character, when he found her temper changed. As her friend he had been content with her respect; as a lover he demanded her affection; and, as an intelligent and accomplished man, constant entertainment. But this was more than Antonelli expected. She was unwilling to make an entire sacrifice of herself, and had no wish to surrender her absolute liberty to any one. She soon adopted ingenious expedients for curtailing the length of his visits, for avoiding his presence, and for making him sensible that she would not consent to forego her independence for any consideration.

"This discovery was to him a source of the greatest misery; and, unfortunately, the calamity did not come alone. His domestic affairs became more and more involved; and he found reason for reproaching himself

with having always considered his income as inexhaustible, and with having neglected his business in order to engage in foreign travel, and to make a greater figure in the world than he was entitled to do, from the advantages of his birth and income. The lawsuits, from which he expected so much, were tardy and expensive. They took him frequently to Palermo; and, upon the occasion of his last journey thither, Antonelli adopted means to change the nature of her establishment, for the purpose of becoming gradually disengaged from him. On his return he found her in another residence, at some distance from his; and he saw that the Marquis of S., who at that time exercised great influence in the world of fashion, had unreserved admission to her house. He was greatly affected by this discovery, which brought on a serious illness. Upon hearing this sad intelligence, Antonelli hastened to him, attended him; and, as she was fully aware that his purse was but scantily supplied, she left a large sum of money, which supplied his necessities for a considerable time.

"In consequence of his efforts to restrain her freedom, he had fallen considerably in her estimation. As her attachment diminished, her suspicions increased; and she at length began to think that a person who had managed his own affairs so badly was not entitled to a high character for good sense. But he was unaware of the great change which had taken place in her feelings toward him; and he attributed her anxiety for his recovery, and the constancy of her attentions which induced her to spend whole days at his bedside, rather to her love for him than to compassion for his sufferings; and he hoped, upon his recovery, to find himself once more reinstated in her favour.

"But he was grievously mistaken. With his restoration to health and strength, all semblance of affection

disappeared; and he now seemed as odious in her eyes as he had formerly proved agreeable. In addition to this, his temper had unconsciously become soured and unbearable. He attributed to others all the blame of his own misfortunes, and justified himself fully from their evil consequences. He considered himself an injured and persecuted invalid, and looked for a complete recompense for all his troubles in the devoted affection of his mistress.

"With these exalted expectations he visited Antonelli immediately upon his recovery. He would be satisfied with nothing short of her entire affection, the dismissal of all her other friends and acquaintances, her complete retirement from the stage, and her devoting herself to him alone. She demonstrated the impossibility of complying with these requests, at first in a playful, and afterward in a more serious, tone. At length she communicated to him the sad intelligence that their connection must end. He left her, and never returned.

"For several years afterward he lived in a retired manner, in the house of a pious old lady, who had a small independence. At this period he gained his first lawsuit, and was soon afterward successful in another; but this change of fortune came too late: his health was undermined, and the joy of his existence had vanished. A slight accident brought on a relapse, and the physician announced to him his approaching death. He heard his fate without a murmur, and merely expressed a wish to see his beautiful friend once more. He sent his servant to her, — the same messenger who, in happier days, had brought him many a delightful answer. He entreated an interview: she refused. He sent a second time, and implored her to consent: she was still inexorable. At length, at midnight, he sent a third time. She was embarrassed, and communicated her situation to me; as I had been invited, along with the marquis and

some other friends, to spend the evening at her house. I advised her, indeed begged of her, to show some last attentions to her friend. She appeared undecided at first, but, after a short reflection, made up her mind, and dismissed the servant with a refusal. He did not return.

"After supper we were all engaged in social conversation, and general animation and hilarity prevailed. Suddenly, a little after midnight, a piercing shriek of bitter, painful lamentation was heard. We rose from the table, looked at each other, and wondered what this strange event could mean. The sound seemed to come from the middle of the room in which we were assembled, and die away near the walls. The marquis rushed to the window; whilst we endeavoured to support Antonelli, who had fainted. By degrees she regained consciousness. She had scarcely opened her eyes when the jealous and passionate marquis loaded her with the bitterest reproaches. 'If you choose to have these mysterious understandings with your friends,' said he, 'at least let them be of a less fearful nature.' She replied, with her wonted presence of mind, 'that, as she had always enjoyed the right of seeing her friends whenever she pleased, she would scarcely select such appalling sounds as they had just heard, to indicate approaching happiness.'

"And, in truth, the cry had in it something unspeakably appalling. The long-continued scream of anguish dwelt upon our ears, and made our very limbs tremble. Antonelli was pale, motionless, and in a continual faint. We sat with her for half the night, but we heard nothing further. On the following night, the same company, who had met together not quite so cheerful as usual, though with a reasonable supply of courage, about the same hour of midnight heard the same identical loud and appalling shriek.

"We had, in the meantime, wearied our imagina-

tions in framing conjectures as to the cause of the cry, and whence it could proceed. But why should I weary you? Whenever Antonelli supped at home, at the selfsame hour the same shriek was heard, sometimes louder and sometimes fainter. It was spoken of all over Naples. The mystery excited universal attention. The police were called out. Spies were placed in every direction, to detect the cause of the mystery. To persons in the street, the shriek appeared to come from the open air; whilst in the house it seemed to proceed from the very room in which Antonelli was sitting. When she supped abroad nothing whatsoever occurred; but, as often as she supped at home, the horrid shriek was invariably heard.

"But her absence from home did not upon all occasions protect her from this fearful visitation. Her many personal recommendations secured her a welcome reception in the most distinguished families. Being a pleasant companion, she was everywhere well received; and it had lately become her custom, in order to escape the fearful visitation we have described, to spend her evenings from home.

"One evening a gentleman of great respectability, owing to his age and position, accompanied her to her house in his carriage. When she was taking leave of him at the door, a loud shriek was heard, which seemed to come from between them; and the gentleman, who, like many others, had often heard of this mysterious occurrence, was lifted into his carriage more like a corpse than a living person.

"Upon another occasion a young singer, to whom she was partial, drove through the town with her in the evening, to visit a friend. He likewise had frequently heard of the wonderful phenomenon we have related, and, with the spirits of a light-hearted youth, had expressed his doubts of its reality. They spoke of the circumstance. 'I wish extremely,' said he,

'that I could hear the voice of your invisible companion; call him, — perhaps he will come: we are two, and need not fear him.' From thoughtlessness, or indifference to danger, I know not which, she called the spirit: and instantly the piercing shriek issued, as it were, from the middle of the carriage; three times it was heard, and then died away gradually. Arrived at the house of their friend, both were found insensible in the carriage: with difficulty they recovered their senses sufficiently to relate what had happened.

"It was some time before Antonelli completely recovered. Her health became impaired by the constantly recurring fright she sustained: but when, at length, her fearful visitor appeared to intend that she should enjoy some repose, she began to hope for a complete cessation of this annoyance; but this expectation was premature.

"At the end of the carnival, accompanied by a young female acquaintance and a servant, she set out upon an excursion of pleasure. It was her intention to visit a friend in the country. Night came on before she reached her destination: an accident happened to the carriage; and she was necessitated to take refuge in a small country inn, and to put up with the indifferent accommodation it afforded.

"Her companion had already gone to bed; and the servant, having arranged the night-light, was about to retire, when her mistress observed jestingly, 'I think we are at the end of the world: it is a dreadful night; I wonder whether he can find us out?' That very instant the shriek was heard more piercing and louder than ever. Her companion was terrified beyond expression, sprang from her bed, rushed down-stairs, and alarmed the whole house. No one that night closed an eye. It was, however, the last time the shriek was heard. But the unwelcome visitor soon found another more frightful mode of indicating his presence.

"He was quiet for a short time, when one evening, at the accustomed hour, as Antonelli sat with her companions at table, a shot from a gun, or from a heavily loaded pistol, was fired in at the window. Every one heard the report, every one saw the flash; but, upon the closest inspection, the window was found not to have sustained the slightest injury. But the circumstance seemed to every one of the most alarming importance, and all thought that an attempt had been made upon Antonelli's life. The police were called, and the neighbouring house was searched; but, as nothing suspicious was found, guards were placed in it next day from top to bottom. Her own dwelling was carefully examined, and spies were even dispersed about the streets.

"But all this precaution was useless. For three months in succession, at the very same hour, the shot was fired through the same window, without the slightest injury to the glass; and, what was especially remarkable, this always took place exactly one hour before midnight: although in Naples time is counted after the Italian fashion, and the term midnight is never used.

"But custom at length reconciled all parties to this occurrence, as it had done to the previous one; and the ghost began to lose credit by reason of his very harmless tricks. The shot ceased to alarm the company, or even to interrupt their conversation.

"One sultry evening, the day having been very hot, Antonelli opened the window, without thinking of the hour, and went with the marquis out upon the balcony. They had scarcely been in the air a couple of minutes when the shot exploded between them, and drove them back into the house, where for some time they lay apparently lifeless on the floor. When they recovered, each felt the pain of a violent blow upon the cheek, one on the right side, the other on the left;

but, as no further injury was apparent, the singularity of the circumstance was merely the occasion of a few jocular observations.

"From this time the shot was not repeated in the house; and Antonelli thought she was at last completely delivered from her invisible tormentor, when one evening, upon making a little excursion with a friend, she was terrified beyond measure by a most unexpected incident. Her way lay through the Chiaja, where her Genoese friend had formerly lived. It was bright moonlight. A lady who sat near her asked, 'Is not that the house in which Signor ——— died?' 'As well as I can recollect, it is one of those two,' answered Antonelli. The words were scarcely uttered when the shot was fired from one of the two houses, and penetrated the carriage. The driver thought he was wounded, and drove forward with all possible speed. Arrived at their destination, the two ladies were lifted from the carriage, as though they were dead.

"But this was the last alarm of that kind. The unseen foe now changed his plan; and one evening, shortly afterward, a loud clapping of hands was heard before the window. As a popular singer and favourite actress, she was more familiar with sounds of this description. They did not inspire terror, and might have proceeded, perhaps, from one of her numerous admirers. She paid no attention to them. Her friends, however, were more watchful, and distributed their guards as before. They continued to hear the noise, but saw nobody, and began to indulge a hope that the unaccountable mystery would soon completely end.

"After a short time it became changed in character, and assumed the form of agreeable sounds. They were not, strictly speaking, melodious, but exceedingly sweet and pleasing. To an accurate observer they seemed to proceed from the corner of the street, to float about in the empty space before Antonelli's win-

dow, and there to die away in the most soft and delightful manner. It seemed as if some heavenly spirit wished, by means of a beautiful prelude, to draw attention to a lovely melody which he designed to play. But these sounds also ceased at length, and were heard no more after this wonderful occurrence had lasted for about a year and a half."

The clergyman pausing for a few moments, the entire company began to express their opinions, and their doubts about the truth of the tale.

The narrator answered that the story had to be true, if it were to be interesting, as a manufactured tale could possess but little merit. Some one here observed that he thought it singular no one had inquired about Antonelli's deceased friend, or the circumstances of his death; as perhaps some light might by this means have been thrown upon the whole affair.

"But this was done," replied the clergyman: "I was myself curious enough, immediately after the first mysterious occurrence, to go to the house under the pretext of visiting the lady who had attended him in his last moments with a mother's care. She informed me that the deceased had been passionately attached to Antonelli; that, during the last hours of his existence, he had spoken of nothing but her; that at one time he addressed her as an adorable angel, and at another as little better than a demon.

"When his sickness became desperate, his whole thoughts were fixed on seeing her once more before his death, perhaps in the hope of obtaining from her an expression of affection, of pity, of attachment, or of love. Her unwillingness to see him afflicted him exceedingly, and her last decisive refusal hastened his death. In despair he cried out, 'No! it shall not avail her. She avoids me; but, after my death, she shall have no rest from me.' In a paroxysm of this kind he expired; and only too late do we learn, that the dead

can keep their word on the other side of the grave."

The company began once more to express their opinions about the story. At length Fritz observed, "I have a suspicion; but I shall not tell it till I have thought over all the circumstances again, and put my combinations to the proof."

Being somewhat strongly pressed, he endeavoured to avoid giving an answer, by requesting that he might be allowed to relate an anecdote, which, though it might not equal the preceding one in interest, was of the same character, inasmuch as it could not be explained with any certainty.

"A gallant nobleman," he commenced, "who inhabited an ancient castle, and was the father of a large family, had taken into his protection an orphan girl, who, when she attained the age of fourteen years, was employed in attending the mistress of the house in duties immediately about her person. She gave complete satisfaction, and her whole ambition seemed to consist in a wish to evince her gratitude to her benefactor by attention and fidelity. She possessed various charms, both of mind and person, and was not without suitors. But none of these proposals seemed likely to conduce to her happiness, and the girl herself did not show the least inclination to change her condition.

"On a sudden it happened, that as she went through the house, intent upon her various duties, she heard sounds of knocking, which came from about and beneath her. At first this seemed accidental; but as the knocking never ceased, and beat almost in unison with her footsteps, she became alarmed, and scarcely left the room of her mistress, where alone she found she could enjoy security.

"These sounds were heard by every one who accompanied her or who stood near her. At first the sub-

ject was treated as a jest, but at length it was regarded in a more serious light. The master of the house, who was of a cheerful disposition, now took the matter in hand. The knocking was never heard when the maiden remained motionless, and, when she walked, was perceived, not so evidently when she put her foot to the ground as when she raised it to advance another step. But the sounds were often irregular, and they were observed to be more than usually loud when the maiden went transversely across a certain large apartment in the castle.

"The old nobleman, one day having workmen in the house, caused the flooring to be suddenly raised behind the maiden, when the knocking sounds were at the loudest. Nothing, however, was found but a couple of rats, who, disturbed by the search, gave occasion to a chase, and to considerable uproar in the house.

"Provoked by this circumstance and by the disappointment, the nobleman determined upon adopting strong measures. He took down his large whip from the wall, and swore that he would flog the maiden to death if he heard the knocking any more. From this time forth she could go through the house without the slightest molestation, and the knocking was never heard again."

"Whereby," observed Louisa sagaciously, "we may conclude that the young maiden was her own ghost, and practised this joke, and played the fool with the family, to indulge some whim of her own."

"Not at all," answered Fritz; "for those who ascribed the mysterious occurrence to a ghost, believed that the maiden's guardian angel wished her to leave the house, but was anxious also to protect her from injury. Others took another view, and maintained that one of the girl's lovers had the cleverness to occasion these sounds in order to drive her out of the house into his arms. But, be this as it may, the poor child

became quite ill in consequence, and was reduced to a melancholy spectre; though she had formerly been the most cheerful and lively and merry person in the whole establishment. But such a change in personal appearance can be explained in more ways than one.

"It is a pity," observed Fritz, "that these occurrences are not always more particularly examined, and that, in judging of events which so much interest us, we are obliged to hesitate between different appearances, because the circumstances under which they happen have not all been observed."

"True," replied the old clergyman; "but it is so extremely difficult to make this examination at the very moment when anything of the kind happens, and to take every precaution that nothing shall escape in which deceit or fraud may be concealed. Can we, for example, detect a conjurer so easily, though we are perfectly conscious that he is deluding us?"

He had scarcely finished this observation, when a loud report was suddenly heard in one corner of the apartment. Every one leaped up; whilst Charles said jokingly, "Surely the noise does not proceed from some dying lover."

He would willingly have recalled the expression; for Louisa became suddenly pale, and stammered forth that she felt apprehension about the safety of her intended.

Fritz, to divert her attention, took up the light, and went toward a reading-desk which stood in a corner of the apartment. The semicircular top of the desk was split through; this, then, was the cause of the report they had heard: but it immediately occurred to them, that the reading-desk was of the best workmanship, and had occupied the very same spot for years; and therefore they were all astonished that it should be so suddenly split asunder. It had even been praised

more than once as a very model piece of furniture; and how, therefore, could this accident have occurred, without even the slightest change having taken place in the temperature?

"Quick!" said Charles, "let us settle this point at once by examining the barometer." The quicksilver maintained the same point it had held for some days. And even the thermometer had not fallen more than could be reconciled with the difference of the temperature between day and night! "It is a pity that we have not an hygrometer at hand," he exclaimed, "the very instrument that would be most serviceable!"

"It seems," said the old clergyman, "that the most valuable instrument always fails when we are engaged in supernatural inquiries." They were interrupted in their reflections by the entry of a servant, who announced that a great fire was visible in the heavens; though no one could say whether it were raging in the town or in the neighbourhood.

The circumstances we have just related made the whole party more susceptible of terror, and they were therefore much agitated by the news. Fritz hastened up to the belvedere of the house, where a map of the adjacent country was suspended, by means of which he was enabled, even at night, to point out with tolerable accuracy the various positions of the surrounding places. The rest of the party remained together, not without some fear and anxiety.

Fritz announced, upon his return, that he had no good news to tell. "The fire does not seem to be in the town, but upon the property of our aunt. I am well acquainted," said he, "with the locality, and believe I am not mistaken." Each one lamented the destruction of the fine building, and calculated the loss. "A strange thought has just occurred to me," said Fritz, "which may quiet our minds as to the mystery of the reading-desk. Consider how long it is since we

heard the report." They counted the minutes, and thought it had occurred about half-past twelve.

"Now, you will probably laugh," continued Fritz, "when I tell you my conjecture. You know that our mother, a good many years ago, made our aunt a present of a reading-desk, in every respect similar to this one. They were both finished with the greatest care, by the same workman, at the same time, and cut out of one piece of wood. Both have lasted well until now; and I will lay a wager, that, at this very instant, the second reading-desk is actually burning at the house of my aunt; and its twin brother here is afflicted at the disaster. To-morrow I will set out and investigate this singular fact as thoroughly as I am able."

Whether Frederick really entertained the above opinion, or whether his wish to tranquillise his sister suggested the idea, we are unable to decide: they, however, seized the opportunity to speak of many undeniable sympathies, and ended by discovering that a sympathy actually existed between pieces of timber formed from one tree, and pronounced it probable that the same sympathy subsisted between pieces of work completed by the same hand. They agreed that these things resembled natural phenomena fully as much as other things which were often adduced, and which, although quite evident, are incapable of explanation. "And, in my opinion," added Charles, "every phenomenon, as well as every fact, is peculiarly interesting for its own sake. Whoever explains it, or connects it with other circumstances, only makes a jest of it, or deludes us: this is done, for example, by the natural philosopher and the historian. But an unconnected fact or event is interesting, not because it is explicable or probable, but because it is true. When at midnight the flames consumed your aunt's reading-desk, the extraordinary splitting of ours, at the very same time,

was a palpable fact, however explicable or connected with other things it may be."

Though night was by this time far advanced, none of the company felt any inclination to retire; and Charles, in his turn, asked permission to tell a story, which, though equally interesting, might seem perhaps more natural and explicable than the previous ones. "Marshal Bassompierre," he said, "relates it in his memoirs; and I may be permitted to tell it in his name.

"I had remarked for five or six months, that, whenever I crossed the little bridge (for at that time the Pont Neuf had not been built), a very handsome shopkeeper, over the door of whose establishment was painted the sign of 'The Two Angels,' always saluted me with a low and respectful bow, and followed me with her eyes as far as she could see me. This conduct surprised me extremely; but I always directed my looks to her, and saluted her in return. I rode on one occasion from Fontainebleau to Paris; and, when I had arrived at the little bridge, she appeared at the door of her shop and said, 'Your servant, sir!' I returned the salute: and, as I looked back from time to time, I observed that she was, as usual, leaning forward, to keep me in view as long as possible.

"My servant was following with a postilion, as I wished to send some letters back to some ladies in Fontainebleau the same day. I ordered the servant to alight, to go to the pretty shopkeeper, and to tell her from me, that I had noticed her wish to speak to me, and that, if she desired my acquaintance, I would visit her whenever she wished. She answered that I could have sent her no more delightful news, that she would meet me whenever I should appoint, on condition that she might be allowed to pass a night under the same roof with me. I accepted the proposal, and asked the servant to find a place where I might ap-

point an assignation. He said he would lead me to a friend's house, but advised me, as fever was then very prevalent, to provide myself with my own house-linen. When evening came, I went to the appointed house, where I found a very beautiful young woman awaiting my arrival. She was attired in a charming head-dress, and wore the finest linens. Her tiny feet were adorned with slippers, worked in gold and silk; and her person was covered with a loose mantle of the softest satin texture. Suffice it to say, that I never saw a more charming person. In the morning I asked when I could see her again; as it was then Thursday night, and it was not my intention to leave the town before the following Sunday.

"She replied that she was more anxious for a fresh appointment than I could be, but that it would be impracticable unless I could postpone my departure; as I could only see her on Sunday night. To this I made some difficulty, which caused her to complain that I was tired of her, and therefore wished to set out on Sunday; 'but,' she added, 'you will soon think of me again, and will be glad to forfeit a day in order to pass a night with me.'

"I was easily persuaded. I promised to stay during Sunday, and to meet her in the evening at the same place. She answered me as follows: 'I am quite aware, that on your account I have come to a house of ill-repute; but I have done this in obedience to an irresistible desire to enjoy your society. But so great an indiscretion cannot be repeated. I shall excite the jealousy of my husband, though one might risk even that for the satisfaction of an irresistible passion. For your sake I have come to this house, which has been made respectable by your presence. But, if you desire to see me again, you must meet me at the residence of my aunt.'

"She described the house with great particularity,

and then added, 'I shall expect you at ten o'clock. From that time till midnight the door shall be open. You will find a small entrance, through which you must advance; as my aunt's door is at the farther end. You will then see a flight of stairs opposite to you. They lead to the first floor, and there I shall be expecting you with open arms.'

"I made all my arrangements. I sent away my things, dismissed my servants, and waited impatiently the arrival of Sunday night, when I was to see my charming companion once more. At ten o'clock I was at the appointed place. I found the door she had described, close shut, and observed lights in the house, which seemed every now and then to blaze up into a flame. I knocked impatiently in order to announce my arrival, and was immediately saluted by the hoarse voice of a man inquiring what I wanted. I retired disappointed, and paced restlessly up and down the street. At length I returned to the house, and found the door then wide open. I hurried through the passage, and ascended the stairs. Judge of my astonishment at finding the room occupied by two men, who were employed in burning a mattress and some bedclothes; while I saw before me two naked corpses stretched upon the floor. I hastened away instantly, and, in rushing down stairs, knocked against two men carrying a coffin, who asked me angrily what I wanted. I drew my sword to protect myself, and finally reached my home in a state of the greatest excitement. I swallowed half a dozen glasses of wine, as a preservative against the fever, and on the following day continued my journey.

"All the inquiries I afterward instituted to discover who this woman was were in vain. I even visited the shop where 'The Two Angels' were painted, but the newcomers could not inform who their predecessors had been. The chief character in this adventure was

doubtless a person from the lower orders; but I can assure you, that, but for the disagreeable *finale*, it would have proved one of the most delightful incidents that has ever happened to me, and that I never think of my charming heroine without feelings of the warmest affection."

Charles observed, upon the conclusion of the anecdote, that the mystery which enveloped the story was not easily explained. The woman might either have died of the fever, or have kept away from the house on account of the infection.

"But, if she were alive," answered Charles, "she would have met her lover in the street; as no fear could, under the circumstances, have kept her from him. I fear," he added, "that her corpse was stretched on the floor."

"Oh! no more of this," said Louisa: "this story is too frightful. What a night we shall pass, if we retire with our imaginations full of these pictures!"

"I recollect an anecdote," interrupted Charles, "which is of a more cheerful description, and which the same Bassompierre relates of some of his ancestors.

"A very beautiful woman, who loved one of her relations passionately, visited him every Monday at his country-house, where they spent much time together; his wife believing in the meanwhile that her husband was engaged on a hunting-party. Two years uninterruptedly had passed in this way, when, the wife's suspicions being roused, she stole one morning to the country-house, and found her husband asleep with his companion. Being unwilling or afraid to disturb them, she untied her veil, threw it over the feet of the sleeping couple, and retired. When the lady awoke, and observed the veil, she uttered a piercing cry, and with loud lamentations complained that she would now never be able to see her lover again. She then took leave of him, having first given him three presents, —

a small fruit-basket, a ring, and a goblet, being a present for each of his three daughters, and desired him to take great care of them. They were accepted with thanks, and the children of these three daughters believe that they are indebted to their respective gifts for whatever good fortune has attended them."

"This somewhat resembles the story of the beautiful Melusina, and such-like fairy-tales," observed Louisa.

"But there is just such a tradition in our family," said Frederick, "and we have possession of a similar talisman."

"What do you mean?" asked Charles.

"That is a secret," replied the former. "It can be told to no one but the eldest son, and that during the lifetime of his father; and he is then to hold the charm."

"Are you the present possessor?" inquired Louisa.

"I have told too much already," answered Frederick, as he lighted his candle, previous to retiring.

The family had assembled for breakfast according to their usual custom, and the baroness afterward took her seat at her embroidery-frame. After a short silence the clergyman observed, with a slight smile, "It is seldom indeed that singers, poets, or story-tellers, who enter into an agreement to amuse a company, do it at the right time: they often require pressing, when they should begin voluntarily; whilst, on the other hand, they are frequently eager and urgent to commence at a time when the entertainment could be dispensed with. I hope, however, to prove an exception to this custom; and I shall be glad to know whether it will prove agreeable to you that I should relate a story."

"Particularly so," answered the baroness; "and I feel sure that I express the general opinion. But, if it is your intention to relate an anecdote as a specimen, I

will tell you for what sort of story I have no inclination.

"I take no pleasure in stories which, like the Arabian Nights, connect one tale with another, and so confound the interest of both; where the narrator finds himself compelled to excite our attention by interruptions, and, instead of satisfying us by detailing a course of consecutive adventures, seeks to attract us by rare and often unworthy artifices. I cannot but censure the attempt of converting stories, which should possess the unity of a poem, into unmeaning puzzles, which only have the effect of vitiating our taste. I leave you to choose your own subjects; but I hope you will pay a little attention to the style, since it must be remembered that we are members of good society. Commence with some narrative in which but few persons are concerned or few events described, in which the plot is good and natural, though possessing as much action and contrivance as is necessary, which shall not prove dull, nor be confined to one spot, but in which the action shall not progress too rapidly. Let your characters be pleasing, and, if not perfect, at least good, — not extravagant, but interesting and amiable. Let your story be amusing in the narration, in order that, when concluded, we may remember it with pleasure."

"If I were not well acquainted with you, gracious lady," said the clergyman, "I should be of opinion that it is your wish, by thus explaining how much you require of me, to bring my wares into disrepute before I have exposed them for sale. I see how difficult it will be to reach your standard of excellence. Even now," he continued, after a short pause, "you compel me to postpone the tale I had intended to relate till another time; and I fear I shall commit a mistake in extemporising an anecdote for which I have always felt some partiality:

"In a seacoast town in Italy once lived a merchant, who from his youth had been distinguished for activity and industry. He was, in addition, a first-rate sailor, and had amassed considerable wealth by trading to Alexandria, where he was accustomed to purchase or exchange merchandise, which he afterward either brought home or forwarded to the northern parts of Europe. His fortune increased from year to year. Business was his greatest pleasure, and he found no time for the indulgence of extravagant dissipation.

"His life was employed in active pursuits of this nature till he was fifty years old; and he had been, during all this time, a total stranger to those social pleasures with which luxurious citizens are accustomed to diversify their lives. Even the charms of the fair sex had never excited his attention, notwithstanding the attractions of his countrywomen. His knowledge of them was confined to their love for ornaments and jewelry, a taste of which he never failed to take proper advantage.

"He was surprised, therefore, at the change which took place in his disposition, when, after a long voyage, his richly laden ship entered the port of his native town, upon the occurrence of a great festival in which the children of the place took a prominent part. The youths and maidens had attended the church in their gayest attire, and had joined in the sacred processions. They afterward mingled through the town in separate companies, or dispersed through the country in search of amusements; or they assembled in the large square, engaging in various active pursuits, and exhibiting feats of skill and dexterity, for which small prizes were bestowed.

"The merchant was much pleased with all he saw. But after he had for some time observed the happiness of the children, and the delight of their parents, and witnessed so many persons in the full enjoyment of

present bliss and the indulgence of the fondest hopes, he could not help reflecting upon the wretchedness of his own condition. His own solitary home began for the first time to be to him a cause of distress, and he thus gave vent to his melancholy thoughts:

"'Unhappy being that I am! Why are my eyes opened so late? Why, in my old age, do I first become acquainted with those blessings which alone can ensure the happiness of mankind? What toil have I endured! What labours I have borne! And what have they done for me? 'Tis true my cellars are filled with merchandise, my chests with valuable metals, and my caskets with jewelry and precious stones; but these treasures can neither console nor satisfy my heart. The more I have the more I want: one coin requires another, and one diamond wishes for its fellow. I am not the master of my riches: they command me in imperious tone. "Go and get more!" they exclaim. Gold delights in gold, and jewels in their fellows. They have ruled me all my life; and now I find, too late, that they possess no real value. Now, when age approaches, I begin for the first time to reflect, and to complain that I enjoy none of the treasures I possess, and that no one will enjoy them after me. Have I ever used them to adorn the person of a beloved wife, to provide a marriage-portion for a daughter? Have I ever by their means enabled a son to win and to dower the maiden of his heart? Never! None of these treasures have ever enriched me or mine; and what I have collected with so much toil some stranger, after my death, will thoughtlessly dissipate.

"'Oh! with what different feelings will those happy parents whom I see around me assemble their children this evening, praise their address, and encourage them to virtue! What joy have I beheld beaming from their eyes, and what hopes from the happiness of their

beloved offspring! And must I ever be a stranger to hope? Am I grown gray? Is it not enough to see my error before the final evening of my days arrives? No: in my ripe years it is not foolish to dream of love. I will enrich a fair maiden with my wealth, and make her happy. And, should my house ever become blessed with children, those late fruits will render me happy, instead of proving a plague and a torment; as they often do to those who too early receive such gifts from Heaven.'

"Thus communing with himself he silently formed his determination. He then called two of his intimate companions, and opened his mind to them. They were ever ready to aid him in all emergencies, and were not wanting upon the present occasion. They hastened, therefore, into the town, to make inquiries after the fairest and most beautiful maidens; for they knew their master was a man who, whatever goods he might wish to acquire, would never be satisfied with any but the best. He was himself active, went about, inquired, saw, and listened, and soon found what he sought in the person of a young maiden about sixteen years of age, accomplished and well educated. Her person and disposition pleased him, and gave him every hope of happiness. In fact, at this time no maiden in the whole town was more admired for her beauty.

"After a short delay, during which the most perfect independence of his intended bride, not only during his own life, but after his decease, was secured, the nuptial ceremony was performed with great pomp and triumph; and from that day the merchant felt himself, for the first time in his life, in actual possession and enjoyment of his riches. His rarest and most costly silks were devoted to the adornment of his bride, and his diamonds gleamed more brilliantly upon the neck and amid the tresses of his love than they had ever shone in his caskets; and his rings acquired an inex-

pressible value from the beauty of the hand by which they were adorned. And thus he felt that he was not only as wealthy as before, but even wealthier; and all he possessed acquired a new value from being shared with her he loved. The happy couple spent a year together in the most perfect contentment, and he seemed to experience a real joy in having exchanged his active and wandering course of life, for the calm content of domestic bliss. But he could not so easily divest himself of his nature, and found that a habit acquired in early youth, though it may for a time be interrupted, can never be completely laid aside.

"After some time the sight of some of his old companions, when they had safely brought their ships into harbour after a long and perilous voyage, excited anew the love of his former pursuits; and he began now, even in the company of his bride, to experience sensations of restlessness and discontent. These feelings increased daily, and were gradually converted into so intense a longing for his old course of life, that at last he became positively miserable; and a serious illness was the result.

"'What will now become of me?' he asked himself. 'I learn too late the folly of entering in old age upon a new system of life. How can we separate ourselves from our thoughts and our habits? What have I done? Once I possessed the perfect freedom which a bird enjoys in open air, and now I am imprisoned in a dwelling with all my wealth and jewels and my beauteous wife. I thought thus to win contentment and enjoy my riches, but I feel that I lose everything so long as I cannot increase my stores. Unjustly are men considered fools who add to their wealth by ceaseless activity, for activity itself is happiness; and riches themselves are valueless in comparison with the delight of the toil by which they are acquired. I am wretched from idleness, sick from inactivity; and, if I

do not determine upon some other course, I may soon bid farewell to life.

"'I know, however, how much I risk in separating from a young and lovely wife. I know how unjust it is to win the affections of a charming maiden, and, after a brief possession, to abandon her to the wearisome society of her own desires and emotions. I know, even now, how many vain and frivolous youths display their conceited persons before my windows. I know that in church, and in the public promenades, they seek to attract the notice and engage the attention of my wife. What may not take place, then, if I absent myself? Can I hope for the intervention of some miracle to save her from her almost inevitable fate? It were vain to expect that at her age and with her warm affections she can withstand the seductions of love. If I depart, I know that upon my return I shall have lost the attachment of my wife, and that she will have forfeited her fidelity, and tarnished the honour of my house.'

"These reflections and doubts, to which he for some time had become a prey, embittered his condition tenfold. His wife, no less than his relations and friends, sympathised deeply with him, without being able to comprehend the cause of his illness. At length he sought relief from his own thoughts, and thus communed with himself: 'Fool! to distress myself so much about the protection of a wife whom, if my illness continues, I must leave behind me for the enjoyment of another. Is it not better to preserve my life, even though in the effort I risk the loss of the greatest treasure a woman can possess? How many find their very presence ineffectual to preserve this treasure, and patiently endure a privation they cannot prevent! Why cannot you summon up courage to be independent of so precarious a blessing, since upon this resolution your very existence depends?'

"He felt invigorated by these thoughts, and forthwith summoned together his former crew. He instructed them to charter a vessel without delay, to load it, and hold themselves ready to set sail with the first favourable wind. He then unburdened himself to his wife in the following terms:

"'Be not astonished at any commotion you may shortly observe in our house, but conclude thence that I am making preparations for a journey. Be not overcome with grief when I inform you that I am once more bent upon a sea-voyage. The love I bear you is still unchanged, and will doubtless remain so during my life. I am sensible of the bliss I have enjoyed in your society, and should feel it still more powerfully, but for the silent censures of idleness and inactivity with which my conscience reproves me. My old disposition returns, and my former habits are still alive. Let me once more visit the markets of Alexandria, to which I shall repair with the greater joy, because I can there procure for you the richest merchandise and most valuable treasures. I leave you in possession of all my fortune and of all my goods: make use of them without restraint, and enjoy yourself in the company of your relatives and friends. The period of our separation will pass by, and we shall meet again with joy.'

"Dissolved in tears, his loving wife assured him, with the most tender endearments, that during his absence she would never be able to enjoy one happy moment, and entreated him, since she wished neither to control nor to detain him, that she might, at least, share his affectionate thoughts during the sad time of their separation.

"He then gave some general directions on business and household matters, and added, after a short pause, 'I have something to say, which lies like a burden upon my heart; and you must permit me to utter it: I only implore you earnestly not to misinterpret my

meaning, but in my anxiety for you to discern my love.'

"'I can guess your thoughts,' interrupted his wife: 'you are suspicious of me, I know; and, after the fashion of men, you always rail at the universal weakness of our sex. I am, it is true, young, and of a cheerful disposition; and you fear lest, in your absence, I be found inconstant and unfaithful. I do not find fault with your suspicions; it is the habit of your sex: but if I know my own heart, I may assure you that I am not so susceptible of impressions as to be induced lightly to stray from the paths of love and duty, through which I have hitherto journeyed. Fear not: you shall find your wife as true and faithful on your return as you have ever found her hitherto, when you have come to her arms at evening after a short absence.'

"'I believe the truth of the sentiments you utter,' added the husband, 'and I beseech you to be constant to them. But let us conceive the possibility of the worst. Why should we shrink from it? You know yourself how the beauty of your person attracts the admiration of all our young fellow-citizens. During my absence they will be more attentive to you than ever. They will redouble their efforts to attract and please you. The image of your husband will not prove as effective as his presence in banishing them from my doors and from your heart. I know you are a noble being; but the blandishments of love are powerful, and oftentimes overcome the firmest resolutions. Interrupt me not. Your very thoughts of me during my absence may inflame your passions. I may, for some time, continue to be the object of your dearest wishes; but who can foretell what opportunities may occur, and allow a stranger to enjoy those privileges which were destined for me? Be not impatient, I beseech you, but hear me out.

"'Should that time arrive, the possibility of which

you deny, and which I am by no means anxious to hasten, in which you feel that you need society, and can no longer defer the requirements of love, then make me one promise. Permit no thoughtless youth to supplant me, whatever may be the attractions of his person; for such lovers are more dangerous to the honour than to the virtue of a woman. Incited rather by vanity than by love, they seek the general favours of the sex, and are ever ready to transfer their transitory affections. If you wish for the society of a friend, look out for one who is worthy of the name, whose modesty and discretion understands the art of exalting the joys of love by the virtue of secrecy.'

"His beautiful wife could suppress her agony no longer, and the tears which she had till now restrained flowed in copious torrents from her eyes. 'Whatever may be your opinion of me,' she cried, after a passionate embrace, 'nothing can be at this hour farther from my thoughts than the crime you seem to consider, as it were, inevitable. If such an idea ever suggests itself to my imagination, may the earth in that instant open, and swallow me up, and for ever vanish all hope of that joy which promises a blessed immortality! Banish this mistrust from your bosom, and let me enjoy the full and delightful hope of seeing you again return to these arms.'

"Having left untried no effort to comfort and console his wife, he set sail the next day. His voyage was prosperous, and he soon arrived in Alexandria.

"In the meantime our heroine lived in the tranquil enjoyment of a large fortune, in possession of every luxury; though, with the exception of her relatives and immediate friends, no person was admitted to her society. The business of her absent husband was discharged by trustworthy servants; and she inhabited a large mansion, in whose splendid rooms she was able

to enjoy the daily pleasure of recalling the remembrance of his love.

"But, notwithstanding her quiet and retired mode of life, the young gallants of the town did not long remain inactive. They frequented the street, passed incessantly before her windows, and in the evening sought to attract her attention by means of music and serenades. The pretty prisoner, although she at first found these attentions troublesome and annoying, gradually became reconciled to the vexation; and, when the long evenings arrived, she began to consider the serenades in the light of an agreeable entertainment, and could scarcely suppress an occasional sigh, which, strictly speaking, belonged to her absent husband.

"But her unknown admirers, instead of gradually wearying in their attentions, as she had once expected, became more assiduous in their devotion. She began, at last, to recognise the oft-repeated instruments and voices, to grow familiar with the melodies and to feel curious to know the names of her most constant serenaders. She might innocently indulge so harmless a curiosity. She now peeped occasionally through her curtains and half-closed shutters, to notice the pedestrians, and to observe more particularly the youths whose eyes were constantly directed toward her windows. They were invariably handsome, and fashionably dressed; but their manner and whole deportment were unmistakably marked by frivolity and vanity. They seemed more desirous of making themselves remarkable by directing their attention to the house of so beautiful a woman, than of displaying toward her a feeling of peculiar respect.

"'Really,' the lady would sometimes say to herself in a tone of raillery, 'really my husband showed a deal of penetration. The condition under which he allowed me to enjoy the privilege of a lover excludes all those who care in the least for me, or to whom I am likely

to take a fancy. He seems to have well understood that prudence, modesty, and silence are qualities which belong to demure old age, when men can value the understanding, but are incapable of awakening the fancy or exciting the desires. I am pretty sure, at least, that, amongst the youths who lay perpetual siege to my mansion, there is not one entitled to my confidence; and those who might lay some claim to that virtue fall lamentably short in other attractions.'

"Supported by these reflections, she allowed herself to take daily more and more pleasure in the music and in the attentions of her young admirers; till at length, unperceived by herself, there gradually sprung up in her bosom a restless desire, which she struggled to resist when it was already too late. Solitude and idleness, combined with comfort and luxury, gave birth to an unruly passion long before its thoughtless victim had any suspicion of her danger.

"Amongst the numerous endowments of her husband, she now saw ample reason to admire his profound knowledge of the world and of mankind, and his thorough acquaintance with woman's heart. She now perceived that that had occurred, the possibility of which she had formerly so strenuously denied, and acknowledged his wisdom in preaching the necessity of prudence and caution. But what could these virtues avail, where pitiless chance seemed to be in conspiracy with her own unaccountable passions? How could she select one from a crowd of strangers? and was she permitted, in case of disappointment, to make a second choice?

"Innumerable thoughts of this nature increased the perplexity of our solitary heroine. In vain she sought recreation, and tried to forget herself. Her mind was perpetually excited by agreeable objects, and her imagination thus became impressed with the most delightful pictures of fancied happiness.

"In this state of mind, she was informed one day by a relation, amongst other pieces of news, that a young lawyer who had just finished his studies at Bologna had lately arrived in his native town. His talents were the topic of general admiration and encomium. His universal knowledge was accompanied by a modesty and reserve very uncommon in youth, and his personal attractions were of a high order. In his office of procurator he had already won, not only the confidence of the public, but the respect of the judges. He had daily business to transact at the court-house, so great was the increase of his professional practice.

"Our heroine could not hear the talents of this youth so generally extolled, without feeling a wish to become acquainted with him, accompanied by a secret hope that he might prove a person upon whom, in conformity with the permission of her husband, she might bestow her heart. She soon learned that he passed her dwelling daily, on his way to the court-house; and she carefully watched for the hour when the lawyers were accustomed to assemble for the discharge of business. With beating heart she at length saw him pass; and if his handsome figure and youthful attractions, on the one hand, excited her admiration, his apparent reserve and modesty, on the other, gave her much reason for doubt and anxiety. For several days she watched him silently, till at length she was no longer able to resist her desire to attract his attention. She dressed with care, went out upon the balcony, and marked his approach with feelings of suspense. But she grew troubled, and, indeed, felt ashamed, when she saw him pass, in contemplative mood, with thoughtful steps and downcast eyes, pursuing his quiet way, without deigning to bestow the slightest notice upon her. Vainly did she endeavour thus to win his attention for several successive days. In the same undeviating course he

continued to pass by, without raising his eyes, or looking to the right or to the left. But, the more she observed him, the more did he appear to be the very one she needed. Her wish to know him now grew stronger, and at length became irresistible. What! she thought within herself: when my noble, sensible husband actually foresaw the extremity to which his absence would reduce me, when his keen perception knew that I could not live without a friend, must I droop and pine away at the very time when fortune provides me with one whom not only my own heart, but even my husband, would choose, and in whose society I should be able to enjoy the delights of love in inviolable secrecy? Fool should I be, to miss such an opportunity; fool, to resist the powerful impulses of love!

"With such reflections did she endeavour to decide upon some fixed course, and she did not long remain a prey to uncertainty. It happened with her, as it usually does with every one who is conquered by a passion, that she looked without apprehension upon all such trifling objections as shame, fear, timidity, and duty, and came at length to the bold resolution of sending her servant-maid to the young lawyer at any risk, and inviting him to visit her.

"The servant found him in the company of several friends, and delivered her message punctually in the terms in which she had been instructed. The procurator was not at all surprised at the invitation. He had known the merchant previously, was aware of his absence at present, and presumed that the lady required the aid of his professional services about some important matter of business. He promised the servant, therefore, that he would wait upon her mistress without delay. The latter heard with unspeakable joy, that she would soon be allowed an opportunity of seeing and speaking to her beloved. She prepared

carefully for his reception, and had her rooms arranged with the utmost elegance. Orange-leaves and flowers were strewn around in profusion, and the most costly furniture was displayed for the occasion. And thus the brief intervening time hastened by, which would otherwise have been unbearable.

"Who can describe the emotion with which she witnessed his arrival, or her agitation upon inviting him to take a seat at her side? She hesitated how to address him now that he had arrived, and found a difficulty in remembering what she had to say. He sat still and silent. At length she took courage and addressed him, not without some visible perplexity.

"'I understand, sir, that you are but lately returned to your native city; and I learn that you are universally admired as a talented and incomparable man. I am ready to bestow my utmost confidence upon you, in a matter of extraordinary importance, but which, upon reflection, would seem adapted rather for the ear of the confessor than that of the lawyer. I have been for some years married to a husband who is both rich and honourable, and who, as long as we have lived together, has never ceased to tenderly love me, and of whom I should not have a single word of complaint to utter, if an irresistible desire for travel and trade had not torn him, for some time, from my arms.

"'Being a sensible and just man, he no doubt felt conscious of the injury his absence must necessarily inflict upon me. He knew that a young wife cannot be preserved like jewelry and pearls. He knew that she resembles a garden, full of the choicest fruits, which would be lost, not only to him, but to every one else, if the door were kept locked for years. For this reason, he addressed me in serious but friendly tones before his departure, and assured me, that he knew I should not be able to live without the society of a friend, and therefore not only permitted, but made

me promise, that I would, in a free and unrestrained manner, follow the inclination which I should soon find springing up within my heart.'

"She paused for a moment; but an eloquent look, which the young lawyer directed toward her, encouraged her to proceed.

"'One only condition was imposed upon me by my indulgent husband. He recommended me to use the most extreme caution, and impressed upon me strongly the necessity of choosing a steady, prudent, silent, and confidential friend. But you will excuse my continuing, — excuse the embarrassment with which I must confess how I have been attracted by your numerous accomplishments, and divine from the confidence I have reposed in you the nature of my hopes and wishes.'

"The worthy young lawyer was silent for a short time, and then replied, in a thoughtful tone, 'I am deeply indebted for the high mark of confidence with which you both honour and delight me. I wish to convince you that I am not unworthy of your favour. But let me first answer you in a professional capacity: and I must confess my admiration for your husband, who so clearly saw the nature of the injustice he committed against you; for there can be no doubt of this, — that a husband who leaves his young wife, in order to visit distant countries, must be viewed in the light of a man who relinquishes a valuable treasure, to which, by his own conduct, he abandons all manner of claim. And as the first finder may then lawfully take possession, so I hold it to be natural and just, that a young woman, under the circumstances you describe, should bestow her affections and herself, without scruple, upon any friend who may prove worthy of her confidence.

"'But particularly when the husband, as in this case, conscious of the injustice he himself commits,

expressly allows his forsaken wife a privilege, of which he could not deprive her, it must be clear that he can suffer no wrong from an action to which he has given his own consent.

"'Wherefore if you,' continued the young lawyer, with quite a different look and the most lively emphasis, and the most affectionate pressure of the hand, 'if you select me for your servant, you enrich me with a happiness, of which, till now, I could have formed no conception. And be assured,' he added, while at the same time he warmly kissed her hand, 'that you could not have found a more true, loving, prudent, and devoted servant.'

"This declaration tranquillised the agitated feelings of our tender heroine. She at once expressed her love without reserve. She pressed his hand, drew him nearer to her, and reclined her head upon his shoulder. They had remained but a short time in this position, when he tried to disengage himself gently, and expressed himself thus, not without emotion: 'Did ever happy mortal find himself in such embarrassment? I am compelled to leave you, and to do violence to myself in the very moment when I might surrender myself to the most divine enchantment. I cannot now partake the bliss which is prepared for me, and I earnestly pray that a temporary postponement may not altogether frustrate my fondest hopes.'

"She inquired hastily the cause of this strange speech.

"'When I was in Bologna,' he replied, 'and had just completed my studies, preparing to enter upon the practice of my profession, I was seized with a dangerous illness, from which it appeared, that, even if I should escape with my life, my bodily and mental faculties must sustain irreparable injury. Reduced to despair, and tortured by the pangs of disease, I made a solemn vow to the Virgin, that, should I recover, I

would persist for one whole year in practising the strictest fast and abstinence from enjoyment of every description. For ten months I have already adhered to my vow: and, considering the wonderful favour I have enjoyed, the time has not passed wearily; and I have not found it difficult to abstain from many accustomed pleasures. But the two months which still remain will now seem an eternity; since, till their expiration, I am forbidden to partake a happiness whose delights are inconceivable. And, though you may think the time long, do not, I beseech you, withdraw the favour you have so bountifully bestowed upon me.'

"Not much consoled by this announcement, she felt a little more encouraged when her friend added, after a few minutes' reflection, 'I scarcely dare to make a proposal, and suggest a plan, which may, perhaps, release me a little earlier from my vow. If I could only find some one as firm and resolute as myself in keeping a promise, and who would divide with me the time that still remains, I should then be the sooner free; and nothing could impede our enjoyment. Are you willing, my sweet friend, to assist in hastening our happiness by removing one-half of the obstacle which opposes us? I can only share my vow with one upon whom I can depend with full confidence. And it is severe, — nothing but bread and water twice a day, and at night a few hours' repose on a hard bed: and, notwithstanding my incessant professional occupation, I must devote many hours to prayer. If I am obliged to attend a party, I am not thereby released from my duty; and I must avoid the enjoyment of every dainty. If you can resolve to pass one month in the observance of these rules, you will find yourself the sooner in possession of your friend's society, which you will relish the more from the consciousness of having deserved it by your praiseworthy resolution.'

"The beautiful lady was sorry to hear of the diffi-

culty she had to encounter; but the very presence of her beloved so increased her attachment, that no trial which would ensure the possession of so valuable a prize appeared to her too difficult. She therefore assured him, in the most affectionate manner, of her readiness to share the responsibility of his vow, and addressed him thus: 'My sweet friend! the miracle through which you have recovered your health is to me an event of so much value and importance, that it is not only my duty, but my joy, to partake the vow by which you are still bound. I am delighted to offer so strong a proof of my sincerity. I will imitate your example in the strictest manner; and, until you discharge me from my obligation, no consideration shall induce me to stray from the path you point out to me.'

"The young lawyer once more repeated the conditions under which he was willing to transfer to her the obligation of one-half of his vow, and then took his leave, with the assurance that he would soon visit her again, to inquire after her constancy and resolution. And she was then obliged to witness his departure, without receiving so much as one kiss, or pressure of the hand, and scarcely with a look of ordinary recognition. She found some degree of happy relief in the strange employment which the performance of her new duties imposed upon her, for she had much to do in the preparation for her unaccustomed course of life. In the first place, she removed all the beautiful exotics and flowers which had been procured to grace the reception of her beloved. Then a hard mattress was substituted for her downy bed, to which she retired in the evening, after having scarcely satisfied her hunger with a frugal meal of bread and water. The following morning found her busily employed in plain work, and in making a certain amount of wearing apparel for the poor inmates of the town hospital. During this new occupation she entertained her fancy by dwelling upon the

image of her dear friend, and indulging the hope of future happiness; and these thoughts reconciled her to the greatest privations and to the humblest fare.

"At the end of the first week the roses began to fade from her beautiful cheeks, her person to fall away, and her strength to become weak and languid; but a visit from her friend imparted new animation and fortitude. He encouraged her to persist in her resolution, by the example of his own perseverance, and by showing her the approaching certainty of uninterrupted happiness. His visit was brief, but he promised to return soon.

"With cheerful resignation she continued her new and strict course of life, but her strength soon declined so much that the most severe illness could scarcely have reduced her to such extreme weakness. Her friend, whose visit was repeated at the end of the week, sympathised with her condition, and comforted her by an assurance that one-half the period of her trial was already over. But the severe fasting, continual praying, and incessant work, became every day more unbearable; and her excessive abstemiousness threatened to ruin the health of one who had been accustomed to a life of the greatest luxury. At length she found a difficulty in walking, and was compelled, notwithstanding the sultriness of the season, to wrap herself up in the warmest clothing, to preserve even an ordinary degree of heat; till finally she was obliged to take to her bed.

"It would be difficult to describe the course of her reflections when she reflected on her condition and on this strange occurrence, and it is impossible to imagine her distress when ten tedious days wearily passed without the appearance of the friend for whose sake she had consented to make this unheard-of sacrifice. But those hours of trouble sufficed to recall her to reason,

and she formed her resolution. Her friend visited her after the lapse of some few days more; and seating himself at her bedside, upon the very sofa which he had occupied when she made her first declaration of love to him, he encouraged and implored her, in the most tender and affectionate tones, to persist for a short time longer: but she interrupted him with a sweet smile, and assured him that she needed no persuasion to continue, for a few days, the performance of a vow which she knew full well had been appointed for her advantage. 'I am, as yet, too feeble,' she said, 'to express my thanks to you as I could wish. You have saved me from myself. You have restored me to myself; and I confess, that from this moment I am indebted to you for my existence. My husband was, indeed, gifted with prudence and good sense, and well knew the nature of woman's heart. And he was, moreover, just enough not to condemn a passion which he saw might spring up within my bosom, through his own fault; and he was generous enough to make allowance for the weakness of my nature. But you, sir, are truly virtuous and good. You have taught me that we possess within us an antidote equivalent to the force of our passions; that we are capable of renouncing luxuries to which we have been accustomed, and of suppressing our strongest inclinations. You have taught me this lesson by means of hope and of delusion. Neither is any longer necessary: you have made me acquainted with the existence of that ever-living conscience, which, in peaceful silence, dwells within our souls, and never ceases with gentle admonitions to remind us of its presence, till its sway becomes irresistibly acknowledged. And now farewell. May your influence over others be as effective as it has been over me. Do not confine your labours to the task of unravelling legal perplexities, but show mankind, by your own gentle guidance and example, that within every bosom the

germ of hidden virtue lies concealed. Esteem and fame will be your reward; and, far better than any statesman or hero, you will earn the glorious title of father of your country.'"

"We must all extol the character of your young lawyer," said the baroness, at the conclusion of the clergyman's tale: "polished, wise, interesting, and instructive, I wish every preceptor were like him, who undertakes to restrain or recall youth from the path of error. I think such a tale is peculiarly entitled to be styled a moral anecdote. Relate some more of the same nature, and your audience will have ample reason to be thankful."

Clergyman. I am delighted that my tale has earned your approbation, but I am sorry you wish to hear more of such moral anecdotes; for, to say the truth, this is the first and last of the kind.

Louisa. It certainly does not do you much credit, to say that your best collection only furnishes a single specimen.

Clergyman. You have not understood me. It is not the only moral tale I can relate; but they all bear so close a resemblance, that each would seem only to repeat the original.

Louisa. Really, you should give up your paradoxical style, which so much obscures your conversation, and express yourself more clearly.

Clergyman. With pleasure, then. No anecdote deserves to be called moral which does not prove that man possesses within himself that power to subdue his inclinations which may be called out by the persuasion of another. My story teaches this doctrine, and no moral tale can teach otherwise.

Louisa. Then, in order to act morally, I must act contrary to my inclinations?

Clergyman. Undoubtedly.

Louisa. Even when they are good?

Clergyman. No inclinations are abstractedly good, but only so far as they effect good.

Louisa. Suppose I have an inclination for benevolence?

Clergyman. Then, you should subdue your inclination for benevolence if you find that it ruins your domestic happiness.

Louisa. Suppose I felt an irresistible impulse to gratitude?

Clergyman. It is wisely ordained that gratitude can never be an impulse. But if it were, it would be better to prove ungrateful than to commit a crime in order to oblige your benefactor.

Louisa. Then, there may be a thousand moral stories?

Clergyman. Yes, in your sense. But none of them would read a lesson different from the one our lawyer taught, and in this sense there can be but one story of the kind: you are right, however, if you mean that the incidents can be various.

Louisa. If you had expressed your meaning more precisely at first, we should not have disagreed.

Clergyman. And we should have had no conversation. Errors and misunderstandings are the springs of action, of life, and of amusement.

Louisa. I cannot agree with you. Suppose a brave man saves another at the risk of his own life: is that not a moral action?

Clergyman. Not according to my mode of thinking. But, suppose a cowardly man were to overcome his fears and do the same, that would be a moral action.

Baroness. I wish, my dear friend, you would give us some examples, and convince Louisa of the truth of your theory. Certainly, a mind disposed to good must delight us when we become acquainted with it. Nothing in the world can be more pleasing than a mind under the guidance of reason and conscience.

If you know a tale upon such a subject, we should like to hear it. I am fond of stories which illustrate a doctrine. They give a better explanation of one's meaning than dry words can do.

Clergyman. I certainly can relate some anecdotes of that kind, for I have paid some attention to those qualities of the human mind.

Louisa. I would just make one observation. I must confess I do not like stories which oblige us to travel, in imagination, to foreign lands. Why must every adventure take place in Italy, in Sicily, or in the East? Are Naples, Palermo, and Smyrna, the only places where anything interesting can happen? One may transpose the scene of our fairy-tales to Ormus and Samarcand for the purpose of perplexing the imagination; but, if you would instruct the understanding or the heart, do it by means of domestic stories, — family portraits, — in which we shall recognise our own likeness; and our hearts will more readily sympathise with sorrow.

Clergyman. You shall be gratified. But there is something peculiar, too, about family stories. They bear a strong resemblance to each other; and, besides, we daily see every incident and situation of which they are capable fully worked out upon the stage. However, I am willing to make the attempt, and shall relate a story, with some of the incidents of which you are already familar; and it will only prove interesting so far as it is an exact representation of the picture in your own minds.

"We may often observe in families, that the children inherit, not only the personal appearance, but even the mental qualities, of their parents; and it sometimes happens that one child combines the dispositions of both father and mother in a peculiar and remarkable manner.

"A youth, whom I may name Ferdinand, was a

strong instance of this fact. In his appearance he resembled both parents, and one could distinguish in his mind the separate disposition of each. He possessed the gay, thoughtless manner of his father in his strong desire to enjoy the present moment, and, in most cases, to prefer himself to others; but he also inherited the tranquil and reflective mind of his mother, no less than her love for honesty and justice, and a willingness, like her, perpetually to sacrifice himself for the advantage of others. To explain his contradictory conduct upon many occasions, his companions were often reduced to the necessity of believing that he had two souls. I must pass by many adventures which happened in his youth, and shall content myself with relating one anecdote, which not only explains his character fully, but forms a remarkable epoch in his life.

"His youth was passed in every species of enjoyment. His parents were affluent, and brought up their children extravagantly. If the father indulged in unreasonable expenditure, either in company, at the gaming-table, or in other dissipations, it was the habit of the mother to restrain her own, and the household expenses, so as to supply the deficiency; though she never allowed an appearance of want to be observed. Her husband was fortunate in his business; he was successful in several hazardous speculations he had undertaken: and, as he was fond of society, he had the happiness to form many pleasant and advantageous connections.

"The children of a family usually copy those members of the household who seem to enjoy their lives most. They see in the example of a father who follows such a course a model worthy of imitation; and, as they are seldom slow in obeying their inclinations, their wishes and desires often increase very much in disproportion to their means of enjoyment.

Obstacles to their gratification soon arise: each new addition to the family forms a new claim upon the capabilities of the parents, who frequently surrender their own pleasures for the sake of their children; and, by common consent, a more simple and less expensive mode of living is adopted.

"Ferdinand grew up with a consciousness of the disagreeable truth, that he was often deprived of many luxuries which his more fortunate companions enjoyed. It distressed him to appear inferior to any of them in the richness of his apparel, or the liberality of his expenditure. He wished to resemble his father, whose example was daily before him, and who appeared to him a twofold model, — first, as a parent, in whose favour a son is usually prejudiced; and, secondly, as a man who led a pleasant and luxurious life, and was, therefore, apparently loved and esteemed by a numerous acquaintance. It is easy to suppose that all this occasioned great vexation to his mother; but in this way Ferdinand grew up, with his wants daily increasing, until at length, when he had attained his eighteenth year, his requirements and wishes were sadly out of proportion to his condition.

"He had hitherto avoided contracting debts; for this vice his mother had impressed him with the greatest abhorrence: and, in order to win his confidence, she had, in numerous instances, exerted herself to gratify his desires, and relieve him from occasional embarrassments. But it happened, unfortunately, that she was now compelled to practise the most rigid economy in her household expenditure, and this at a time when his wants, from many causes, had increased. He had commenced to enter more generally into society, tried to win the affections of a very attractive girl, and to rival and even surpass his companions in the elegance of his attire. His mother, being unable any longer to satisfy his demands, appealed to his duty

and filial affection so as to induce him to restrain his expenses. He admitted the justice of her expostulations, but, being unable to follow her advice, was soon reduced to a state of the greatest mental embarrassment.

"Without forfeiting the object of his dearest wishes, he found it impossible to change his mode of life. From his boyhood he had been addicted to his present pursuits, and could alter no iota of his habits or practices without running the risk of losing an old friend, a desirable companion, or, what was worse, abandoning the society of his dearest love.

"His attachment became stronger; as the love which was bestowed upon him not only flattered his vanity, but complimented his understanding.

"It was something to be preferred to a host of suitors by a handsome and agreeable girl, who was acknowledged to be the richest heiress in the city. He boasted of the preference with which he was regarded, and she also seemed proud of the delightful bondage in which she was held. It now became indispensable that he should be in constant attendance upon her, that he should devote his time and money to her service, and afford perpetual proofs of the value he set upon her affection. All these inevitable results of his attachment occasioned Ferdinand more expense than he would otherwise have incurred. His ladylove (who was named Ottilia) had been entrusted by her parents to the care of an aunt, and no exertions had been spared to introduce her to society under the most favourable circumstances. Ferdinand exhausted every resource to furnish her with the enjoyments of society, into all of which she entered with the greatest delight, and of which she herself proved one of the greatest attractions.

"No situation could certainly be more wretched than that to which Ferdinand was now reduced. His

mother, whom he sincerely loved and respected, had pointed out to him the necessity of embarking in duties very different from those which he had hitherto practised: she could no longer assist him in a pecuniary way. He felt a horror at the debts which were daily becoming more burdensome to him, and he saw before him the difficult task of reconciling his impoverished condition with his anxiety to appear rich and practise generosity. No mind could be a prey to greater unhappiness.

"His mind was now forcibly impressed with thoughts which had formerly only indistinctly suggested themselves to his imagination. Certain unpleasant reflections became to him the source of great unhappiness. He had once looked upon his father as a model: he now began to regard him as a rival. What the son wished to enjoy, the parent actually possessed; and the latter felt none of the anxieties or grievances wherewith the former was tortured. Ferdinand, however, was in full possession of every comfort of life; but he envied his father the luxuries which he enjoyed, and with which he thought he might very well dispense. But the latter was of a different opinion. He was one of those beings whose desires are wholly insatiable, and who, for their own gratification, subject their family and dependants to the greatest privations. His son received from him a certain pecuniary allowance, but a regular account of his expenditure was strictly exacted.

"The eye of the envious is sharpened by restrictions, and dependants are never more censorious than when the commands of superiors are at variance with their practice. Thus Ferdinand came to watch strictly the conduct of his father, particularly upon points which concerned his expenditure. He listened attentively when it was rumoured that his father had lost heavily at the gambling-table, and expressed great dissatisfac-

tion at any unwonted extravagance which he might indulge. 'Is it not astonishing?' he would say to himself, 'that, whilst parents revel in every luxury that can spring from the possession of a property which they accidentally enjoy, they can debar their children of those reasonable pleasures which their season of youth most urgently requires? And by what right do they act thus? How have they acquired this privilege? Does it not arise from mere chance? and can that be a right which is the result of accident? If my grandfather, who loved me as his own son, were still alive, I should be better provided for. He would not see me in want of common necessaries, those things, I mean, which we have had from our birth. He would no more let me want, than he would approve my father's extravagance. Had he lived longer, had he known how worthy his grandchild would prove to inherit a fortune, he would have provided in his will for my earlier independence. I have heard that his death was unexpected, that he had intended to make a will; and I am probably indebted to mere chance for the postponement of my enjoying a fortune, which, if my father continue his present course, will probably be lost to me for ever.'

"With such discontented thoughts did Ferdinand often perplex himself in those hours of solitude and unhappiness, in which he was prevented, by the want of money, from joining his companions upon some agreeable party of pleasure. Then it was that he discussed those dangerous questions of right and property, and considered how far individuals are bound by laws to which they have given no consent, or whether they may lawfully burst through the restraints of society. But all these were mere pecuniary sophistries; for every article of value which he formerly possessed had gradually disappeared, and his daily wants had now far outgrown his allowance.

"He soon became silent and reserved; and, at such times, even his respect for his mother disappeared, as she could afford him no assistance: and he began to entertain a hatred for his father, who, according to his sentiments, was perpetually in his way.

"Just at this period he made a discovery which increased his discontent. He learned that his father was not only an irregular, but an improvident, manager of his household. He observed that he often took money hastily from his desk, without entering it in his account-book, and that he was afterward perplexed with private calculations, and annoyed at his inability to balance his accounts. More than once did Ferdinand notice this; and his father's carelessness was the more galling to him, as it often occurred at times when he himself was suffering severely from the want of money.

"Whilst he was in this state of mind, an unlucky accident happened, which afforded an opportunity for the commission of a crime, to which he had long felt himself impelled by a secret and ungovernable impulse.

"His father had desired him to examine and arrange a collection of old letters. One Sunday, when he was alone, he set to work in a room which contained his father's writing-desk, and in which his money was usually kept. The box of letters was heavy; and, in the act of lifting it from the ground, he pushed unintentionally against the desk, when the latter suddenly flew open. The rolls of money lay temptingly displayed before him. Without allowing time for a moment's reflection, he took a roll of gold from that part of the desk where he thought his father kept a supply of money for his own occasional wants. He shut the desk again, and repeated the experiment of opening it. He once more succeeded, and saw that he could now command the treasure as completely as if he had possessed the key.

"He soon plunged once more into all those dissipations which he had lately been obliged to renounce. He became more constant than ever in his attentions to Ottilia, and more passionate in the pursuit of pleasure. Even his former graceful animation was converted into a species of excitement, which, though it was far from unbecoming, was deficient in that kind attention to others which is so agreeable.

"Opportunity is to passion what a spark is to gunpowder, and those desires which we gratify contrary to the dictates of conscience always rule with the most ungovernable power. Ferdinand's own convictions loudly condemned his conduct, but he endeavoured to justify himself by specious arguments; and though his manner became in appearance more free and unrestrained than before, he was in reality a captive to the influence of his evil inclinations.

"Just at this time the wearing of extravagant trifles came into fashion. Ottilia was fond of personal ornaments, and Ferdinand endeavoured to discover a mode of gratifying her taste without apprising her where her supply of presents came from. Her suspicions fell upon an old uncle, and Ferdinand's gratification was indescribable at observing the satisfaction of his mistress and the course of her mistaken suspicions. But, unfortunately for his peace of mind, he was now obliged to have frequent recourse to his father's desk, in order to gratify Ottilia's fancy and his own inclinations; and he pursued this course now the more boldly, as he had lately observed that his father grew more and more careless about entering in his account-book the sums he himself required.

"The time now arrived for Ottilia's return to her parents. The young couple were overpowered with grief at the prospect of their separation, and one circumstance added to their sorrow. Ottilia had accidentally learned that the presents we have spoken of

had come from Ferdinand: she questioned him, and he confessed the truth with feelings of evident sorrow. She insisted upon returning them, and this occasioned him the bitterest anguish. He declared his determination not to live without her, prayed that she would preserve him her attachment, and implored that she would not refuse her hand as soon as he should have provided an establishment. She loved him, was moved at his entreaties, promised what he wished, and sealed her vow with the warmest embraces and a thousand passionate kisses.

"After her departure Ferdinand was reduced to sad solitude. The company in which he had found delight pleased him no more, she being absent. From the mere force of habit he mingled with his former associates, and had recourse to his father's desk to supply those expenses which in reality he felt but slight inclination to indulge. He was now frequently alone, and his natural good disposition began to obtain the mastery over him. In moments of calm reflection he felt astonished how he could have listened to that deceitful sophistry about justice and right, and his claim to the goods of others; and he wondered at his approval of those evil arguments by which he had been led to justify his dishonest conduct. But in the meantime, before these correct ideas of truth and uprightness produced a practical effect upon his conduct, he yielded more than once to the temptation of supplying his wants, in extreme cases, from his father's treasury. This plan, however, was now adopted with more reluctance; and he seemed to be under the irresistible impulse of an evil spirit.

"At length he took courage, and formed the resolution of rendering a repetition of the practice impossible, by informing his father of the facility with which his desk could be opened. He took his measures cautiously; and once, in the presence of his father, he car-

ried the box of letters we have mentioned into the room, pretended to stumble accidentally against the desk, and astonished his father by causing it to spring open. They examined the lock without delay, and found that it had become almost useless from age. It was at once repaired, and Ferdinand soon enjoyed a return of his peace of mind when he saw his father's rolls of money once more in safe custody.

"But he was not content with this. He formed the resolution of restoring the money which he had abstracted. He commenced the most economical course of life for this purpose, with a view of saving from his allowance all that could possibly be spared from the merest necessities. It is true that this was but little; but it appeared much, as it was the commencement of a system of restitution: and there will always be a wonderful difference between the last guinea borrowed and the first guinea saved. He had pursued this upright course for but a short time, when his father determined to settle him in business. His intention was to form a connection with a manufactory at some distance from his residence. The design was to establish a company in a part of the country where labour and provisions were cheap, to appoint an agent, and extend the business as widely as possible by means of money and credit. It was determined that Ferdinand should inquire into the practicability of the scheme, and forward a circumstantial report of his proceedings. His father furnished him with money for his journey, but placed a moderate limit upon his expenditure. The supply was, however, sufficient for his wants; and Ferdinand had no reason to complain of a deficiency.

"Ferdinand used the utmost economy also upon his journey, and found upon the closest calculation that he could live upon one-third of his allowance, by practising strict restraint. He was now anxious to find means of gradually saving a certain sum, and it soon

presented itself; for opportunity comes indifferently to the good and to the bad, and favours all parties alike. In the neighbourhood which he designed to visit, he found things more to his advantage than had been expected. No new habits of expense had as yet been introduced. A moderate capital alone had been invested in business, and the manufacturers were satisfied with small profits. Ferdinand soon saw, that with a large capital, and the advantages of a new system, by purchasing the raw material by wholesale, and erecting machinery under the guidance of experienced workmen, large and solid advantages might be secured.

"The prospect of a life of activity gave him the greatest delight. The image of his beloved Ottilia was ever before him; and the charming and picturesque character of the country made him anxiously wish that his father might be induced to establish him in this spot, commit the conduct of the new manufactory to him, and thus afford him the means of attaining independence. His attention to business was secured by the demands of his own personal interests. He now found an opportunity, for the first time in his life, for the exercise of his understanding and judgment, and for exerting his other mental powers. Not only the beautiful neighbourhood, but his business and occupation, were full of attractions for him: they acted as balm and cordial to his wounded heart, whenever he recalled the painful remembrance of his father's house, in which, influenced by a species of insanity, he had acted in a manner which now seemed to him in the highest degree criminal.

"His constant companion was a friend of his family, — a person of strong mind, but delicate health, who had first conceived the project of founding this establishment. He instructed Ferdinand in all his own views and projects, and seemed to take great pleasure in the thorough harmony of mind which existed be-

tween them. This latter personage led a simple and retired life, partly from choice, and partly because his health required it. He had no family of his own. His household establishment was conducted by a niece, who he intended should inherit his fortune; and it was his wish to see her united to a person of active and enterprising disposition, who, by means of capital and persevering industry, might carry on the business which his infirm health and want of means disqualified him from conducting. His first interview with Ferdinand suggested that he had found the man he wanted; and he was the more strongly confirmed in this opinion, upon observing his fondness for business, and his attachment to the place. His niece became aware of his intentions, and seemed to approve of them. She was a young and interesting girl, of sweet and engaging disposition. Her care of her uncle's establishment had imparted to her mind the valuable qualities of activity and decision, whilst her attention to his health had softened down these traits by a proper union of gentleness and affection. It would have been difficult to find a person better calculated to make a husband happy.

"But Ferdinand's mind was engrossed with the thoughts of Ottilia's love: he saw no attractions in the charms of this country beauty; or, at least, his admiration was circumscribed by the wish, that, if ever Ottilia settled down as his wife in this part of the country, she might have such a person for her assistant and housekeeper. But he was free and unrestrained in his intercourse with the young lady, he valued her more as he came to know her better, and his conduct became more respectful and attentive; and both she and her uncle soon put their own interpretations upon his behaviour.

"Ferdinand had in the meantime made all the requisite inquiries about his father's business. The

uncle's suggestions had enabled him to form certain projects which, with his usual thoughtlessness, he made the subject of conversation. He had more than once uttered certain gallant speeches when conversing with the niece, until her uncle and herself fancied that he actually indulged intentions which gave them both unfeigned satisfaction. To Ferdinand's great joy, he had learned that he could not only derive great advantage from his father's plan, but that another favourable project would enable him to make restitution of the money he had withdrawn, and the recollection of which pressed like a heavy burden upon his conscience. He communicated his intentions to his friend, who tendered, not only his cordial congratulations, but every possible assistance to carry out his views. He even proposed to furnish his young friend with the necessary merchandise upon credit, a part of which offer was thankfully accepted; some portion of the goods being paid for with what money Ferdinand had saved from his travelling expenses, and a short credit being taken for the remainder.

"It would be difficult to describe the joy with which Ferdinand prepared for his return home. There can be no greater delight than is experienced by a man who, by his own unaided resources, frees himself from the consequences of error. Heaven looks down with satisfaction upon such a spectacle; and we cannot deny the force of the seeming paradox which assures us that there is more joy before God over one returning sinner, than over ninety-nine just.

"But, unfortunately, neither the good resolutions nor the repentance and improvement of Ferdinand could remove the evil consequences of his crime, which were destined once more to disturb and agitate his mind with the most painful reflections. The storm had gathered during his absence, and it was destined to burst over his head upon his return.

"We have already had occasion to observe, that Ferdinand's father was most irregular in his habits; but his business was under the superintendence of a clever manager. He had not himself missed the money which had been abstracted by his son, with the exception of one roll of foreign money, which he had won from a stranger at play. This he had missed, and the circumstance seemed to him unaccountable. He was afterward somewhat surprised to perceive that several rolls of ducats could not be found, money which he had some time before lent to a friend, but which he knew had been repaid. He was aware of the previous insecurity of his desk, and felt, therefore, convinced that he had been robbed. This feeling rendered him extremely unhappy. His suspicions fell upon every one. In anger and exasperation, he related the circumstance to his wife. The entire household was thereupon strictly examined, and neither servants nor children were allowed to escape. The good wife exerted herself to tranquillise her husband: she represented the discredit which a mere report of this circumstance would bring upon the family; that no one would sympathise in their misfortune, further than to humiliate them with their compassion; that neither he nor she could expect to escape the tongue of scandal; that strange observations would be made if the thief should remain undiscovered; and she suggested, that perhaps, if they continued silent, they might recover their lost money without reducing the wretched criminal to a state of misery for life. In this manner she prevailed upon her husband to remain quiet, and to investigate the affair in silence.

"But the discovery was unfortunately soon made. Ottilia's aunt had, of course, been informed of the engagement of the young couple. She had heard of the presents her niece had received. The attachment was not approved by her, and she had only maintained

silence in consequence of her niece's absence. She would have consented to her marrying Ferdinand, but she did not like uncertainty on such a subject; and as she knew that he was shortly to return, and her niece was expected daily, she determined to inform the parents of the state of things, to inquire their opinion, to ask whether Ferdinand was to have a settlement, and if they would consent to the marriage.

"The mother was not a little astonished at this information, and she was shocked at hearing of the presents which Ferdinand had made to Ottilia. But she concealed her surprise; and, requesting the aunt to allow her some time to confer with her husband, she expressed her own concurrence in the intended marriage, and her expectation that her son would be advantageously provided for.

"The aunt took her leave, but Ferdinand's mother did not deem it advisable to communicate the circumstance to her husband. She now had to undertake the sad duty of discovering whether Ferdinand had purchased Ottilia's presents with the stolen money. She went straight to the shopkeeper who dealt in such goods, made some general inquiries, and said at last, 'that he ought not to overcharge her, particularly as her son, who had bought some similar articles, had procured them from him at a more reasonable charge.' This the tradesman denied, producing the account, and further observing that he had even added something for the exchange; as Ferdinand had paid for the goods partly in foreign money. He specified the exact nature of the coin; and, to her inexpressible grief, it was the very same which had been stolen from her husband. She left the shop with sorrowful heart. Ferdinand's crime was but too evident. The sum her husband had lost was large, and she saw in all its force the extent of the crime and its evil results. But she had prudence enough to conceal her discovery. She

waited for the return of her son, with feelings of mingled fear and anxiety. Although she wished for an explanation, she dreaded the consequences of a further inquiry.

"At length he arrived in the highest spirits. He expected the greatest praise from the manner in which he transacted his business, and was the bearer of a sum of money sufficient to make compensation for what he had criminally abstracted. His father heard his statement with pleasure, but did not manifest so much delight as the son expected. His late losses had irritated his temper; and he was the more distressed, because he had some large payments to make at the moment. Ferdinand felt hurt at his father's depression of mind, and his own peace was further disturbed by the sight of everything around him: the very room in which he was, the furniture, and the sight of the fatal desk, those silent witnesses of his crime, spoke loudly to his guilty conscience. His satisfaction was at an end. He shrunk within himself, and felt like a culprit.

"After a few days' delay he was about to distract his attention from these thoughts by examining the merchandise he had ordered, when his mother, finding him alone, reproached him with his fault in a tone of affectionate earnestness, which did not allow the smallest opportunity for prevarication. He was overcome with grief. He threw himself at her feet, imploring her forgiveness, acknowledging his crime, and protesting that nothing but his affection for Ottilia had misled him: he assured her, in conclusion, that it was the only offence of the kind of which he had ever been guilty. He related the circumstances of his bitter repentance, of his having acquainted his father with the insecurity of his desk, and finally informed her how, by personal privations and a fortunate speculation, he was in a condition to make restitution.

"His mother heard him calmly, but insisted on knowing how he had disposed of so much money; as the presents would account but for a small part of the sum that was missing. She produced, to his dismay, an account of what his father had missed; but he denied having taken, even so much silver: the missing gold he solemnly protested he had never touched. His mother became exasperated at this denial. She rebuked him his attempting to deceive her, and that at a moment when he laid claim to the virtue of repentance; asserting that if he could be guilty in one respect, she must doubt his innocence in another. She suggested that he might perhaps have accomplices amongst his dissipated companions, that perhaps the business he had carried on was transacted with the stolen money, and that probably he would have confessed nothing if his crime had not been accidentally discovered. She threatened him with the anger of his father, with judicial punishment, with her highest displeasure; but nothing affected him more than his learning that his projected marriage with Ottilia had been already spoken of. She left him in the most wretched condition. His real crime had been discovered, and he was suspected of even greater guilt. How could he ever persuade his parents that he had not stolen the gold? He dreaded the public exposure which was likely to result from his father's irritable temper, and he now had time to compare his present wretched condition with the happiness he might have attained. All his prospects of an active life and of a marriage with Ottilia were at an end. He saw his utter wretchedness, abandoned, a fugitive in foreign lands, exposed to every species of misfortune.

"But these reflections were not the worst evil he had to encounter; though they bewildered his mind, wounded his pride, and crushed his affections. His most severe pangs arose from the thought, that his honest resolution, his noble intention to repair the past,

was suspected, repudiated, and denied. And, even if these thoughts gave birth to a feeling resembling despair, he could not deny that he had deserved his fate; and to this conviction must be added his knowledge of the fatal truth, that one crime is sufficient to destroy the character for ever. Such meditations, and the apprehension that his firmest resolutions of amendment might be looked upon as insincere, made life itself a burden.

"In this moment of abandonment he appealed to Heaven for assistance. He sank upon his knees, and, moistening the ground with tears of contrition, implored help from his divine Maker. His prayer was worthy of being heard. Man, throwing off his load of crimes, has a claim upon Heaven. He who has exhausted every effort of his own may, as a last resource, appeal to God. He was for some time engaged in earnest prayer, when the door opened, and some one entered his apartment. It was his mother, who approached him with a cheerful look, saw his agitation, and addressed him with consoling words. 'How happy I am,' she said, 'to find that I may credit your assertions, and regard your sorrow as sincere! The missing sum of gold has been found: your father, when he received it from his friend, handed it to his secretary, who forgot the circumstance amid the numerous transactions of the day. And, with respect to the silver, you are also right; as the amount taken is less than I had supposed. Unable to conceal my joy, I promised your father to replace the missing sum if he would consent to forbear making any further inquiry.'

"Ferdinand's joy was indescribable. He completed at once his business arrangements, gave his mother the promised money, and in addition replaced the amount which his father had lost through his own irregularity. He became gradually more cheerful and happy, but

the whole circumstance produced a serious impression upon his mind. He became convinced that every man has power to accomplish good, and that our divine Maker will infallibly extend to him his assistance in the hour of trial, — a truth which he himself had learned from late experience. He now unfolded to his father his plan of establishing himself in the neighbourhood from which he had lately returned. He fully explained the nature of the intended business. His father consented to his proposals, and his mother at a proper time related to her husband the attachment of Ferdinand to Ottilia. He was delighted at the prospect of having so charming a daughter-in-law, and felt additional pleasure at the idea of being able to establish his son without the necessity of incurring much expense."

"I like this story," said Louisa, when the old clergyman had finished his tale; "and though the incidents are taken from low life, yet the tone is sufficiently elevated to prove agreeable. And it seems to me, that if we examine ourselves, or observe others, we shall find that men are seldom influenced by their own reflections, either to pursue or to abandon a certain course, but are generally impelled by extraneous circumstances."

"I wish for my part," said Charles, "that we were not obliged to deny ourselves anything, and that we had no knowledge of those blessings which we are not allowed to possess. But unfortunately we walk in an orchard where, though all the trees are loaded with fruit, we are compelled to leave them untouched, to satisfy ourselves with the enjoyment of the shade, and forego the greatest indulgence."

"Now," said Louisa to the clergyman, "let us hear the rest of the story."

Clergyman. It is finished.

Louisa. The *dénouement* may be finished, but we should like to hear the end.

Clergyman. Your distinction is just; and, since you seem interested in the fate of my friend, I will tell you briefly what happened to him.

"Relieved from the oppressive weight of so dreadful a crime, and enjoying some degree of satisfaction at his own conduct, his thoughts were now directed to his future happiness; and he expected with anxiety the return of Ottilia, that he might explain his position, and perform the promise he had given her. She came, accompanied by her parents. He hastened to meet her, and found her more beautiful than ever. He waited with impatience for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and of unfolding all his future projects. The moment arrived; and with a heart full of tenderness and love he spoke of his hopes, of his expectations of happiness, and of his wish to share it with her. But what was his surprise and astonishment when he found that she heard his announcement with indifference and even with contempt, and indulged in unpleasant jokes about the hermitage prepared for their reception, and the interest they would excite by enacting the characters of shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral abode.

"Her behaviour occasioned bitter reflections. He was hurt and grieved at her indifference. She had been unjust to him, and he now began to observe faults in her conduct which had previously escaped his attention. In addition, it required no very keen perception to remark that a cousin, who had accompanied her, had made an impression upon her, and won a large portion of her affections.

"But Ferdinand soon perceived the necessity of struggling with this new source of sorrow; and, as victory had attended his exertions in one instance, he hoped to be successful upon a second occasion. He

saw Ottilia frequently, and determined to observe her closely. His conduct toward her was attentive and affectionate, and her deportment was of a similar nature; but her attractions had become diminished for him: he soon found that her professions were not cordial or sincere, and that she could be affectionate and cold, attractive and repulsive, charming and disagreeable, according to the mere whim of the moment. He gradually became indifferent to her, and at length resolved to break the last link of their connection.

"But this was more difficult than he had anticipated. He found her one day alone, and took courage to remind her of their engagement, and of those happy moments in which, under the influence of the most delightful feelings, they had discoursed with joyful anticipations of their future happiness. She was in a tender mood, and he began to hope that he might perhaps have been deceived in the estimate he had lately formed of her. He thereupon began to describe his worldly prospects, and the probable success of his intended establishment. She expressed her satisfaction, accompanied, however, with regret that their union must on this account be postponed still longer. She gave him to understand that she had not the least wish to leave the pleasures of a city life, but expressed her hopes that he might be able, after some years' active industry in the country, to return home, and become a citizen of consequence. She gave him, moreover, to understand that she expected he would play a more respectable and honest part in life than his father.

"Ferdinand saw plainly that he could expect no happiness from such a union, and yet he felt the difficulty of wholly disengaging himself. In this state of mind he would probably have parted from her in uncertainty about the future, had he not been finally influenced by the conduct of Ottilia's cousin, toward

whom he thought she displayed too much tenderness. Ferdinand, thereupon, wrote a letter assuring her that it was still in her power to make him happy, but that it could not be advisable to encourage indefinite hopes, or to enter into engagements for an uncertain future.

"He trusted that this letter would produce a favourable answer; but he received a reply which his heart deplored, but which his judgment approved. She released him from his promise, without rejecting his love, and adverted to her own feelings in the same ambiguous manner. She was still bound by the sense of her letter, but free by its literal meaning. But why should I delay communicating the inevitable result? Ferdinand hastened back to the peaceful abode he had left, and formed his determination at once. He became attentive and diligent in business, and was encouraged in this course by the affections of the kind being of whom we have already spoken, and the exertions of her uncle to employ every means in his power to render them happy. I knew him afterward, when he was surrounded by a numerous and prosperous family. He related his own story to me himself; and, as it often happens with individuals whose early life has been marked by some uncommon accident, his own adventures had become so indelibly impressed upon his mind, that they exerted a deep influence on his conduct. Even as a man and as a father, he constantly denied himself the enjoyment of many gratifications in order not to forget the practice of self-restraint; and the whole course of his children's education was founded upon this principle, that they must accustom themselves to a frequent denial of their most ardent desires.

"I once had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of the system he adopted. One of his children was about to eat something at table, of which he was particularly fond. His father forbade it, apparently

without reason. To my astonishment, the child obeyed with the utmost cheerfulness; and dinner proceeded as if nothing had occurred. And, in this manner, even the eldest members of the family often allowed a tempting dish of fruit or some other dainty to pass them untasted. But, notwithstanding this, a general freedom reigned in his house; and there was at times a sufficient display, both of good and bad conduct. But Ferdinand was for the most part indifferent to what occurred, and allowed an almost unrestrained license. At times, however, when a certain week came about, orders were given for precise punctuality, the clocks were regulated to the second, every member of the family received his orders for the day, business and pleasure had their turn, and no one dared to be a single second in arrear. I could detain you for hours in describing his conversation and remarks on this extraordinary system of education. He was accustomed to jest with me upon my vows as a Catholic priest, and maintained that every man should make a vow to practise self-restraint, as well as to require obedience from others; but he observed that the exercise of these vows, in place of being perpetually demanded, was suitable only for certain occasions."

The baroness observed, that she thought Ferdinand was perfectly right; and she compared the authority of a parent to the executive power in a kingdom, which being weak, the legislative authority can be of little avail.

At this moment Louisa rushed hastily to the window, having heard Frederick ride past. She ran to meet him, and accompanied him into the parlour. He seemed cheerful, notwithstanding his just having come from a scene of trouble and distress. In place of entering into a detailed description of the fire which had seized the house of his aunt, he assured the company that he had established beyond doubt the fact

that the desk there had been burned at the very same time when theirs had been split asunder in so strange a manner.

He stated, that, when the fire approached the room where the desk was, one of the servants saved a clock which stood upon it; that, in carrying it out, some accident had happened to the works, and it had stopped at half-past eleven; and thus the coincidence of time was placed beyond all question. The baroness smiled; and the tutor observed, that, although two things might agree in some particulars, we were not therefore justified in inferring their mutual dependence. But Louisa took pleasure in believing the connection of these two circumstances, particularly as she had received intelligence that her intended was quite well; and, as to the rest of the company, they gave full scope to the flight of their imagination.

Charles inquired of the clergyman whether he knew a fairy tale. "The imagination," he observed, "is a divine gift; but I do not like to see it employed about the actualities of life. The airy forms to which it gives birth are delightful to contemplate, if we view them as beings of a peculiar order; but, connected with truth, they become prodigies, and are disapproved by our reason and judgment. The imagination," he continued, "should not deal in facts, nor be employed to establish facts. Its proper province is art; and there its influence should be like that of music, which awakens our emotions, and makes us forget the cause by which they are called forth."

"Continue," said the old clergyman, "and explain still further your view of the proper attributes of imaginative works. Another property is essential to their enjoyment, — that the exercise of imagination should be voluntary. It can effect nothing by compulsion: it must wait for the moment of inspiration. Without design, and without any settled course, it

soars aloft upon its own pinions, and, as it is borne forward, leaves a trace of its wonderful and devious course. But you must allow me to take my accustomed walk, that I may awaken in my soul the sweet fancies which, in former years, were accustomed to enchant me. I promise to relate a fairy tale this evening that will amuse you all."

They at once consented, particularly as they all hoped in the meantime to hear the news of which Frederick was the bearer.

A FAIRY TALE.

Wearied with the labours of the day, an old Ferryman lay asleep in his hut, on the bank of a wide river, which the late heavy rains had swollen to an unprecedented height. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud cry: he listened; it was the call of some travellers who wished to be ferried over.

Upon opening the door, he was surprised to see two Will-o'-the-wisps dancing round his boat, which was still secured to its moorings. Speaking with human voices, they assured him that they were in the greatest possible hurry, and wished to be carried instantly to the other side of the river. Without losing a moment, the old Ferryman pushed off, and rowed across with his usual dexterity. During the passage the strangers whispered together in an unknown language, and several times burst into loud laughter; whilst they amused themselves with dancing upon the sides and seats of the boat, and cutting fantastic capers at the bottom.

"The boat reels," cried the old man; "and, if you continue so restless, it may upset. Sit down, you Will-o'-the-wisps."

They burst into loud laughter at this command, ridiculed the boatman, and became more troublesome

than ever. But he bore their annoyance patiently, and they soon reached the opposite bank of the river.

"Here is something for your trouble," said the passengers, shaking themselves, when a number of glittering gold pieces fell into the boat. "What are you doing?" cried the old man: "some misfortune will happen should a single piece of gold fall into the water. The river, which has a strong antipathy to gold, would become fearfully agitated, and swallow both me and my boat. Who can say even what might happen to yourselves? I pray you take back your gold."

"We can take nothing back which we have once shaken from our persons," answered one of them.

"Then, I shall be compelled," replied the old boatman, as he stooped, and collected the gold in his cap, "to take it to the shore and bury it."

The Will-o'-the-wisps had in the meantime leaped out of the boat, upon which the old man cried, "Pay me my fare."

"The man who refuses gold must work for nothing," answered the Will-o'-the-wisps.

"My payment must consist of fruits of the earth," rejoined the Ferryman.

"Fruits of the earth? We despise them: they are not food for us."

"But you shall not depart," replied the Ferryman, "till you have given me three cauliflowers, three artichokes, and three large onions."

The Will-o'-the-wisps were in the act of running away, with a laugh, when they felt themselves in some inexplicable manner fixed to the earth: they had never experienced so strange a sensation. They then promised to pay the demand without delay, upon which the Ferryman released them, and instantly pushed off with his boat.

He was already far away, when they called after

him, "Old man! listen: we have forgotten something important;" but he heard them not, and continued his course. When he had reached a point lower down, on the same side of the river, he came to some rocks which the water was unable to reach, and proceeded to bury the dangerous gold. Observing a deep cleft which opened between two rocks, he threw the gold into it, and returned to his dwelling. This cleft was inhabited by a beautiful green Dragon, who was awakened from her sleep by the sound of the falling money. At the very first appearance of the glittering pieces, she devoured them greedily, then searched about carefully in hopes of finding such other coins as might have fallen accidentally amongst the briers, or between the fissures of the rocks.

The Dragon immediately felt overpowered with the most delightful sensations, and perceived with joy that she became suddenly shining and transparent. She had been long aware that this change was possible; but, entertaining some doubt whether the brilliance would continue, she felt impelled by curiosity to leave her dwelling, and ascertain, if possible, to whom she was indebted for the beautiful gold. She found no one; but she became lost in admiration of herself, and of the brilliant light which illumined her path through the thick underwood, and shed its rays over the surrounding green. The leaves of the trees glittered like emeralds, and the flowers shone with glorious hues. In vain did she penetrate the solitary wilderness; but hope dawned when she reached the plains, and observed at a distance a light resembling her own. "Have I at last discovered my fellow?" she exclaimed, and hastened to the spot. She found no obstacle from bog or morass; for though the dry meadow and the high rock were her dearest habitations, and though she loved to feed upon the spicy root, and to quench her thirst with the crystal dew, and with fresh water from the spring, yet, for

the sake of her beloved gold and of her glorious light, she was willing to encounter every privation.

Wearied and exhausted, she reached at length the confines of a wide morass, where our two Will-o'-the-wisps were amusing themselves in playing fantastic antics. She made toward them, and, saluting them, expressed her delight at being able to claim relationship with such charming personages. The lights played around her, skipped from side to side, and laughed about in their own peculiar fashion. "Dear aunt!" they exclaimed, "what does it signify, even though you are of horizontal form? we are related at least through brilliancy. But look how well a tall, slender figure becomes us gentry of the vertical shape;" and, so saying, both the lights compressed their breadth together, and shot up into a thin and pointed line. "Do not be offended, dear friend," they continued; "but what family can boast of a privilege like ours? Since the first Will-o'-the-wisp was created, none of our race have ever been obliged to sit down or to take repose."

But all this time the feelings of the Dragon in the presence of her relations were anything but pleasant: for, exalt her head as high as she would, she was compelled to stoop to earth again when she wished to advance; and, though she was proud of the brilliancy which she shed round her own dark abode, she felt her light gradually diminish in the presence of her relatives, and began to fear that it might finally be extinguished.

In her perplexity she hastily inquired whether the gentlemen could inform her whence the shining gold had come, which had lately fallen into the cleft of the rocks hard by; as in her opinion it was a precious shower from heaven. The Will-o'-the-wisps immediately shook themselves (at the same time laughing loudly), and a deluge of gold pieces at once flowed around. The Dragon devoured them greedily. "We

hope you like them, dear aunt," shouted the shining Will-o'-the-wisps; "we can supply you with any quantity:" and they shook themselves with such copious effect, that the Dragon found it difficult to swallow the bright dainties with sufficient speed. Her brilliancy increased as the gold disappeared, till at length she shone with inconceivable radiance; while in the same proportion the Will-o'-the-wisps grew thin and tapering, without, however, losing the smallest iota of their cheerful humour.

"I am under eternal obligations to you," said the Dragon, pausing to breathe from her voracious meal: "ask of me what you please; I will give you anything you demand."

"A bargain!" answered the Will-o'-the-wisps: "tell us, then, where the beautiful Lily dwells. Lead us to her palace and gardens without delay: we die of impatience to cast ourselves at her feet."

"You ask a favour," replied the Dragon, with a deep sigh, "which it is not in my power so quickly to bestow. The beautiful Lily lives, unfortunately, on the opposite bank of the river. We cannot cross over on this stormy night."

"Cruel river, which separates us from the object of our desires! But cannot we call back the old Ferryman?" said they.

"Your wish is vain," answered the Dragon: "for, even were you to meet him on this bank, he would refuse to take you; as, though he can convey passengers to this side of the stream, he can carry no one back."

"Bad news, indeed! but are there no other means of crossing the river?"

"There are, but not at this moment: I myself can take you over at mid-day."

"That is an hour," replied the Will-o'-the-wisps, "when we do not usually travel."

"Then, you had better postpone your intention till evening, when you may cross in the Giant's shadow."

"How is that managed?" they inquired.

"The Giant," replied the Dragon, "who lives hard by, is powerless with his body: his hands are incapable of raising even a straw, his shoulders can bear no burden; but his shadow accomplishes all for him. For this reason he is most powerful at sunrise and at sunset. At the hour of evening the Giant will approach the river softly; and, if you place yourself upon his shadow, it will carry you over. Meet me at mid-day, at the corner of the wood, where the trees hang over the river, when I myself will take you across, and introduce you to the beautiful Lily. Should you, however, shrink from the noonday heat, your only alternative is to apply to the Giant, when evening casts its shadows around; and he will no doubt prove obliging."

With a graceful salutation the young gentlemen took their leave; and the Dragon rejoiced at their departure, partly that she might indulge her feelings of pleasure at her own light, and partly that she might satisfy a curiosity by which she had long been tormented.

In the clefts of the rocks where she dwelt, she had lately made a wonderful discovery; for, although she had been obliged to crawl through these chasms in darkness, she had learned to distinguish every object by feeling. The productions of Nature, which she was accustomed everywhere to encounter, were all of an irregular kind. At one time she wound her way amongst the points of enormous crystals, at another she was for a moment impeded by the veins of solid silver, and many were the precious stones which her light discovered to her. But, to her great astonishment, she had encountered in a rock, which was securely closed on all sides, objects which betrayed the plastic hand of

man. Smooth walls, which she was unable to ascend; sharp, regular angles, tapering columns; and, what was even more wonderful, human figures, round which she had often entwined herself, and which appeared to her to be formed of brass or of polished marble. She was now anxious to behold all these objects with her eyes, and to confirm, by her own observation, what she had hitherto but suspected. She now thought herself capable of illumining with her own light these wonderful subterranean caverns, and indulged the hope of becoming thoroughly acquainted with these astonishing mysteries. She delayed not, and quickly found the opening through which she was accustomed to penetrate into the sanctuary.

Arrived at the place, she looked round with wonder; and though her brilliancy was unable to light the entire cavern, yet many of the objects were sufficiently distinct. With astonishment and awe, she raised her eyes to an illumined niche, in which stood the statue of a venerable King, of pure gold. In size the statue was colossal, but the figure was rather that of a little than of a great man. His well-turned limbs were covered with a simple robe, and his head was encircled by an oaken garland.

Scarcely had the Dragon beheld this venerable form, when the King found utterance, and said, "How comest thou hither?"

"Through the cleft," answered the Dragon, "in which the gold abides."

"What is nobler than gold?" asked the King.

"Light," replied the Dragon.

"And what is more vivid than light?" continued the Monarch.

"Speech," said the Serpent.

During this conversation the Dragon had looked stealthily around, and observed another noble statue in an adjoining niche. A silver King sat there en-

throned, of figure tall and slender: his limbs were enveloped in an embroidered mantle; his crown and sceptre were adorned with precious stones; his countenance wore the serene dignity of pride; and he seemed about to speak, when a dark vein, which ran through the marble of the wall, suddenly became brilliant, and cast a soft light through the whole temple. This light discovered a third King, whose mighty form was cast in brass: he leaned upon a massive club, his head was crowned with laurels; and his proportions resembled a rock rather than a human being.

The Dragon felt a desire to approach a fourth King, who stood before her at a distance; but the wall suddenly opened, the illumined vein flashed like lightning, and became as suddenly extinguished.

A man of middle stature now approached. He was clad in the garb of a peasant: in his hand he bore a lamp, the flame of which it was delightful to behold, and which lightened the entire dwelling, without leaving the trace of a shadow.

"Why dost thou come, since we have already light?" asked the Golden King.

"You know that I can shed no ray on what is dark," replied the old man.

"Will my kingdom end?" inquired the Silver Monarch.

"Late or never," answered the other.

The Brazen King then asked, with voice of thunder, "When shall I arise?"

"Soon," was the reply.

"With whom shall I be united?" continued the former.

"With thine elder brother," answered the latter.

"And what will become of the youngest?"

"He will repose."

"I am not weary," interrupted the fourth King, with a deep but faltering voice.

During this conversation the Dragon had wound her way softly through the temple, surveyed everything which it contained, and approached the niche in which the fourth King stood. He leaned against a pillar, and his handsome countenance bore traces of melancholy. It was difficult to distinguish the metal of which the statue was composed. It resembled a mixture of the three metals of which his brothers were formed, but it seemed as if the materials had not thoroughly blended; as the veins of gold and silver crossed each other irregularly through the brazen mass, and destroyed the effect of the whole.

The Golden King now asked, "How many secrets dost thou know?"

"Three," was the reply.

"And which is the most important?" inquired the Silver King.

"The revealed," answered the old man.

"Wilt thou explain it to us?" asked the Brazen King.

"When I have learned the fourth," was the response.

"I care not," murmured he of the strange compound.

"I know the fourth," interrupted the Dragon, approaching the old man, and whispering in his ear.

"The time is come," exclaimed the latter, with tremendous voice. The sounds echoed through the temple; the statues rang again: and in the same instant the old man disappeared toward the west, and the Dragon toward the east; and both pierced instantly through the impediments of the rock.

Every passage through which the old man bent his course became immediately filled with gold; for the lamp which he carried possessed the wonderful property of converting stones into gold, wood into silver, and dead animals into jewels. But, in order to produce this effect, it was necessary that no other light should be near. In the presence of another light the

lamp merely emitted a soft illumination, which, however, gave joy to every living thing.

The old man returned to his hut on the brow of the hill, and found his wife in the greatest sorrow. She was seated at the fire, her eyes filled with tears; and she refused all consolation.

"What a misfortune," she exclaimed, "that I allowed you to leave home to-day!"

"What has happened?" answered the old man, very quietly.

"You were scarcely gone," replied she with sobs, "before two rude travellers came to the door: unfortunately I admitted them; as they seemed good, worthy people. They were attired like flames, and might have passed for Will-o'-the-wisps; but they had scarcely entered the house before they commenced their flatteries, and became at length so importunate that I blush to recollect their conduct."

"Well," said the old man, smiling, "the gentlemen were only amusing themselves; and, at your age, you should have considered it as the display of ordinary politeness."

"My age!" rejoined the old woman. "Will you for ever remind me of my age? how old am I, then? And ordinary politeness! But I can tell you something: look round at the walls of our hut: you will now be able to see the old stones, which have been concealed for more than a hundred years. These visitors extracted all the gold more quickly than I can tell you, and they assured me that it was of capital flavour. When they had completely cleared the walls, they grew cheerful; and, in a few minutes, their persons became tall, broad, and shining. They thereupon again commenced their tricks, and repeated their flatteries, calling me a queen. They shook themselves, and immediately a profusion of gold pieces fell on all sides. You may see some of them still glittering on the floor;

but a calamity soon occurred. Our dog Mops swallowed some of them; and, see! he lies dead in the chimney-corner. Poor animal! his death afflicts me. I did not observe it till they had departed, otherwise I should not have promised to pay the Ferryman the debt they owed him."

"How much do they owe?" inquired the old man.

"Three cauliflowers," answered his wife, "three artichokes, and three onions. I have promised to take them to the river at break of day."

"You had better oblige them," said the old man, "and they may perhaps serve us in time of need."

"I know not if they will keep their word," said she, "but they promised and vowed to serve us."

The fire had, in the meantime, died away; but the old man covered the cinders with ashes, put away the shining gold pieces, and lighted his lamp afresh. In the glorious illumination the walls became covered with gold, and Mops was transformed into the most beautiful onyx that was ever beheld. The variety of colour which glittered through the costly gem produced a splendid effect.

"Take your basket," said the old man, "and place the onyx in it. Then collect the three cauliflowers, the three artichokes, and the three onions, lay them together, and carry them to the river. The Dragon will bear you across at mid-day: then visit the beautiful Lily; her touch will give life to the onyx, as her touch gives death to every living thing; and it will be to her an affectionate friend. Tell her not to mourn; that her deliverance is nigh; that she must consider a great misfortune as her greatest blessing, for the time is come."

The old woman prepared her basket, and set forth at break of day. The rising sun shone brightly over the river, which gleamed in the far distance. The old woman journeyed slowly on, for the weight of the

basket oppressed her; but it did not arise from the onyx. Nothing lifeless proved a burden; for, when the basket contained dead things, it rose aloft, and floated over her head. But a fresh vegetable, or the smallest living creature, induced fatigue. She had toiled along for some distance, when she started, and suddenly stood still; for she had nearly placed her foot upon the shadow of the Giant, which was advancing toward her from the plain. Her eye now perceived his monstrous bulk: he had just bathed in the river, and was coming out of the water. She knew not how to avoid him. He saw her, saluted her jestingly, and thrust the hand of his shadow into her basket. With dexterity he stole a cauliflower, an artichoke, and an onion, and raised them to his mouth. He then proceeded on his course up the stream, and left the woman alone.

She considered whether it would not be better to return, and supply the missing vegetables from her own garden; and, lost in these reflections, she went on her way until she arrived at the bank of the river She sat down, and awaited for a long time the arrival of the Ferryman. He appeared at length, having in his boat a traveller whose air was mysterious. A handsome youth, of noble aspect, stepped on shore.

"What have you brought with you?" said the old man.

"The vegetables," replied the woman, "which the Will-o'-the-wisps owe you;" pointing to the contents of her basket.

But when he found that there were but two of each kind, he became angry, and refused to take them.

The woman implored him to relent, assuring him that she could not then return home; as she had found her burden heavy, and she had still a long way to go. But he was obstinate, maintaining that the decision did not depend upon him.

"I am obliged to collect my gains for nine hours," said he, "and I can keep nothing for myself till I have paid a third part to the river."

At length, after much contention, he told her there was still a remedy.

"If you give security to the river, and acknowledge your debt, I will take the six articles; though such a course is not devoid of danger."

"But, if I keep my word, I incur no risk," she said earnestly.

"Not the least," he replied. "Thrust your hand into the river, and promise that within four and twenty hours you will pay the debt."

The old woman complied, but shuddered as she observed that her hand, on drawing it out of the water, had become as black as a coal. She scolded angrily; exclaiming that her hands had always been most beautiful, and that, notwithstanding her hard work, she had ever kept them white and delicate. She gazed at her hand with the greatest alarm, and exclaimed, "This is still worse: it has shrunk, and is already much smaller than the other!"

"It only appears so now," said the Ferryman; "but, if you break your word, it will be so in reality. Your hand will in that case grow smaller, and finally disappear; though you will still preserve the use of it."

"I would rather," she replied, "lose it altogether, and that my misfortune should be concealed. But no matter, I will keep my word, to escape this black disgrace, and avoid so much anxiety." Whereupon she took her basket, which rose aloft, and floated freely over her head. She hastened after the youth, who was walking thoughtfully along the bank. His noble figure and peculiar attire had made a deep impression upon her mind.

His breast was covered with a shining cuirass, whose transparency permitted the motions of his graceful

form to be seen. From his shoulders hung a purple mantle, and his auburn locks waved in beautiful curls round his uncovered head. His noble countenance and his well-turned feet were exposed to the burning rays of the sun. Thus did he journey patiently over the hot sand, which, "true to one sorrow, he trod without feeling."

The garrulous old woman sought to engage him in conversation; but he heeded her not, or answered briefly, until, notwithstanding his beauty, she became weary, and took leave of him, saying, "You are too slow for me, sir; and I cannot lose my time, as I am anxious to cross the river, with the assistance of the Green Dragon, and to present the beautiful Lily with my husband's handsome present." So saying, she left him speedily, upon which the youth took heart, and followed her without delay.

"You are going to the beautiful Lily!" he exclaimed: "if so, our way lies together. What present are you taking her?"

"Sir," answered the woman, "it is not fair that you should so earnestly inquire after my secrets, when you paid so little attention to my questions. But, if you will relate your history to me, I will tell you all about my present."

They made the bargain: the woman told her story, including the account of the dog, and allowed him to view the beautiful onyx.

He lifted the beautiful precious stone from the basket, and took Mops, who seemed to slumber softly, in his arms.

"Fortunate animal!" he exclaimed: "you will be touched by her soft hands, and restored to life, in place of fleeing from her contact, like all other living things, to escape an evil doom. But, alas! what words are these? Is it not a sadder and more fearful fate to be annihilated by her presence than to die by her hand?

Behold me, thus young, what a melancholy destiny is mine! This armour, which I have borne with glory in the battle-broil; this purple, which I have earned by the wisdom of my government, — have been converted by Fate, the one into an unceasing burden, the other into an empty honour. Crown, sceptre, and sword are worthless. I am now as naked and destitute as every other son of clay. For such is the spell of her beautiful blue eyes, that they waste the vigour of every living creature; and those whom the contact of her hand does not destroy are reduced to the condition of breathing shadows."

Thus he lamented long, but without satisfying the curiosity of the old woman, who sought information respecting both his mental and his bodily sufferings. She learned neither the name of his father nor his kingdom. He stroked the rigid Mops, to whom the beams of the sun and the caresses of the youth had imparted warmth. He inquired earnestly about the man with the lamp, about the effect of the mysterious light, and seemed to expect thence great relief from his deep sorrow.

So discoursing, they observed at a distance the majestic arch of the bridge, which stretched from one bank of the river to the other, and shone splendidly in the beams of the sun. Both were astonished at the sight, as they had never before seen it so resplendent.

"What!" cried the Prince, "was it not sufficiently beautiful before, with its decorations of jasper and opal? Can we now dare to pass over it, constructed as it is of emerald and chrysolite of varied beauty?"

Neither had any idea of the change which the Dragon had undergone; for in truth it was the Dragon, whose custom it was at mid-day to arch her form across the stream, and assume the appearance of a beauteous bridge, which travellers crossed with silent reverence.

Scarcely had they reached the opposite bank, when the bridge began to sway from side to side, and gradually sank to the level of the water; while the Green Dragon assumed her accustomed shape, and followed the travellers to the shore. The latter thanked her for her condescension in allowing them a passage across the stream; observing, at the same time, that there were evidently more persons present than were actually visible. They heard a light whispering, which the Dragon answered with a similar sound. They listened, and heard the following words: "We will first make our observations unperceived in the park of the beautiful Lily, and look for you, when the shadows of evening fall, to introduce us to such perfect beauty. You will find us on the bank of the great lake."

"Agreed," answered the Dragon; and a hissing sound died away in the air.

Our three travellers further consulted with what regard to precedence they should appear before the beautiful Lily; for, let her visitors be never so numerous, they must enter and depart singly if they wished to escape bitter suffering.

The woman, carrying in the basket the transformed dog, came first to the garden, and sought an interview with her benefactress. She was easily found, as she was then singing to the accompaniment of her harp. The sweet tones showed themselves first in the form of circles upon the bosom of the calm lake; and then, like a soft breeze, they imparted motion to the grass and to the tremulous leaves. She was seated in a secluded nook beneath the shade of trees, and at the first glance enchanted the eyes, the ear, and the heart of the old woman, who advanced toward her with rapture, and protested that since their last meeting she had become more beautiful than ever. Even from a distance she saluted the charming maiden in these words: "What joy to be in your presence! What a

heaven surrounds you! What a spell proceeds from your lyre, which, encircled by your soft arms, and influenced by the pressure of your gentle bosom and slender fingers, utters such entrancing melody! Thrice happy the blessed youth who could claim so great a favour!"

So saying, she approached nearer. The beautiful Lily raised her eyes, let her hands drop, and said, "Do not distress me with your untimely praise: it makes me feel even more unhappy. And see! here is my beautiful canary dead at my feet, which used to accompany my songs so sweetly: he was accustomed to sit upon my harp, and was carefully instructed to avoid my touch. This morning, when, refreshed by sleep, I tuned a pleasant melody, the little warbler sang with increased harmony, when suddenly a hawk soared above us. My little bird sought refuge in my bosom, and at that instant I felt the last gasp of his expiring breath. It is true that the hawk, struck by my instantaneous glance, fell lifeless into the stream; but what avails this penalty to me? — my darling is dead, and his grave will but add to the number of the weeping willows in my garden."

"Take courage, beautiful Lily," interrupted the old woman, whilst at the same moment she wiped away a tear which the narration of the sorrowful maiden had brought to her eye, — "take courage, and learn from my experience to moderate your grief. Great misfortune is often the harbinger of intense joy. For the time approaches: but in truth," continued she, "'the web of life is of a mingled yarn.' See my hand, how black it has grown; and, in truth, it has become much diminished in size: I must be speedy, before it be reduced to nothing. Why did I promise favours to the Will-o'-the-wisps, or meet the Giant, or dip my hand into the river? Can you oblige me with a cauliflower, an artichoke, or an onion? I shall take them to the river,

and then my hand will become so white that it will almost equal the lustre of your own."

"Cauliflowers and onions abound, but artichokes cannot be procured. My garden produces neither flowers nor fruit; but every twig I plant upon the grave of anything I love bursts into leaf at once, and grows a goodly tree. Thus, beneath my eye, alas! have grown these clustering trees and copses. These tall pines, these shadowing cypresses, these mighty oaks, these overhanging beeches, were once small twigs planted by my hand, as sad memorials, in an ungenial soil."

The old woman paid but little attention to this speech, but was employed in watching her hand, which in the presence of the beautiful Lily became every instant of a darker hue, and grew gradually less. She was about to take her basket and depart, when she felt that she had forgotten the most important of her duties. She took the transformed dog in her arms, and laid him upon the grass, not far from the beautiful Lily. "My husband," she said, "sends you this present. You know that your touch can impart life to this precious stone. The good and faithful animal will be a joy to you, and the grief his loss causes me will be alleviated by the thought that he is yours."

The beautiful Lily looked at the pretty creature with delight, and rapture beamed from her eyes. "Many things combine to inspire me with hope; but, alas! is it not a delusion of our nature to expect that joy is near when grief is at the worst?

"Ah! what avail these omens all so fair?
My sweet bird's death, my friend's hands blackly dyed,
And Mops transformed into a jewel rare,
Sent by the Lamp our faltering steps to guide.

"Far from mankind and every joy I prize,
To grief and sorrow I am still allied:
When from the river will the temple rise?
When will the bridge span it from side to side?"

The old woman waited with impatience for the conclusion of the song, which the beautiful Lily had accompanied with her harp, entrancing the ears of every listener. She was about to say farewell, when the arrival of the Dragon compelled her to remain. She had heard the last words of the song, and on this account spoke words of encouragement to the beautiful Lily. "The prophecy of the bridge is fulfilled!" she exclaimed: "this good woman will bear witness how splendidly the arch now appears. Formerly of untransparent jasper, which only reflected the light upon the sides, it is now converted into precious jewels of transparent hue. No beryl is so bright, and no emerald so splendid."

"I congratulate you thereupon," said the Lily, "but pardon me if I doubt whether the prediction is fulfilled. Only foot-passengers can as yet cross the arch of your bridge: and it has been foretold that horses and carriages, travellers of all descriptions, shall pass and repass in mingled multitudes. Is prediction silent with respect to the mighty pillars which are to ascend from the river?"

The old woman, whose eyes were fixed immovably upon her hand, interrupted this speech, and bade farewell.

"Wait for one moment," said the beautiful Lily, "and take my poor canary-bird with you. Implore the Lamp to convert him into a topaz; and I will then reanimate him with my touch, and he and your good Mops will then be my greatest consolation. But make what speed you can; for with sunset decay will have commenced its withering influence, marring the beauty of its delicate form."

The old woman enveloped the little corpse in some soft young leaves, placed it in the basket, and hastened from the spot.

"Notwithstanding what you say," continued the

Dragon, resuming the interrupted conversation, "the temple is built."

"But it does not yet stand upon the river," replied the beautiful Lily.

"It rests still in the bowels of the earth," continued the Dragon. "I have seen the Kings, and spoken to them."

"And when will they awake?" inquired the Lily.

The Dragon answered, "I heard the mighty voice resound through the temple, announcing that the hour was come."

A ray of joy beamed from the countenance of the beautiful Lily as she exclaimed, "Do I hear those words for the second time to-day? When will the hour arrive in which I shall hear them for the third time?"

She rose, and immediately a beautiful maiden came from the wood, and relieved her of her harp. She was followed by another, who took the ivory chair upon which the beautiful Lily had been seated, folded it together, and carried it away, together with the silver-tissued cushion. The third maiden, who bore in her hand a fan inlaid with pearls, approached to tender her services if they should be needed. These three maidens were lovely beyond description, though they were compelled to acknowledge that their charms fell far short of those of their beautiful mistress.

The beautiful Lily had, in the meantime, surveyed the marvellous Mops with a look of pleasure. She leaned over him, and touched him. He instantly leaped up, looked round joyously, bounded with delight, hastened to his benefactress, and caressed her tenderly. She took him in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom. "Cold though thou art," she said, "and endued with only half a life, yet art thou welcome to me. I will love thee fondly, play with thee sportively,

kiss thee softly, and press thee to my heart." She let him go a little from her, called him back, chased him away again, and played with him so joyously and innocently, that no one could help sympathising in her delight and taking part in her pleasure, as they had before shared her sorrow and her woe.

But this happiness and this pleasant pastime were interrupted by the arrival of the melancholy youth. His walk and appearance were as we have before described; but he seemed overcome by the heat of the day, and the presence of his beloved had rendered him perceptibly paler. He bore the hawk upon his wrist, where it sat with drooping wing as tranquil as a dove.

"It is not well," exclaimed the Lily, "that you should vex my eyes with that odious bird, which has only this day murdered my little favourite."

"Blame not the luckless bird," exclaimed the youth: "rather condemn yourself and fate, and let me find an associate in this companion of my grief."

Mops, in the meantime, was incessant in his caresses; and the Lily responded to his affection with the most gentle tokens of love. She clapped her hands to drive him away, and then sportively pursued to win him back. She caught him in her arms as he tried to escape, and chased him from her when he sought to nestle in her lap. The youth looked on in silence and in sorrow; but when at length she took him in her arms, and pressed him to her snowy breast, and kissed him with her heavenly lips, he lost all patience, and exclaimed in the depth of his despair, "And must I, whom a sad destiny compels to live in your presence, and yet to be separated from you, perhaps for ever, — must I, who for you have forfeited everything, even my own being, — must I look on and behold this 'defect of nature' gain your notice, win your love, and enjoy the paradise of your embrace? Must I

continue to wander and measure my solitary way along the banks of this stream? No! a spark of my former spirit still burns within my bosom. Oh that it would for the last time mount into a flame! If stones may repose within your bosom, then let me be converted to a stone; and, if your touch can kill, I am content to receive my death at your hands."

He became violently excited; the hawk flew from his wrist; he rushed toward the beautiful Lily; she extended her arms to forbid his approach, and touched him undesignedly. His consciousness immediately forsook him, and with dismay she felt the beautiful burden lean for support upon her breast. She started back with a scream, and the fair youth sank lifeless from her arms to the earth.

The deed was done. The sweet Lily stood motionless, and gazed intently on the breathless corpse. Her heart ceased to beat, and her eyes were bedewed with tears. In vain did Mops seek to win her attention: the whole world had died out with her lost friend. Her dumb despair sought no help, for help was now in vain.

But the Dragon became immediately more active. Her mind seemed occupied with thoughts of rescue; and, in truth, her mysterious movements prevented the immediate consequence of this dire misfortune. She wound her serpentine form in a wide circle round the spot where the body lay, seized the end of her tail between her teeth, and remained motionless.

In a few moments one of the servants of the beautiful Lily approached, carrying the ivory chair, and with friendly entreaties compelled her mistress to be seated. Then came a second, bearing a flame-coloured veil, with which she rather adorned than covered the head of the Lily. A third maiden offered her the harp; and scarcely had she struck the chords, and awakened their delicious tones, when the first maiden returned, having

in her hands a circular mirror of lustrous brightness, placed herself opposite the Lily, intercepted her looks, and reflected the most enchanting countenance which nature could fashion. Her sorrow added lustre to her beauty, the veil heightened her charms, the harp lent her a new grace; and, though it was impossible not to hope that her sad fate might soon undergo a change, one could almost wish that that lovely and enchanting vision might last for ever.

Silently gazing upon the mirror, she drew melting tones of music from her harp; but her sorrow appeared to increase, and the chords responded to her melancholy mood. Once or twice she opened her lips to sing, but her voice refused utterance; whereupon her grief found refuge in tears. Her two attendants supported her in their arms, and the harp fell from her hands; but the watchful attention of her handmaid caught it, and laid it aside.

"Who will fetch the man with the lamp?" whispered the Dragon in low but audible voice. The maidens looked at each other, and the Lily's tears fell faster.

At this instant the old woman with the basket returned breathless with agitation. "I am lost and crippled for life!" she exclaimed. "Look! my hand is nearly withered. Neither the Ferryman nor the Giant would set me across the river, because I am indebted to the stream. In vain did I tempt them with a hundred cauliflowers and a hundred onions: they insist upon the stipulated three, and not an artichoke can be found in this neighbourhood."

"Forget your distress," said the Dragon, "and give your assistance here: perhaps you will be relieved at the same time. Hasten, and find out the Will-o'-the-wisps; for, though you cannot see them by daylight, you may, perhaps, hear their laughter and their motions. If you make good speed, the Giant may

yet transport you across the river, and you may find the man with the lamp and send him hither."

The old woman made as much haste as possible, and the Dragon showed as much impatience for her return as the Lily. But, sad to say, the golden rays of the setting sun were shedding their last beams upon the highest tops of the trees, and lengthening the mountain shadows over lake and meadow. The motions of the Dragon showed increased impatience, and the Lily was dissolved in tears.

In this moment of distress the Dragon looked anxiously round: she feared every instant that the sun would set, and that decay would penetrate within the magic circle, and exert its fell influence upon the corpse of the beautiful youth. She looked into the heavens, and caught sight of the purple wings and breast of the hawk, which were illumined by the last rays of the sun. Her restlessness betrayed her joy at the good omen; and she was not deceived, for instantly afterward she saw the man with the lamp sliding across the lake as if he had skates on his feet.

The Dragon did not alter her position; but the Lily, rising from her seat, exclaimed, "What good spirit has sent you thus opportunely when you are so much longed for and required?"

"The Spirit of my Lamp impels me," replied the old man, "and the hawk conducts me hither. The lamp flickers when I am needed; and I immediately look to the heavens for a sign, when some bird or meteor points the way I should go. Be tranquil, beautiful maiden: I know not if I can help you; one alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others. We must wait and hope." Then turning to the Dragon, he said, "Keep your circle closed;" and, seating himself upon a hillock at his side, he shed a light upon the corpse

of the youth. "Now bring the little canary-bird," he continued, "and lay it also within the circle."

The maiden took the little creature from the basket, and followed the directions of the old man.

The sun had set in the meantime; and, as the shades of evening closed around, not only the Dragon and the Lamp cast their customary light, but the veil of the Lily was illumined with a soft brilliancy, and caused her pale cheeks and her white robe to beam like the dawn of morning, and clothed her with inexpressible grace. They gazed at each other with silent emotions: anxiety and sorrow were softened by hope of approaching happiness.

To the delight of all, the old woman appeared with the lively Will-o'-the-wisps, who must have led a prodigal life of late, for they looked wonderfully thin, but behaved all the more politely to the princess and the other young ladies. With an air of confidence, and much force of expression, they discoursed upon ordinary topics, and were much struck by the charm which the shining veil shed over the beautiful Lily and her companions. The young ladies cast down their eyes with modest looks, and their beauty was heightened by the praise it called forth. Every one was happy and contented, not excepting even the old woman. Notwithstanding the assurance of her husband that her hand would not continue to wither whilst the Lamp shone upon it, she continued to assert, that, if things went on thus, it would disappear entirely before midnight.

The old man with the lamp had listened attentively to the speech of the Will-o'-the-wisps, and was charmed to observe that the beautiful Lily was pleased and flattered with their compliments. Midnight had actually come before they were aware. The old man looked up to the stars, and spoke thus: "We are met at a fortunate hour: let each fulfil his office, let each

discharge his duty; and a general happiness will alleviate one individual trouble, as a universal sorrow destroys particular joys."

After these observations a mysterious murmur arose; for every one present spoke for himself, and mentioned what he had to do: the three maidens alone were silent. One had fallen asleep near the harp, the other beside the fan, and the third leaning against the ivory chair: and no one could blame them; for, in truth, it was late. The Will-o'-the-wisps, after paying some trivial compliments to the other ladies, including even the attendants, attached themselves finally to the Lily, by whose beauty they were attracted.

"Take the mirror," said the old man to the hawk, "and illumine the fair sleepers with the first beams of the sun, and rouse them from their slumbers by the light reflected from heaven."

The Dragon now began to move: she broke up the circle, and in long windings moved slowly to the river. The Will-o'-the-wisps followed her in solemn procession, and they might have been mistaken for the most serious personages. The old woman and her husband took up the basket, the soft light of which had hitherto been scarcely observed; but it now became clearer and more brilliant. They laid the body of the youth within it, with the canary-bird reposing upon his breast, upon which the basket raised itself into the air, and floated over the head of the old woman; and she followed the steps of the Will-o'-the-wisps. The beautiful Lily, taking Mops in her arms, walked after the old woman; and the man with the lamp closed the procession.

The whole neighbourhood was brilliantly illuminated with all these various lights. They all observed with astonishment, on approaching the river, that it was spanned by a majestic arch, whereby the benevolent Dragon had prepared them a lustrous passage across. The transparent jewels of which the bridge

was composed were objects of no less astonishment by day than was their wondrous brilliancy by night. The clear arch above cut sharply against the dark sky; whilst vivid rays of light beneath shone against the key-stone, revealing the firm pliability of the structure. The procession moved slowly over; and the Ferryman, who witnessed the proceeding from his hut, surveyed the brilliant arch with awe, no less than the wondrous lights as they journeyed across it.

As soon as they had reached the opposite bank, the bridge began to contract as usual, and sink to the surface of the water. The Dragon made her way to the shore, and the basket descended to the ground. The Dragon now once more assumed a circular shape; and the old man, bowing before her, asked what she had determined to do.

"To sacrifice myself before I am made a sacrifice: only promise me that you will leave no stone on the land."

The old man promised, and then addressed the beautiful Lily thus: "Touch the Dragon with your left hand, and your lover with your right."

The beautiful Lily knelt down, and laid her hands upon the Dragon and the corpse. In an instant the latter became endued with life: he moved, and then sąt upright. The Lily wished to embrace him; but the old man held her back, and assisted the youth whilst he led him beyond the limits of the circle.

The youth stood erect, the little canary fluttered upon his shoulder, but his mind was not yet restored. His eyes were open; but he saw, at least he appeared to look on, everything with indifference. Scarcely was the wonder at this circumstance appeased, when the change which the Dragon had undergone excited attention. Her beautiful and slender form was converted into thousands and thousands of precious stones. The old woman, in the effort to seize her basket, had

struck unintentionally against her, after which nothing more was seen of the figure of the Dragon. Only a heap of brilliant jewels lay in the grass. The old man immediately set to work to collect them into his basket, a task in which he was assisted by his wife. They both then carried the basket to an elevated spot on the bank, when he cast the entire contents into the stream, not, however, without the opposition of his wife and of the beautiful Lily, who would willingly have appropriated a portion of the treasure to themselves. The jewels gleamed in the rippling waters like brilliant stars, and were carried away by the stream; and none can say whether they disappeared in the distance or sank to the bottom.

"Young gentlemen," then said the old man respectfully to the Will-o'-the-wisps, "I will now point out your path, and lead the way; and you will render us the greatest service by opening the doors of the temple through which we must enter, and which you alone can unlock."

The Will-o'-the-wisps bowed politely, and took their post in the rear. The man with the lamp advanced first into the rocks, which opened of their own accord; the youth followed with apparent indifference; with silent uncertainty the beautiful Lily lingered slowly behind; the old woman, unwilling to be left alone, followed after, stretching out her hand that it might receive the rays of her husband's lamp; the procession was closed by the Will-o'-the-wisps, and their bright flames nodded and blended with each other as if they were engaged in active conversation. They had not gone far before they came to a large brazen gate which was fastened by a golden lock. The old man thereupon sought the assistance of the Will-o'-the-wisps, who did not want to be entreated, but at once introduced their pointed flames into the lock, when the wards yielded to their influence. The brass resounded

as the doors flew wide asunder, and displayed the venerable statues of the kings illuminated by the advancing lights. Each individual in turn bowed to the reverend potentates with respect, and the Will-o'-the-wisps were prodigal of their lambent salutations.

After a short pause the Golden King asked, "Whence do you come?"

"From the world," answered the old man.

"And whither are you going?" inquired the Silver King.

"Back to the world," was the answer.

"And what do you wish with us?" asked the Brazen King.

"To accompany you," responded the old man.

The fourth king was about to speak, when the golden statue thus addressed the Will-o'-the-wisps, who had advanced toward him: "Depart from me. My gold is not for you."

They then turned toward the Silver King, and his apparel assumed the golden hue of their yellow flames. "You are welcome," he said, "but I cannot feed you. Satisfy yourselves elsewhere, and then bring me your light."

They departed; and, stealing unobserved past the Brazen King, they attached themselves to the King composed of various metals.

"Who will rule the world?" inquired the latter in inarticulate tones.

"He who stands erect," answered the old man.

"That is I," replied the King.

"Then it will be revealed," said the old man, "for the time is come."

The beautiful Lily fell upon his neck, and kissed him tenderly. "Kind father," she said, "a thousand thanks for allowing me to hear this comforting word for the third time:" and, so saying, she felt compelled to grasp the old man's arm; for the earth began to

tremble beneath them: the old woman and the youth clung to each other, whilst the pliant Will-o'-the-wisps felt not the slightest inconvenience.

It was evident that the whole temple was in motion; and, like a ship which pursues its quiet way from the harbour when the anchor is raised, the depths of the earth seemed to open before it, whilst it clove its way through. It encountered no obstacle, no rock opposed its progress. Presently a very fine rain penetrated through the cupola. The old man continued to support the beautiful Lily, and whispered, "We are now under the river, and shall soon attain the goal." Presently they thought the motion ceased; but they were deceived, the temple still moved onwards. A strange sound was now heard above them: beams and broken rafters burst in disjointed fragments through the opening of the cupola. The Lily and the old woman retreated in alarm: the man with the lamp stood by the youth, and encouraged him to remain. The Ferryman's little hut had been ploughed from the ground by the advance of the temple, and, in its gradual fall, buried the youth and the old man.

The women screamed in alarm, and the temple shook like a vessel which strikes upon a hidden rock. Anxiously the women wandered round the hut in darkness: the doors were shut, and no one answered their knocking. They continued to knock more loudly, when at last the wood began to ring with sounds: the magic power of the lamp, which was enclosed within the hut, changed it into silver, and presently its very form was altered; for the noble metal, refusing to assume the form of planks, posts, and rafters, was converted into a glorious building of artistic workmanship: it seemed as if a smaller temple had grown up within the large one or at least an altar worthy of its beauty.

The noble youth ascended a staircase in the interior, whilst the man with the lamp shed light upon his way;

and another figure lent him support, clad in a short white garment, and holding in his hand a silver rudder: it was easy to recognise the Ferryman, the former inhabitant of the transformed hut.

The beautiful Lily ascended the outward steps which led from the temple to the altar, but was compelled to remain separated from her lover. The old woman, whose hand continued to grow smaller whilst the light of the lamp was obscured, exclaimed, "Am I still doomed to be unhappy amid so many miracles? will no miracle restore my hand?"

Her husband pointed to the open door, exclaiming, "See, the day dawns! hasten, and bathe in the river!"

"What advice!" she answered: "shall I not become wholly black, and dissolve into nothing? for I have not yet discharged my debt."

"Be silent," said the old man, "and follow me: all debts are wiped away."

The old woman obeyed, and in the same instant the light of the rising sun shone upon the circle of the cupola. Then the old man, advancing between the youth and the maiden, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Three things have sway upon the earth, — Wisdom, Appearance, and Power."

At the sound of the first word the Golden King arose; at the sound of the second, the Silver King; and the Brazen King had risen at the sound of the third, when the fourth suddenly sunk awkwardly to the earth. The Will-o'-the-wisps, who had been busily employed upon him till this moment, now retreated: though paled by the light of the morning, they seemed in good condition, and sufficiently brilliant; for they had with much dexterity extracted the gold from the veins of the colossal statue with their sharp-pointed tongues. The irregular spaces which were thus displayed remained for some time exposed,

and the figure preserved its previous form; but when at length the most secret veins of gold had been extracted, the statue suddenly fell with a crash, and formed a mass of shapeless ruins.

The man with the lamp conducted the youth, whose eye was still fixed upon vacancy, from the altar toward the Brazen King. At the foot of the mighty monarch lay a sword in a brazen sheath. The youth bound it to his side. "Take the weapon in your left hand, and keep the right hand free," exclaimed the King.

They then advanced to the Silver Monarch, who bent his sceptre toward the youth; the latter seized it with his left hand: and the King addressed him in soft accents, "Feed my sheep."

When they reached the statue of the Golden King, with paternal benediction the latter pressed the oaken garland on the head of the youth, and said, "Acknowledge the highest."

The old man had, during this proceeding, watched the youth attentively. After he had girded on the sword, his breast heaved, his arm was firmer, and his step more erect; and, after he had touched the sceptre, his sense of power appeared to soften, and at the same time, by an inexpressible charm, to become more mighty; but, when his waving locks were adorned with the oaken garland, his countenance became animated, his soul beamed from his eye; and the first word he uttered was "Lily!"

"Dear Lily!" he exclaimed, as he hastened to ascend the silver stairs, for she had observed his progress from the altar where she stood, — "dear Lily, what can man desire more blessed than the innocence and the sweet affection which your love brings me? O my friend!" he continued, turning to the old man, and pointing to the three sacred statues, "secure and glorious is the kingdom of our fathers; but you have

forgotten to enumerate that fourth power, which exercises an earlier, more universal, and certain rule over the world, — the power of love."

With these words he flung his arms round the neck of the beautiful maiden: she had cast aside her veil, and her cheeks were tinged with a blush of the sweetest and most inexpressible beauty.

The old man now observed, with a smile, "Love does not rule, but controls; and that is better."

During all this delight and enchantment, no one had observed that the sun was now high in heaven; and through the open gates of the temple most unexpected objects were perceived. An empty space, of large dimensions, was surrounded by pillars, and terminated by a long and splendid bridge, whose many arches stretched across the river. On each side was a foot-path, wide and convenient for passengers, of whom many thousands were busily employed in crossing over: the wide road in the centre was crowded with flocks and herds, and horsemen and carriages; and all streamed over without impeding each other's progress. All were in raptures at the union of convenience and beauty; and the new king and his spouse were as much charmed with the animation and activity of this great concourse as they were with their own reciprocal love.

"Honour the Dragon," said the man with the lamp: "to her you are indebted for life, and your people for the bridge whereby these neighbouring shores are animated and connected. Those shining precious stones which still float by are the remains of her self-sacrifice, and form the foundation-stones of this glorious bridge, upon which she has erected herself to subsist for ever."

The approach of four beautiful maidens, who advanced to the door of the temple, prevented any inquiry into this wonderful mystery. Three of them

were recognised as the attendants of the beautiful Lily, by the harp, the fan, and the ivory chair; but the fourth, though more beautiful than the other three, was a stranger. She, however, played with the others with sisterly sportiveness, ran with them through the temple, and ascended the silver stairs.

"Thou dearest of creatures," said the man with the lamp, addressing the beautiful Lily, "you will surely believe me for the future. Happy for thee, and every other creature, who shall bathe this morning in the waters of the river!"

The old woman, who had been transformed into a beautiful young girl, and of whose former appearance no trace remained, embraced the man with the lamp with tender caresses, which he returned with affection.

"If I am too old for you," he said with a smile, "you may select another bridegroom; for no tie can henceforth be considered binding which is not this day renewed."

"But are you not aware that you also have become young?" she inquired.

"I am delighted to hear it," he replied. "If I appear to you to be a gallant youth, I take your hand anew, and hope for a thousand years of happiness."

The Queen welcomed her new friend, and advanced with her and the rest of her companions to the altar: whilst the King, supported by the two men, pointed to the bridge, and surveyed with wonder the crowd of passengers; but his joy was soon overshadowed by observing an object which gave him pain. The Giant, who had just awakened from his morning sleep, stumbled over the bridge, and gave rise to the greatest confusion. He was, as usual, but half awake, and had risen with the intention of bathing in the neighbouring cove; but he stumbled instead upon firm land, and found himself feeling his way upon the broad highway

of the bridge. And, whilst he went clumsily along in the midst of men and animals, his presence, though a matter of astonishment to all, was felt by none; but when the sun shone in his eyes, and he raised his hand to shade them, the shadow of his enormous fist fell amongst the crowd with such careless violence, that both men and animals huddled together in promiscuous confusion, and either sustained personal injury, or ran the risk of being driven into the water.

The King, observing this calamity, with an involuntary movement placed his hand upon his sword, but, upon reflection, turned his eyes on his sceptre, and then on the lamp and the rudder of his companions.

"I guess your thought," said the man with the lamp, "but we are powerless against this monster: be tranquil; he injures for the last time, and happily his shadow is turned from us."

In the meantime the Giant had approached, and, overpowered with astonishment at what he saw, let his hands sink down: he became powerless for injury, and, gazing with surprise, entered the courtyard.

He was moving straight toward the door of the temple, when he felt himself suddenly held fast to the earth. He stood like a colossal pillar constructed of red, shining stones; and his shadow indicated the hours, which were marked in a circle on the ground, not, however, in figures, but in noble and significant effigies.

The King was not a little delighted to see the shadow of the monster rendered harmless; and the Queen was not less astonished, as she advanced from the altar with her maidens, all adorned with the greatest magnificence, to observe the strange wonder which almost covered the whole prospect from the temple to the bridge.

In the meantime the people had crowded after the Giant, and, surrounding him as he stood still, had

observed his transformation with the utmost awe. They thence bent their steps toward the temple, of the existence of which they now seemed to be for the first time aware, and thronged the doorways.

The hawk was now observed aloft, towering over the building, and carrying the mirror, with which he caught the light of the sun, and turned the rays upon the multifarious group which stood around the altar. The King, the Queen, and their attendants, illumined by heavenly light, appeared beneath the dim arches of the temple: their subjects fell prostrate before them. When they had recovered, and risen again, the King and his attendants had descended to the altar, in order to reach his palace by a less obstructed path; and the people dispersed through the temple to satisfy their curiosity. They beheld with astonishment the three kings, who stood erect, and were all the more anxious to know what could be concealed behind the curtain in the fourth niche; since, whatever kindness might have prompted the deed, a thoughtful discretion had extended a costly covering over the ruins of the fallen king, which no eye cared to penetrate, and no profane hand dared to uplift.

There was no end to the astonishment and wonder of the people, and the dense throng would have been crushed in the temple if their attention had not been attracted once more to the court without.

To their great surprise, a shower of gold pieces fell as if from the air, resounding upon the marble pavement, and caused a contest and commotion amongst the passers-by. Several times this wonder was repeated in different places, at some distance from each other. It is not difficult to infer that this feat was the work of the retreating Will-o'-the-wisps, who, having extracted the gold from the limbs of the mutilated king, dispersed it abroad in this joyous manner. The covetous crowd continued their contentions for

some time longer, pressing hither and thither, and inflicting wounds upon each other, till the shower of gold pieces ceased to fall. The multitude at length dispersed gradually, each one pursuing his own course; and the bridge, to this day, continues to swarm with travellers; and the temple is the most frequented in the world.

THE END.

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